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MODERN CHIVALRY

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT VII.

"Ætatem aliam, aliud factum convenit."—PLAUTUS.

*In rainy weather, wear your Macintosh;
When the glass rises, waterproof is bosh.*

It is a trying thing for a new peer to take his seat in the House, of which he is of necessity the last and meanest fraction. But at least, *his* place is definite. The whole Kingdom of Great Britain knows him to be the last created peer; and, in all probability, knows also the why and wherefore of his elevation;—whether borough interest, or professional merit, or the exercise of adroit political scavengery, or the personal partiality of the sovereign.

But a peer who has established his claim to an ancient barony, is in a different position.—His assumption of a right having displaced others who fancied themselves firmly seated in their places, every junior peer is the loser by his gain; and his lordship's precedence being a stab to the pride of many, he is compelled to take up a position among those who regard him as an intruder.

For, after all, why has any peerage been suffered to lie dormant?—Because the family entitled to its honours wanted money, consequence, or spirit, to prosecute the claim.—There must have been a grievous deficiency of one kind or other; and those personages, who, like the young ogrelings in the fairy tale, have been sleeping all their life long with their coronets upon their heads, feel entitled to look down upon heads so long contented with a simple nightcap.—The new peer is consequently in a false position; and like most people so circumstanced, his manners are unfavourably influenced by the consciousness of being out of place;—either he is sneakily humble, or affects a careless effrontery to cover his embarrassment.

Never had Howardson stood more in awe of the alligator than on first assuming his robes!—Never had he felt so little, as when invested with unaccustomed greatness. The man who has held his own in White's beau-window,—the man to whom the House of Commons has listened with deference, is entitled to keep the crown of the causeway, in whatever position he may find himself. But when, in one of those thin attendances of the Lords, just

sufficient to make a House, which causes every individual present to stand isolated and distinct, as a king upon a throne, Lord Buckhurst first assumed his place on the ministerial side, with easy and well-bred assurance, to confront the inquiring faces of the opposition,—an involuntary effort to clear his throat apprised him of a certain uneasy consciousness of being in presence of the elect of the land;—those chartered magnats of England by whom, far more than by the people, its throne may be taken by the beard!—He found himself looked down upon by those to whom he was forced to look up in return. No buffoonery *there*,—no vulgar finery,—no affectation of fastidiousness. Nothing but the most perfect simplicity of manner and tone could enable him even to pass muster among them. To distinguish himself *above* them, even the exhibition of the highest abilities would scarcely suffice.

He saw before him the shrewd eye and sarcastic smile of the ennobled lawyer,—the reflective, careworn brow of the ennobled statesman,—the sturdy squareness of the rural suzerain,—the authoritative gravity of the spiritual lord;—but in greater number than all these united, the slouching persons and inexpressive countenances of the ancient nobles of the kingdom, who, in spite of moral and physical insignificance, derive an otherwise unattainable stamp of personal distinction, from the habit of being, from their cradle upwards, a mark for deference and consideration.—However unwillingly, (for the *esprit de corps* was still dormant within him, and he stood “among them, but not of them,”) he was forced to admit that a portion of “the divinity that doth hedge a king,” extends its powers of fascination to the Order next succeeding in degree.

It was mortifying enough to Lord Buckhurst to feel himself so thoroughly out of his element.—In attaining his peerage, he had considered only the consequence it would confer;—the insignificance, was a sensation for which he was unprepared.—He had anticipated with delight a riddance from Jack Honeyfield’s nightly salutation to him in the House of Commons, of “Well, old chap!—do you mean to come it strong over us to-night?—Are you going to drown our faculties with another yard and a half of pump-water?” But he found that the vague looks of inquiry directed towards him by his new colleagues,—the air of non-recognition with which they regarded a man so much less well-known than comports with a condition that bestows the consequence of a public man on a peer’s eldest son from the moment he is breeched,—were almost harder to bear than the coarse familiarity of a Sir John Honeyfield!—

Nothing but the niceness of tact derived from a life of clubhood, enabled him to withstand the temptation to rise and defy them by an astounding specimen of eloquence, on the first occasion that presented itself!—But Lord Buckhurst had served too severe an apprenticeship to the quizzery of White’s

to be unaware that precipitation would be damnatory;—that it is only a law lord who is entitled to make himself heard, without previous probation;—and that it was *his* business to win his way to toleration, and from toleration to consideration, by patient attendance,—by working hard on committees,—by affected indifference to his distinctions;—and when at length he *did* permit himself to speak, carefully avoiding all pretence to oratory; but addressing his limited and select audience as a gentleman addresses, in private life, a party of friends whom he does not pretend to astonish, but to whom he wishes to impart information *à charge de revanche*.

All this he fully knew and wisely practised; whereas certain of the un-ennobled, less cognizant of the conventional exigencies of his position, who saw in Lord Buckhurst only the brilliant Howardson of the Commons promoted to a higher sphere of action, felt surprised that month after month should pass away, and the only notice of his parliamentary career in the newspapers, consist in the words, “Yesterday, Lord Buckhurst took the oaths and his seat.” *They* had expected to find him Chat-hamizing before four-and-twenty hours were over his coronet! These certain persons, however, consisted of the only two really interested in the success of the new peer;—namely, Mauley and Gertrude Montresor.—Lady Rachel was so embittered against him, as to take no part in his triumphs; and as to the poor girl at the Ursulines, *she* was solicitous for his eternal salvation rather than for his senatorial distinctions.—It was only his mother’s executor whom he had saved out of the fish-pond, and the broken-spirited woman over whose destinies he had passed like the withering simoom of the desert, who persisted in examining the papers day after day, to look for the “one loved name,” among those brief records of lordly legislation, from which we may infer that the epicureans by patent,—the stewards’ room of the state,—leave the dirty work of the kingdom to be done by their subs. of the servants’ hall, or House of Commons.

Lord Buckhurst’s determination during the first hour he spent under the authority of the mace of the Lord Chancellor and black rod of the Usher—(the Alpha and Omega of the House of Lords)—was never to return there more.

“Except for a call of the House, or some remarkable debate, I will not expose myself again to this insolent scrutiny!” mused he.

Something, however, in the quiet, easy, slip-shod fashion of the debate, as compared with the uproarious, scuffling, bustling schoolboy restlessness of the House of Commons, proved singularly congenial with his taste.—The undemonstrative despotism of the Lords,—the quiet exercise of power,—delighted him.—It was as the “*Fiat lux!*” compared with one of Hullab’s uproars for the million.—

As a matter of curiosity, he returned once or twice; and after

a week's experience, felt that to descend from this polished simplicity of potentiality to the clamour of an assemblage like the Commons,—loud, laborious, dirty, and oppressive as the mechanism of a steam-engine,—would have been indeed a work of derogation!

By degrees, he began to experience an interest in the operations of a body whose modes of despatch were so new to him. He was found to be an excellent committee-man. His services were eagerly solicited by ministers; and when, at length, he *was* tempted to speak, so thoroughly had he made himself master of the tone appropriate to his new audience, that the careless grace of his diction afforded a valuable lesson to those from whom he had received so many.—Moreover, the wisdom of that calculating machine called Government, in which a colossal rapacity seems engendered by perpetual contemplation of the proportions of the National Debt, admitted that his lordship had discharged with interest his amount of obligations. He was consequently seated more firmly than ever upon the back of the alligator; the faces of the opposition benches having converted their sneers of sarcasm into a stare of wonder and consternation.

The various ascendancies of the House of Lords now attempted to cajole him into their subdivisions. The pious faction, which calls itself the religious party,—the pedagogical faction which calls itself the progress party,—the retrogressive faction, which, *plus aristocrate que l'aristocratie*, devotes itself to the rigid maintenance of the Order,—the oilcake faction, or agrarian party,—all in succession did their utmost to increase their consequence in the estimation of ministers by obtaining his eloquent intermediation for their pet measures.—Lord Buckhurst, however, was on his guard against incurring the stigma of officiousness or importunity.—Like the sibyl, by burning a portion of his books, he hoped to increase the value of the rest.—It did not become him to be a speaker of all work, like a Frederick Howardson, or a Mauley.—

Moreover, a new species of *clairvoyance* was perplexing his mind.—He was beginning to surmise that the motive which had deterred his sire and grandsire from prosecuting their claim to the Buckhurst peerage, was a consciousness of the inadequacy of their means to sustain its dignity;—for he found that the estate which had made Howardson of Greyoke rich, left Lord Buckhurst of Greyoke poor. So far from his hereditary precedence over the stuccoed portico assigning him greater weight in the county than Lord Langley, who had hacked and hewed his way into the peerage with a golden hatchet, he found that, in the subscriptions to county charities, the name of Lord Buckhurst, hoisted above that of his wealthy neighbour in connexion with 5*l.* 5*s.*, and in opposition to the 105*l.* of the Langleys, looked fifty times more insignificant than when figuring soberly among the esquires.

Under the dawning sense of this want of consequence, Greyoke,—noble, beautiful, unblemished Greyoke,—became distasteful to him. The old family seat, of which scarcely another man in England would have taken possession without a sentiment of pride and accession of worth from such a patrimony, he despised as inadequate to the maintenance of a barony of the fourteenth century;—and had serious thoughts of expending a portion of the five-and-twenty thousand pounds still remaining to him of the prudent economies of his mother, (which she had mentally dedicated to the formation of a suitable establishment in town, and future settlements for younger children,) to the erection of a new wing, containing a dining-room of sufficient dimensions to keep head and front in dinner-giving with the stuccoed portico.—Contemptible rivalry,—miserable competition!—

Meanwhile, the county contained *one* individual to whom Howardson's accession to the peerage afforded perhaps as much satisfaction as to himself. The Earl of Crohampton, father to the Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline adverted to as our hero's partners in the course of his first season in town, rejoiced to welcome to his side a man he considered worthy of participating in the great blessings of his Order; a man who had not bought his way to distinction either with money or merit, but was entitled to cap himself with velvet and gold at a coronation, because his grandfather, twenty times removed, had shared, with the infamous Gaveston, the favour of a worthless sovereign. This was everything to the Earl of Crohampton.—This was nobility as *he* understood the term.—This was an aristocratism that rose superior to the stuccoed portico by somewhat more than "the altitude of a chioppine."—

Entitling himself to the friendship of the new Lord Buckhurst in consideration of the acquaintanceship formerly vouchsafed to Howardson of Greyoke,—he seemed as proud of having at length a kindred lord in his county, as though one of the kings of Brentford could have witnessed in his latter days the accession of his brother monarch.—It was "Buckhurst, Buckhurst, Buckhurst!" with him, in all times and places.—He could be no longer certain whether Swedes were a safer cultivation for his neighbourhood than mangel-wurzel, unless Buckhurst supported him in his presidency at agricultural meetings; and the grand question of Poor's Rates escaped his comprehension, unless simplified by the luminous exposition of the Lord of Greyoke.—

Now, in earlier life, the vicinity of Crohampton Castle had been one of the greatest obstacles to the frequency of Howardson's visits to Greyoke.—From his boyhood upwards, he had regarded the Earl as a bore of the first magnitude,—a of the constellation Comes.—Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline too had been impediments.—As he occasionally permitted himself to say among his friends, "*Such* faces are only ornamental when attached to the water-spouts of a cathedral."—Even when Lady Lucy

became the wife of a widowed duke,—(one of those square masses of passive consequence which had overawed him in the House of Lords—as with the dignity that invests even a fragment of stone when we know it to be of Druidical origin,—) he had not felt himself safe in submitting to the civilities of the family.—Lady Caroline was still grimly in wait for him, like the spectre of some withered ancestress of the reign of the Conqueror!—

But, strange to tell, once enwrapt in his peers' robes, he beheld all this with a different eye. Once enrolled in the same feudal corps with the Crohampton tribe, and entitled like them to regard the sons of the soil merely as enfranchised serfs attached to the glebe,—a subaltern portion of the human race,—the narrow-sightedness of the Earl seemed suddenly converted into a loftier view of human rights; and the dry self-possession of the passionless Lady Caroline, into an “air of distinction!”—There were strong grounds of sympathy between them. They were alike entitled to oppose a barrier to the developments of social life;—and profess their national religion of love of Liberty in the same modified and contracted sense they practised the equalizing humilities of Christianity:—their interpretation of both faiths, the human and divine, being derived from the revelations of the Heralds' College.

The early habits of Lord Buckhurst classed him among those who regard their little native island as a sort of bachelor-lodging, for which Italy supplies a garden, France a drawing-room, and Germany a library and bath.—But now that, by promotion, he had acquired rights of lordly proprietorship in the tenement, he fancied that to see the little lodging kept in repair, and swept and garnished, was a duty that acquired dignity at his hands and was only appreciable by those similarly privileged.

One of the wittiest modern writers of Germany, Henry Heine, has observed that the English love Liberty like a lawful wife,—the French like a mistress,—and the Germans like a grandmother;—that the English, with all their pretended domestic affection, occasionally thrash their loving spouse or sell her at Smithfield;—while the French commit a thousand extravagances for the object of their illicit love, whom they asphyxiate with charcoal if unable to enjoy her society in their own way. Whereas the sober-suited Germans, who indulge in no ecstasies in honour of their grandmother, treat her with habitual deference; and, rich or poor, secure her a comfortable place for life in their chimney-corner!—

To this classification, the moral philosopher ought to have added, that it is only the brutal order of Englishman who cudgels his wife or sells her in a halter, that ever lavishes upon her the vital warmth of an ardent heart; the cultivated Englishman, privileged to have griffins or seahorses painted on his chariot-panels!—and monsters in stone set up over his lordly gate—

posts, treats her with calm urbanity,—sends her to court with a diamond necklace round her neck,—prefers the painted smiles of some actress,—and when she is in peril of her life, lays down straw before her door and goes to the opera.—

Such was the conjugal tenderness experienced by the Lords Crohampton and Buckhurst towards the national Liberty they were pledged to love and comfort in sickness and in health,—worship with their bodies and endow with their worldly substance;—and, from this fellow-feeling, arose between them a *camaraderie* such as forms the nearest substitute for friendship—the pinchbeck of an ostentatious poverty of nature.

For with the Crohampton family, Lord Buckhurst felt no occasion to dissemble the dawning pride which, at White's and in the wider world, he buttoned as carefully under his frock-coat as though it were the trace of the branding-iron.—The thing of which he stood most in fear was to incur a suspicion in the World of attaching importance to his new honours; and he laboured to be at ease in them, as a mechanic to seem accustomed to his Sunday clothes.—

“Howardson *used* to be a very pleasant fellow!” was the commentary of White's, on the gratuitous efforts he was making;—“he will probably be so again when he becomes better acquainted with Lord Buckhurst.”—

For though London is the metropolis of modern Europe where nobility exercises the greatest influence—an influence more extensive than was ever attained by the grandees of Spain, whose privileges were only in proportion to the despotism of the throne,—it is also the city where the hypocrisy of independence most prevails. The badges of chivalry are seldom assumed unless when the wearer is stretched upon the rack of a royal presence; and the rainbow-show of ribbons gracing the button-holes of the Continent, is with us confined to the bonnets of our wives and winkers of our horses.—The only outward and visible sign of aristocratic distinction in London consists in the motley array of the servants' hall. But our pride is not the less existent, because, like the secret cuirass of Cromwell, worn under our garments.

The affected *nonchalance* of the aristocracy, assumed in the first instance to deprecate the jealousy of the middle classes, is, however, thoroughly thrown away.—The policy good for France or Spain, is no more applicable to the use of our constitutional country, than the *persiennes* and Venetian blinds to which we pretend as if we knew the meaning of sunshine. The freedom of the subject is with us too well established, and we possess too complete an equality before the laws of the country, to make the exhibition of an embroidered garter a matter of envy.—The people are too strong in their rights to be tempted into setting up a *guillotine* because certain classes of the community dress their trencher-scrapers in purple or crimson, or are entitled to tie a blue ribbon across their shoulders on appearing at the *levee* of their sovereign!—

Nevertheless, the graces of humility and affability are as much affected as if the untitled world experienced envy and veneration for empty honours, only formidable when connected with feudal rights of the days of chivalry, long extinct; and by the time Lord Buckhurst had enjoyed his honours for a year, he had lost all his former graceful *insouciance* of manner in his endeavours not to give himself airs.—The play of countenance which at Dr. Clifton's had won the gentle heart of Gertrude Montresor, was now wholly obliterated—not by the ploughshare of care, but by the assumption of a mask of *poco-curanteism*.

For in a country so remarkable for gravity of countenance as England,—where a woman is seen selling a doll or a man frizzing a wig, with a seriousness of deportment worthy to work a problem in Euclid or figure beside the death-bed of an archbishop,—a passive immobility of feature that would have glorified the pencil of Velasquez, constitutes one of the characteristics of the aristocratic estate.

Such was the charm of Lady Caroline Cranwell in the eyes of Lord Buckhurst!—The heroines of Madame Tussaud were fully as animated; and the mutable complexion of Apollonia Hurst, and varying expression of the fine eyes of Lady Rachel Lawrance, became odious in his recollection, compared with the steady fixedness of feature he revered as indicative of consciousness of a definite place among those whose passage through life leaves a permanent trace in the records of time, like other objects photographically delineated, by shutting out the sunshine from the rest.

He began to find Crohampton Castle a resource against the solitude of Greyoke; where his hospitalities were limited alike by want of means, and want of geniality. At Crohampton, he was sure of the sort of conversation that suited him. The events reported there under the name of news, were of the conventional and trivial order in which his soul delighted. The nature of the hosts and of the guests they assembled was hard, round, and smooth as a billiard ball;—no obtrusive angles,—not even a pretence at grace or adornment beyond their specific hardness, smoothness, and sphericity.

The Earl, evidently of opinion that a man of a certain age like Lord Buckhurst, could scarcely find a more appropriate wife than a woman no longer young, like his daughter, and that Lady Car., as his *alter ego* was a very fitting partner of his “egoism for two,”—extended the same encouragement to the new peer he had formerly done to the youthful esquire of Greyoke; taking occasion, moreover, to insinuate to his guest that if Lady Caroline Cranwell still remained Lady Caroline Cranwell, it was only the result of a long-existing ambition to become Lady Caroline Howardson.—

But Lord Buckhurst, though enchanted to be invited as a guest, had no idea of being kidnapped as a son-in-law; and when he found that the attentions he received from Crohampton

Castle concealed sinister designs, (like the "Hail, Caesar!" of the assassins who prostrated themselves at the feet of the great Julius only to secure access for their daggers to his heart,) he began secretly to expatiate on the baseness of human nature, which is incapable of affording its hospitality to a neighbour or making him free of house and home, without premeditating the injury of tying a millstone round his neck; in the form of a superannuated daughter.—

• For though enrolment in the pages of Burke and Lodge so far influenced the principles of Lord Buckhurst as to make him fancy it possible for a wife of his own to be as enduring as he had hitherto found the wives of his friends, he had thoroughly made up his mind if he *did* marry, to do himself the amplest justice. A peer of the realm with a fortune of only seven thousand per annum, is not in a situation to marry for love; still less to sacrifice himself to the love he may happen to inspire.—Above all, a man whose heart is set on adding a wing to his family mansion, is forced to convert the quiver of Cupid into a hod, and his arrows into a trowel.—The Lord of Greyoke had consequently decided to remain single, or double his fortune in doubling his condition.

The weakness (almost amounting to a vice) of TUFT-HUNTING, is doubtless, contemptible enough, and sufficiently prevalent in the world, to prove that the world abounds in sneaks. The chance of having been italicised by an apt and specific name, has served indeed to endow a very common English failing with very uncommon notoriety.—For the character of a tuft-hunter is one the odiousness of which is easily attributable to any individual of inferior rank addressing courtesies to one of a higher, let the deference emanate from whatever source or origin; and tuft-hunting being necessarily the vice of people of low degree, it cannot be too foully stigmatized.

But to how many persons of *high* degree would the infamy extend, if an equally explicit designation pointed out to shame the highborn PURSE-HUNTERS, who court the company of the rich!—the pitiful nobles who vouchsafe neither their love nor friendship under a certain ratio of remuneration;—but scruple not to dip in the dish with the millionaire Jew, or wed with the heiress of one enriched by the spoils of the gaming-table!—By comparison with the needy honourables who dispose of the favour of their company for the price of a dinner, the paltry tuft-hunters are decidedly in the minority!—

The best thing Lord Buckhurst found to do with the coronet (a right and title to which he fancied had ennobled the blood of his ancestors through a dozen generations) was to put it up to auction to the highest bidder, while pretending to exercise a fair free choice in the election of his partner for life. Henceforward, he hoped to be two to one against the alligator, and complete its subjugation by placing a golden curb and snaffle between its fearful jaws.—

FLIGHT VIII.

"Les anciens avoient un grand respect pour les femmes; mais ils croyoient honorer leur modestie en se taisant sur leurs autres vertus. Sur ce principe, un Spartiat entendant un étranger faire de magnifiques éloges des talens d'une dame, l'interrompit en colère, disant que c'était médire d'une femme de bien.

"Chez nous, la femme la plus estimée est celle qui fait le plus de bruit, de qui l'on parle le plus, qu'on voit le plus dans le monde, chez qui l'on dîne le plus souvent, qui donne le plus impérieusement le ton, qui juge, tranche, décide, prononce, assigne aux talens leur mérite,—aux vertus leurs degrés et leurs places, et dont les humbles savans mendient le plus basement la faveur."—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

To follow the gradual deterioration of a mind created for noble purposes, but degraded by worldly usage, is a task about as tempting as that of a Parisian *chiffonnier*; who gropes under the shadow of night in heaps of dirt, rags, and shavings, for the chance of occasionally finding a few spangles or a lost jewel.

Suffice it, therefore, in a few words, that the mean proprietor of noble Greyoke, condescended to all the basenesses usually perpetrated by purse-hunters; though under the influence of an overweening vanity that would not content itself with second best. He chose to have youth and beauty with his bride, in addition to lands or money-bags; and those endowed with money-bags or lands in addition to beauty and youth, chose to have something better in exchange than a discredited *roué*,—a peevish egoist of a certain age.—Defying the spur of steel appended to the heel of so feeble a knight, the alligator, consequently, laid him sprawling in the dust, and made off to shelter in a purer element.

For five long years did the discomfited Buckhurst waste his time in these unprofitable pursuits;—now, arrayed in the lion's skin of pride, now in the monkey's skin of dandyism,—in both an animal of small account.—He who had hitherto enjoyed his torpor of ease like a serpent gorged with prey or an idol stupified by incense, laboured in pursuit of matrimonial enrichment as unremittingly as a galley-slave in a mine; either fluttering among the wooden butterflies of fashion, or parading the honours of his caste in the sight of some vulgarian in all the stiff emblazonment of a herald's tabard.—But alike in vain!—Never had cautious selfishness so overshot the mark.

"At ten years old," says a sapient philosopher, "a man is influenced by cakes,—at twenty, by the smiles of woman,—at thirty, by the cogencies of books,—at forty, by the gauds of ambition,—at fifty, by the glitter of gold!"—Be it surmised how far Lord Buckhurst had progressed along the road of life, that his heart and soul were now absorbed in the counting of coin!—

"I am going to dine with the Attorney-General," said he, one day, in answer to an invitation to dinner from Lord Crohampton;—"an old schoolfellow of mine, who has turned his abilities to some account;—for with a patrimony of only a few thousand

pounds, he is now in the enjoyment of seven or eight thousand a-year.”—

“Which no doubt he knew much better how to gain than to spend!”—retorted the Earl.—“What *savoir vivre* can a man possibly attain in Westminster Hall?”

“Sir Thomas Mauley attained there a certain *savoir jouir*, which, as far as himself is concerned, comes to the same thing,” replied Lord Buckhurst, fractiously. “The *savoir vivre* is an exercise of one’s vanity—the active principle of one’s sentient enjoyment.”—

“You would have met at my house,” said the Earl, “another old school-fellow of yours,—a capital fellow,—Jack Honeyfield of Gronington Park.”—

“I always found him a sad beast,” said Buckhurst, shrugging his shoulders,—“noisy and unpolished to the last degree.”—

“The mere rusticity of a sportsman!” replied Lord Crohampton, with a smile of indulgence. “Besides, all the merit wanting in Honeyfield is supplied by that of his cook.—Honeyfield came into his uncle’s fine fortune a year ago; and spends it not as our neighbours, those dreadful Langleys do, in brocaded curtains and services of plate,—but like a rational being, in keeping the best table in London!—I admit that people are beginning to call it ‘Honeyfield’s ordinary!’—But what then?—One meets the best society there.—Honeyfield evidently wanted to persuade Caroline to take the head of his house;—but the foolish girl would not hear of it.”

Lord Buckhurst, aware that the Earl had asserted the same thing of himself, knew what weight to attach to the story. But he could not forbear observing—“I always understood that Sir John Honeyfield was to marry a fair cousin of his, of the name of Hurst?”—

“Yes,—there *was* an engagement between them—a family arrangement, in which the inclinations of neither were consulted. But when the young lady came of age, and into the enjoyment of her fortune, she declared off, and took the veil, I fancy, or something of that sort.”

Having said his say, Lord Crohampton stepped into his brougham and drove home to dress for dinner; little suspecting that he had accomplished one of the purposes of Providence, as unwittingly as the butterfly conveys from flower to flower the fertilizing farina it has brushed with its careless wings, or as the bird transfers to a distant region the seed it has pilfered for its own sustenance.—Unintentionally, indeed, had he acquainted his intended son-in-law with a fact it greatly concerned him to know!—

For Apollonia Hurst, single, and in the enjoyment of eighty thousand pounds, was a very different person to Lord Buckhurst in search of a wife, from pretty little Apol-blossom, a minor, to the listless Howardson of the clubs. She was *now* really worth “inquiring after!”—

But WHERE?—Who could afford him intelligence of the gentle being whose existence on the face of the earth was as that of a tuft of wood-sorrel, lying like a lost emerald in the heart of some gloomy forest? The only person of whom he could have obtained the clue he wanted, was Lady Rachel Lawrance; with whom, since leaving Halkin Street for a loftier habitation, he had held no communication. With an audacity of self-reliance, however, worthy of the century, he decided that he had only to extend his hand anew in token of conciliation, to have it grasped with gratitude.—And it was so.

But the Lady Rachel of to-day was a very different being from the Lady Rachel of four years before. In the first place, she had attained high consideration in the world from the publicity of her husband's irregularities;—the see-saw justice of England being apt to weigh the virtues of one person, by placing in an opposite scale the vices of another.

The Lady Rachel of to-day, accordingly, was thoroughly emancipated from the timidity of mind and manner engendered for a time by an unnatural attainment of independence. If she had not attached friends to her side, she had collected adherents; and fortified by their support and applause, gave the law she had been formerly compelled to receive. If she welcomed Lord Buckhurst back to her society, it was merely with a view of enrolling him in this numerous association. Her house was now at once a *bureau d'esprit* and *bureau de politique*;—and the adhesion of one of the best speakers in the Upper House and most eminent judges of the tribunal of fine taste,—was duly appreciated:—the great artists frequenting her society assigning as much authority to his *ipse dixit*, as the ministers to his ayes and noes.—Even the celebrated commander, of whom a foreign writer has bitterly observed, that “Fortune raised him aloft in triumph on the buckler of Victory, only to make manifest the meanness of his proportions,” appeared to value the voice of Buckhurst of Greyoke far more highly than the heiresses of the United Kingdom valued his hand.

So it was, therefore, that for the remainder of the season Lord Buckhurst dined once a-week with Mayonnaise, the cook of the “sad beast” Sir John Honeyfield; and once a-week, with the godmother of the Roman-catholic heiress.

Of the object of the latter concession, as yet, he said not a word; dreading that precipitation in his inquiries might place Lady Rachel on her guard, or at least give her an opportunity of placing Apollonia on hers. It was essential to his attempt to find the fortress ungarrisoned.

Amid the hurry and confusion of our tumultuous Babylon, (the only metropolis of Europe where the swallows find neither clay nor quiet for their nests,) people are oftener off their guard than elsewhere; as the march of a coming enemy is most audible and visible across the stillness of the plains. One night, therefore, when

Lady Rachel Lawrance was busied in looking over the fantastic sketch-book of Flightington the academician, and listening at one and the same moment to a new capriccio of Thalberg, and a new theory on comets from Dr. Schensternus the Prussian astronomer, while waiting the announcement of the carriage that was to convey her to a ducal ball, Lord Buckhurst observed, (as he stood examining the sketches over her shoulder,) pointing the while, in a fanciful illustration of one of Uhland's ballads, to a figure that exhibited some slight analogy with that of Apollonia blossom,—“By the way, yonder sea-nymph reminds one a little of that little Roman-catholic friend of yours.—I forget what became of her.—Did she die—or marry Honeyfield—or what? But no! now I think of it, the ‘man of whacks,’ as we used to call Honeyfield at college, is still a bachelor.”

“A bachelor, because, instead of becoming his wife, Apollonia Hurst on coming of age was idiot enough to enter a *béguinage*!” observed Lady Rachel, continuing to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book,—the rustling of which, rendering her words partly inaudible, was to her eager auditor as the rustling of the leaves of the Book of Fate!—

“I should have thought,” observed he, coolly, “that her father’s house might have afforded a pleasanter alternative.”

“Her father’s house is the grave!”—replied Lady Rachel, carelessly fastening the clasp of one of her rich bracelets.—“My poor old cousin did not long survive the flurry occasioned in his quiet existence by Apol’s whims and caprices.—Instead of affording him pleasure, his daughter’s arrival in England was like a ray of light suddenly penetrating into a cavern, to scare with its brightness some bird of night long habituated to the gloom.—The consequence was, that, on attaining her majority and the enjoyment of five thousand a year, the foolish girl had neither home to receive her nor friend to advise her against seeking so desolate a retreat as the obscurity of a *béguinage*.”—

The carriage was just then luckily announced: for though Lord Buckhurst was far from one of those the text of whose heart is printed in their face, Lady Rachel could scarcely have failed to notice his air of vexation on learning that he had allowed so rich a prize to slip through his fingers.—

Aware, however, that the vows of a *béguine* are not of the binding nature of other religious orders, already he had determined to make an essay whether the heart of the humble virgin of the Ursulines were as placable as that of the highflying dame so knowing in the whereabouts of comets. But not before the end of the season! To a London man, whether in or out of parliament, the season is a species of Sabbatical year, in which no business can be done.

Moreover, as frequent disappointment and long suspense renders apathetic natures more patient, though tending to increase the irritability of the excitable, he said to himself while

contemplating his new project, as he would have done in surveying a pheasant *pâté*—" *Voilà un morceau qui se mangera froid!*"—

The circle of Lady Rachel was, in fact, an agreeable addition to his London pleasures. Without entering into the flights of her pet ideologues, or the factions of her mercenary *bisognons* of letters, he derived the same pleasure from contemplating the impetuosity of their ideas and emotions we feel in surveying from the shore the turbulence of a troubled sea. There was something in the perpetual moral movement of its opinions and principles, refreshing to his inert nature as the breezy current of winds vouchsafed by Providence to dispel the stagnant vapours of the earth.

There was a certain reflective brilliancy, too, in the coterie of *beaux-esprits*, which seemed to illustrate all admitted within the magic circle; and as the eloquence of an orator resides nearly as much in his auditors as in himself, he was not sorry to have secured an audience qualified to double the measure of *his* qualifications. For albeit his lordship affected to leave his light under a bushel, he had it secretly at heart to let its lustre shine through a crevice.—He chose to be as fully recognised as a man of talent, as was compatible with his more showy vocation of a man of the world.

In the minor theatre, the "*Théâtre des Elèves*," managed by Lady Rachel Lawrance, the flash of wit,—the clash of argument,—the dash of hypothesis,—the lash of criticism,—the crash of theories,—the gash of satire,—produced a sort of perpetual melodrama, which afforded for a time a startling excitement.—By degrees, however, he grew weary of the froth and roar of the angry ocean, in whose storms he had taken delight,—"*Nul si grand jour qui ne vient à vespres*;"—and he began to be displeased that the stage should be perpetually occupied by the *comparses* of the *dramatis personæ*, and at finding her ladyship's word a law as regarded changes of scenery and decorations. Baron Buckhurst of Greyoke had no idea of being placed on a level with varnishers of canvas and stirrers of crucibles. If he deigned to enter the republic of letters, it must be as dictator.—He even expected the wits of the day to mix a little sugar and water with their alcohol, to accommodate its fiery particles to his enfeebled aristocratic palate.—He chose to have opinions set apart for him; shorn of their rugged coats, and stamped on the *flank* with his coronet.—Classics must be issued for his sole use, as for the dauphin of France,—classics "*ad usum delphini*."—

The alligator, however, thought fit to resist;—and long before the prorogation of parliament, Lord Buckhurst had decided, that if he formerly found it fatiguing to tame down his progress to the slow march of a herd of asses, it was far more so to keep up with the rattling pace of a pack of high-mettled racers, starting for the St. Leger or a steeple chase.

Nor was he in better conceit with the circles of fashion,—in

which the cackle of the parrot was substituted for the solemn hooting of the owl;—and he began to loathe the noisy, unmeaning, ungraceful pageant of London life; as we do an often-seen pantomime, with whose tricks we are familiar, and whose spangles and foils have become tarnished.—Leaving his proxy, therefore, with ministers, without hinting to friend or foe the object or destination of his journey, he took his departure for the Netherlands.—

Now if there be a spot on earth in striking contrast with the living, breathing movement and enterprise of London, it is Flanders:—that mouldering corpse of departed greatness, whereof Charles V. was the Prometheus; but which, having suffered its vital spark to evaporate, lies extended in its nook on the surface of Europe, like a body preserved from corruption in certain churchyards, by conversion into adipose matter. Colossal cities, decimated of their population,—ancient institutions, from which the waves of human life have receded,—exhibit on all sides a torpor of nature arising from a sluggish circulation of the blood, and unexcitable nervous system.—Lord Buckhurst had not spent four-and-twenty hours in the land, before he felt benighted; and began to listen for the striking of the clocks, and feel a sort of mildew overspreading his frame.—

“No wonder, poor child, she should have taken refuge in a cloister against the innutritious dreariness of such a clime!”—mused he.—“I remember once seeing a picture by Albert Durer of the Garden of Eden,—and such a picture!—I can understand now why Flanders is the most catholic of countries.—It is only by keeping their eyes steadily fixed on Heaven, that the Flemish are enabled to overlook the monotony of their earthly existence.”—

Meanwhile, as the time approached for the interview, he began to understand the arduousness of his undertaking, and feel overpowered by the idea of confronting a religious community. The quietude of such a spot,—the very rustle of its robes,—recurred to his recollection like an omen!—

In earlier years he had, of course, as became a young Englishman, of birth and fortune, scampered through his grand tour on quitting college. But being just then possessed by the devil of fox hunting, so as to have only from April till October at his disposal, he had made a two days' mouthful of Flanders; and all he knew of Béguines or Béguignages, was that (having thought right to verify on the spot the reminiscences of Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby, anent what the former calls “the young begging nuns,”) he had learnt from his Flemish *valet de place* that Beghynages were uncloistered convents, instituted by a certain Countess Joan of Constantinople, in the thirteenth century, in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and Mechlin;—little walled communities, several streets in extent, subjected like other convents to a superioress and rigid rule of life; but without compulsory seclusion or irrevocability of vow.

He was then too much in haste to proceed to the Rhine, to take the trouble of visiting the peaceful citadel of one of these holy sisterhoods; the only feeling they excited in the mind of the fashionable tourist, being a regret that no such sage institution subsisted in England, for the safe disposal of spinsters of small fortune, who have converted Bath into a tabby colony for the kitting of scandal.

Now, however, that he had made up his mind to attempt an interview with one of these semi-cloistered maidens, that which had before appeared a modest retirement from the noisier pleasures of life, assumed an air of conventual severity.

He knew not how to approach so saintly a community. To his worldly mind, the humble Béguines seemed triply guarded round by a sanctity more appalling than all the state environing the precincts of the courts of kings.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity," that Apollonia Hurst wore a charmed dignity in his eyes, like the lady in Comus.

Though educated in the convent of the Ursulines at Bruges, it was into the Great Beghynage of Ghent she had retreated,—unwilling to wound the feelings of the good sisters so dear to her, by entering before their eyes another religious community than their own.

Thither, therefore, did Lord Buckhurst betake himself, and the emotion of awe we have described laid an iron grasp upon his heart as he approached the quaint old city of Charles V. and the Arteveldes;—which for him contained no monument of greater interest than the Beghynage which in their time passed for an antiquity.

A question or two addressed to the *valet de place* of the hotel where he set up his rest with the view of intimating his arrival to the fairest of Apol-blossoms, having sufficed to betray his curiosity on the subject of Beghynages, he was informed there was no better occasion of viewing the community than when assembled for evening service, to which strangers are admitted without reserve.

Though much relieved by finding himself able to reach the presence of the lady of his speculations without exciting impertinent surmises, it was a severe trial to rise from table for the purpose, with his dinner half digested. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, he stepped into the carriage provided for him, and proceeded to the Beghynage.

The day had been showery; increasing the humid exhalations of the amphibious city, which broods like some aquatic bird over the channels of the four rivers at whose confluence it is moored. Mists were rising in all directions from the canals,—hanging upon the quaint old Flemish frontages of the quays, and imparting mystery to the opening vistas of those aquatic gangways. Here and there, a fisherman was lowering his net into the muddy stream as unconcernedly as though the barracks, hospitals, and

monasteries bathing their loathsome feet in its waters, were so many verdant avenues of alders. The whirring factories of the busy city were still,—the glow of its furnaces extinguished for the night; and all he heard was, from the Beghynage afar, the

—————"squilla di lontano
Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore."

There was something mysterious and depressing in the mistiness of the scene;—where, among the passing multitudes, no single soul was cognizant of his name or race. Thanks, however, to the same inspiration which fostered the eloquence of his maiden speech,—(*i. e.* a bottle of excellent Neierstein with which he had armed his courage,—) Lord Buckhurst was in gay or rather in wanton spirits.

"The pretty girl of eighteen must have expanded into a lovely woman of three-and-twenty!"—mused he, by the road.—"I wonder whether I shall recognise her again, or she *me*?—Truth to say, we took pretty accurate measure of each other's personal merits. What hours I used to spend gazing into the depths of her hazel eyes, (sweet eyes the colour of tarnished silver, or rather the colour which no words can describe!) in order to fascinate her into an equally deliberate survey of my own!—After all, I see no cause to despair of bringing her to reason. She was unquestionably much attached to me; and though Lady Rachel maliciously contrived to send her out of my way, what *has* been, may be again. By this time she must be tired to death of her dungeon!—'Better a linnet in a bush, than an eagle in a cage,' quoth the proverb;—and poor Apolblossom will most likely be full of gratitude to any one who affords her sufficient excuse for setting the wires of *hers* at defiance!"—

As his lordship muttered these self-encouragements, he was passing through the pointed archway of a venerable gatehouse of brick-work, into an extensive area divided by streets and structures with high pointed gables, resembling the olden colleges of Cambridge, or alms-houses of our cathedral towns. Strips and patches of turf, ornamented the central courts;—in the midst of which, predominant over the other buildings with which its aspect was strictly in accordance, stood the church;—the light streaming through the illuminated windows of which, and the pealing organ faintly heard within, afforded the sole interruption to the stillness and dimness of the scene.

For at that hour, not a soul was stirring in the Beghynage!—Not a light to be seen throughout the windows of either the convents or detached houses!—Not a sister moving in the deserted streets!—According to the rule of the order, all were assembled for evening prayer, in the old church into which Lord

Buckhurst now made his way,—nothing doubting that his first glance would detect in the assemblage—

“The one fair face by nature mark'd his own.”

But having penetrated the porch, he stood undeceived! Though the whole six hundred sisters of the Beghynage were before him, collected into a mass, not a face was visible!—All were on their knees;—the light of the lamps and tapers detaching the deathly whiteness of their stiff opaque wimples and veils, from the blackness of their gowns of serge. And as they knelt with their heads depressed, the white head-covering was drawn forward over their faces, so as to form a triangular and mystic hood, like the shadowy forms depicted in Rembrandt's picture of the angels descending the ladder, in Jacob's dream,—a sketch of which sublime conception may be admired in the Dulwich Gallery.

Six hundred human beings, praying as with a single soul, yet not a single human face apparent! How awful, how unearthly those sable figures with their cowed white heads, dimly visible by the light of glimmering lamps and tall tapers burning upon the altar; while in the organ-loft high above, in the centre of the church, the emanations of a still brighter light served to define in dark masses the persons of the Béguines officiating as choristers; their sweet voices supplying responses to the officiating priests, and emulating in their gentleness the voices of angels, answering, in a higher sphere, the interrogation of a Being more august!—

Lord Buckhurst was so thoroughly panic-struck by the aspect of this cohort of kneeling headless beghyns, — from whose motionless trunks issued murmurs of prayer, amid clouds of incense mystic as the scent of the Volcameria, that, for a moment, he forgot the purport of his presence in the utter sickness of his soul; and was forced to lean for support against one of the columns of the church. Till then, he had not believed that the earth contained a spectacle capable of rousing him to emotion!

Having glanced along the line of sculptured saints obtruding, life-like, above the capitals of the columns, and extending their hands and the symbols of their faith as in benediction over the no less solemn assemblage prostrate below,—he suffered his eyes to follow the mass of kneeling figures vanishing in the distance into utter darkness; till, at the extremity below the organ-loft, a twinkling light suddenly started into life which slowly and steadily progressed towards him; exhibiting in its advance an aisle of motionless forms, on either side, each exactly resembling the other in form,—attitude,—immobility.

As the light slowly approached, he was unable to reason himself out of a feeling of awe at its ostensibly spontaneous movement. Even when, on reaching him, it proved to be merely a dark lantern borne by an aged beghyn, whose province it was to

enkindle the tapers at the various shrines, he could not divest himself of the breathless emotion by which he had been possessed.

By degrees, however, his senses accustomed themselves to the subdued light and peculiar atmosphere of the spot; and as a fine voluntary burst from the organ, pealing among the groined roofs of the church while the priest uplifted the Host and hundreds of closely swathed heads depressed themselves yet more humbly than before, Lord Buckhurst was moved by a strong conviction that the faith environed by so many soothing attributes,—so many touching illusions,—enhanced to the enervated senses by harmony and fragrance,—must exercise a doubly consolatory influence over the spirits of those holy women, who have retired from the world to renounce or repent its wilder enjoyments.

He could well understand the rapture with which the ears thus weaned from pleasurable words, must listen to those exalted and exalting strains. He could appreciate the ecstacy produced by those bewildering fumes, purporting to typify the emanations of a soul in grace uprising, in grateful tenderness, to the footstool of the Almighty!—

The electric chain of ideas which we call the soul, was touched within him, connecting him by unseen links with a more extended scale of animate and inanimate nature;—

“And he who came to scoff, remain’d to pray!”

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHEASANT; OR, EVERY MAN HIS OWN THIEF.

A TALE OF OXFORD. BY LUNETTE.

“I SAY, Simmons, who stole the President’s pheasant?” said Robert Augustus Short, bedmaker of St. Mary’s College, Oxford, to the deputy under sub-cook’s assistant of the same college.

“Oh, no ’un, o’ cos,” was Simmons’s reply. “No ’un.”

What an unfortunate fellow is that poor No one, alias Nobody, says some philosophical moralist; he seems to have come in for everyone’s faults and punishments, from the time when Ulysses poked out the Cyclop’s eye—do but think what he has to set off against this misfortune. True it is, he has to bear many faults. Everyone, from Ulysses to the truant schoolboy, requires the aid of Nobody, as well as of Somebody. He, too, alone, comes into the world free from the primæval curse: *Nemo sive vitius nascitur*. Remember, too, how happy his life is—*Nemo contentus vivat*—the old wine-bibbing Falernian knew what life was. “Nobody,” sings he, “lives in contentment.” That he was a gourmand, we have equally good authority. Grave old Æschylus tells how like Nobody (they called him *oudcis* in those days, only

another alias) was to John Bull. When John heard all Monsieur had to say about Nong tong paw, he patted his belly, and murmured, "I should like to dine with Nong tong paw." Just so, our friend Nobody. If he heard a man had a new cook, forthwith he wanted to dine with him. We give the Greek below;* it looks so learned, as the Black Brodder told Ahab Meldrum, (see Sam Slick, No. 3;) and as Nobody kindly presented him with his love—*Nemo prastat amorem*—doubtless, he did not miss his feed. "Excellent man was he," says some rejected author, whose MSS. are so well known that not even a printer's devil will read them. Excellent man! he reads my writings—*Nemo mea scripta legit*.

Stay, good panegyrist; you forget how wicked Nobody became, and how rapidly he fell into evil courses, free as he was from vice at his birth. Ah, how?—*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. Pooh, pooh, my friend; that only means, *it takes five years to make an attorney*.

But to return whence we started, as the congreve rocket said when they fired him wrong—"Who stole the President's pheasant?"

He himself; and thereby hangs a tail, as there did once to the pheasant.

"Well, but Berkeley, how did you get this pheasant?" asked John Montague of his friend, as he formed a third round a warm fire in Berkeley's rooms, in the third quad of St. Mary's, one raw evening in October.

"Why, you see, fineish day, nice warm sun, skiffed down to Bagley, wandered through the wood, saw long tail on a branch, happened to have air-gun, up gun, good aim, over went longtail into my pea-jacket pocket; wander back to skiff, drop down with stream—all right—have him up for supper at nine, with et ceteras. Come, Monson, pass the black draught."

"Didn't any one see you?" drawled Monson, as he passed the port.

"No, no; took good care of that—close shave—old Dionysius came upon me, not a minute after—never a bit the wiser—made a bow—offered to skiff him back—very polite, and parted."

"Well, we'll do the bird justice—I feel peckish—though it does want an hour to supper," replied Montague—"Eh, Monson?"

"Oh, ay," chorused Monson, rubbing his hands.

"Come in," shouted Berkeley, as a modest tap was heard at the door, and in slid the President's flunky, a pleasant, red-faced, smirking man in blue, and all blue.

"President's compliments—" said the bluelman, with a prodigious smirk.

"And wants to blow me up," murmured Berkeley.

"President's compliments, Mr. Berkeley, and is much obliged to you for the fine pheasant you left for him in the kitchen; and will be very glad if you will partake of it with him to-morrow at five precisely."

"Eh—oh—ah—yes—confound—much obliged—da—very well—pheasant—curse—dinner," muttered Berkeley, very open-mouthed; concluding his acceptance of the offer with a long string of excommunications in a short form. As soon as the messenger had closed the

* * * *ευσσαιεις αὐτῷ οὐδεις ᾔθελεν*.—Æschylus. Who also tells us that the Wizard of the North was Nobody. Ecce signum:—"οὐδεις πωποτε τοιοῦτος μαγος ἴστι."

door, Berkeley's indignation at being so outwitted was in the very act of exploding, when another rap at the door introduced Simmons.

"Please, sir—" began the deputy's deputy, in a humble tone.

"Well, fool!" growled Berkeley.

"Please, sir, the President sent for the longtail, soon after he come back from his walk."

"Well."

"And please, Muster Tompkins wants to know what you'll have for supper."

"Nothing!" roared Berkeley, with a rush towards the door that sent Simmons down stairs at a railroad pace.

"To think," growled Berkeley, as he stamped about his room—"to think of being outwitted by that fool, old Dennis."

"Ay, and so cleverly too—asked you to dine off your own bird—how you'll enjoy it, Berkeley!" said Montague, with a smile.

"Enjoy it—I'll have a cold—the measles—the small-pox—anything—I'll not go—I swear—yes, that I do."

"I am fully aware that you swear, Berkeley," rejoined Monson; "and pretty lustily too; but swearing wont help the longtail or my supper."

"I swear I wont eat any supper until I see that longtail on my table cooked and carved. Wont you join, Montague?"

"Put in a clause, not this term—friendship wont carry me further," replied his friend. "What say you, Monson?"

"Say for a week, and I'll make one of the conspiracy."

"Well, well, as you like," said Berkeley; "but now to get the bird—first let us see where he hangs. Come, Montague, come and reconnoitre. Come along, do!"

"I'm coming, as the rheumatism said to the teetotaller."

"He is in the pantry, John," said Berkeley, as they crossed the small court into which his rooms looked, and approached a grated window by the side of a green door in the opposite wall, respectively the air-hole and entrance to the back way to the President's house through the stone passage and pantry.

"There he is, Charley," replied Montague, peering in at the window. "Caught a glimpse of his appendage—that's him—*respice finem*—look at his tail."

Satisfied with their reconnoitre, the two friends returned to their council-chamber; and, after a good many pro's and cons, decided on the plot for the recovery of the bird. Dr. Dionysius Tardy, alias Slow Dennis, was by no means a fool, as his recapture of Berkeley's pheasant shewed; but he had his peculiarity—he hated to hurry matters. "Wait a day or two," he would say; "perhaps to-morrow will do better." He believed in the power of delay. It had once saved his life—he had been challenged—his antagonist wanted to fight directly. "Stay," said Dennis, "perhaps to-morrow will do better." That night, his murderous friend got very drunk, rode homewards on a tricky horse, and was found in a ditch on the morrow, not the better for a dislocation of the vertebræ of the neck. His wife was frightened with her first offspring—curious coincidence, they are seldom frightened with any but the first—and, in consequence, Miss Tardy arrived at the seventh month.

"Pity it wasn't a boy, Dennis," said an old friend.

. . .

"Yes," replied Dennis ; "never knew any good come of being in a hurry ; perhaps if she had waited, it might have been a boy."

It was midnight—the college clock chimed twelve ; and Dennis, closing a heavy folio, prepared to retire to his solitary couch—for Mrs. D. T. was with her mother in Wales—no one was alive in the house but Dennis. "Better wait a little," he murmured, as he wrapped his dressing-gown round him, wheeled his arm-chair to the fire, and, placing a slippered foot on each hob, began teasing the fire with the small poker.

Rat-tat, rat-tat, went the knocker on the garden door.

Dennis rose—down he sat—"better wait a little," said he.

Rat-tat-rata-tat-tat, went the knocker.

Dennis rose, and candle in hand, descended the stairs, crossed the servant's hall, along the stone passage to the door.

"Who's there ?" said Dennis. No answer was returned ; so, after a short delay, Dennis opened the door, and found nothing. He returned to his room, and once more teased the fire.

Again the knocker began to make a noise.

"Hum," muttered Dennis—"some of those foolish boys—better in bed—hum—go down, wont catch them—go to the porter, and set him to watch."

With this determination, Dennis once more descended, candle in hand—for the night was pitch dark, and the college lights were gone to bed—he opened the door, and, of course, as he expected, found nothing. Drawing it to gently, so as not to close it quite—for he had not got his pass key—the Doctor proceeded across the small court to the archway that led into the outer quadrangle, where the porter lodged ; he had hardly entered the passage, before his candle was knocked over, and a voice shouted—"Here's the thief !—after him, Montague!"

Away went the Doctor, all legs and wings, out of the passage, across the great quad, through the bishop's arch, round the inner quad, under the colonnade, round this pillar, by that, back again through the arch, over the great quad, through the kitchen passage towards his own back door. Close at his heels came Montague, always near, but never close, calling out, "Stop thief ! stop thief !" at the top of his voice. Many a night-capped head looked out of window ; and even the porter thought of getting up.

At length the archway to the third quad was gained by the panting Doctor, and home was in sight.

"I see him !" shouted a voice from above. "I'll teach you to rob, you rascal—take that!"

Down came a bucket full of water on the poor Doctor, who, drenched to the skin, rushed, half blinded, across the court, and flew into his passage, closing the door with a hearty bang.

"Have you got him, Charley ?" asked Montague, in a low tone.

"Ay, ay, slipt in, and unhooked the beauty in a jiffy."

"Now, then, for the second act—Monson, I shall want you," replied Montague, as his friend came down the stairs, and walked with him to the garden door.

Bang, bang, went the knocker, and ring, ting, the bell, most furiously ; up came the aroused porter at last, and also the senior tutor.

"What's the matter, Mr. Montague?" said the tutor.

"A thief, sir, just leapt the garden wall," replied John, still knocking.

At last the door was opened : first appeared Dennis, very cold from the water, and not slightly cross ; then the bluman, in very questionable skin covers ; and lastly the females of the household in white array and white faces.

"What's the matter ?" asked Dennis.

"A thief !" exclaimed Montague, the porter, and the tutor, *una voce*.

"Where?" asked the Doctor, with a slight shiver—the night was cold, and so was the water.

"Saw a fellow come out of this door with a light, run after him round the quads, under the colonnade, back again through the but-tery archway, and, just as I was laying hands on him, he bounced in here—he got a rare ducking first from Berkeley, who saw him coming."

"In here?" muttered the Doctor—"good ducking—hah! hah!—very good;" he tried to laugh, but his wet clothes would not let him.

"In here?" whispered the bluman, looking behind him.

"In here?" shrieked the females of the household—"we shall all be murdered!—Oh—oh—oh!"

"Shall we search the house, Mr. President?" asked Montague, "I should like to pay the fellow out for the dance he led me."

"No—no, I thank you, Mr. Montague ; doubtless, he ran through the kitchen into the garden, and by this time is over the walls—better wait till to-morrow. Most likely he's got nothing."

"Oh, but he had, sir—it was some bird or other—it looked like a pheasant, Mr. President," replied Montague, most seriously.

"Eh—eh," muttered the Doctor—"he'd better have waited till it was drest."

"Please, sir, the pheasant is gone," said the bluman, with a queer look, half smile, half squint.

"Well—well, can't be helped—thank you, gentlemen—good night—we must bear the loss—better wait till to-morrow," replied Doctor Tardy, as he closed the green door, and retired to his bed.

"Tompkins," said Berkeley, about noon on the following day, as he entered the sanctum of the chef de cuisine of St. Mary's College.

"Yes, Mr. Berkeley," replied Tompkins, saluting military fashion.

"Let me have this pheasant for supper to-night, with a dish of scoloped oysters—at nine, as usual."

"Certainly, Mr. Berkeley," replied the chef, laying the bird down on the counter.

"Well," ejaculated Simmons, as he saw Berkeley well out of the culinary precincts—"I never—no, I never seed sich a likeness afore."

"Likeness, Simmons?" said his superior.

"Ay, likeness, Muster T., 'atween that there bird as was prigged by the Doctor, and that there 'un as Muster Barklye has now a brought in to be drest."

"Pooh, pooh,* Simmons—merely a family likeness."

"May be, may be—there's a pair on 'em, as the devil facetiously observed to his thumbs—family likeness—well, I never—I vonder who stole the Doctor's longtail?—eh, Muster Tompkins?"

TO ———.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THEY tell me thou art changed, indeed—thou that wert once so fair;
 They say untimely streaks of white are mingling with thine hair;
 Mine own hath lost its golden glow, yet both are in their prime—
 Oh! surely Thought and Care have power to do the work of Time.

They say that those deep azure eyes, shorn of their lustrous might,
 Shed ever on the thankless earth their sad and failing light;
 And mine, while dimly thus is traced the record of past years,
 See the vain vows almost effaced by their own burning tears.

They say thy smile but rarely comes, or cometh but to pain,
 So mournfully the sadness steals back to thy lip again;
 And I have learn'd through bitter years to hide with careless brow,
 The passion and the agony that never rest below.

Ours is a tale too often told—a fate too widely known—
 A weary tale of broken hearts, fond dreams, and hopes o'erthrown;
 A fate which given by selfish men hath been so drear a doom,
 We, in the grave, where we shall meet, shall find no deeper gloom.

Poor hearts! so loving, yet so weak—we had not strength to say,
 "Ours is the wealth of perfect love—we give it not away;"
 For refuge from the angry storm, we paid a fearful price,
 Pouring a whole life's happiness on one vain sacrifice!

Now, gaining power from our despair, prouder in our regret,
 Truly we keep our earliest vows—we change not, nor forget;
 But marvel much that such a love—so deathless in its truth—
 Strengthen'd not in that trying hour the timid vows of youth!

Alas! unconscious of the depth of feelings scarcely known,
 Shrinking before the bitter scorn by worldly natures shewn—
 Assail'd alike by friends and foes—by prayers—by threats—by tears!
 Our unforeseeing duty gave the treasured hope of years!

Then came that second sacrifice, which held us to our fate,
 Which made *thee* lonely,—*me* a slave—widow'd in wedded state;
 Then the long after-life of woe—this long, long, weary life—
 I need not tell *thee* of its care, its pain, its hidden strife.

Its outward calm, its inward storms, its sorrow, and its crime,
 Its quenchless passions, burning still—nay, gathering strength from time:
 Its idle hopes, its guilty dreams, its yearnings towards the past,
 Oh! this consuming agony *must* bring us rest at last.

Well, but they tell me thou art changed—'tis this that I would say;
 And I—I would not see the night that follows such a day;
 Thou! once so bright—so beautiful, I would not see thee *now*;
 With all thy griefs, and all thy wrongs, so plain upon thy brow.

No! let us never meet again—this—*this* my only prayer
 Would it not add a pang to each, to see what each must bear?

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

"Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults,
Looks handsome in three thousand pounds a-year."
SHAKSPEARE.

"I own I cannot felicitate anybody that marries for love."—HORACE WALPOLE.

PETER BECKFORD wrote a large book upon Fox-hunting—poor Nimrod wrote treatises without end on Sporting—we have periodicals devoted to the cause of the horse and the hound—the chase of the stag, the fox, and the hare, but never a word, that we are aware of, on Fortune-hunting. Fortune-hunting!—that dear delightful will-o'-the-wisp pursuit!—that pleasantest of all pleasant delusions!—that most exciting of all exhilarating, soul-stirring, heart-bursting recreations!—that brilliant and irresistible torch at which so many gay moths and butterflies flicker, flutter, and burn their wings!—never has Fortune-hunting been treated of as it ought.

Whether it is that the parties are unwilling to renew their disappointments, or whether the success of the successful makes them indifferent for after concerns, or whether the chase is so precarious, capricious, and uncertain, as to defy all rules and regulations, or whatever may be the cause for the silence we know not, but in these days of universal inkshed, it does seem somewhat surprising that no one should have attempted to bring a subject so popular, so comprehensive, and so widely alluring, down to something like rules. Not only does it embrace the schemes and subtlety of the hunter, but the wiles, the wariness, the watchfulness of the hunted.

The same hand that trimmed the hook, spread the net, and set the snare, can tell how near the victim took the bait, entered the meshes, or grazed the noose. Better far than the fox-hunter can he tell to what point he ran with a breast-high scent, when the ardour began to slacken, and how the game was ultimately lost. Lord! a good run, beginning with the acquaintance of the parties, the manœuvrings of a mother, the innocence of the father, the calculations of the gentleman, the deductions of the lady, the eggings-on of the aunt, the interrogatories of "the friend," the cross-purposings of both—above all, the plaudits of the lookers-on,—and then the cold blowings when the engagement is announced, with the eagerness with which former promoters assist the "break-off," would furnish a whole Encyclopædia of instruction for the young, and entertainment for our popular friend—the Million!

It certainly is an extraordinary attribute of women-kind, that some have quite as much pleasure in breaking-off a match as they have in promoting one—nay, more; we verily believe they like it better, and promote many hopeless ones for the sake of enjoying the mortifications, bewailings, and complainings of the parties. To be sure, there may be something favourable in the position; for a man just well

scarified, is much easier caught than a heart-whole one—just as a hare with a broken leg is easier taken than one without. The confidante has then a good chance; *she* it is who can pour the balm of consolation into his wounded spirit, hinting that her friend was not “good enough,”—that all things considered, he is well out of the mess—has had a lucky escape, and that he’ll find plenty of women ready to jump at such a chance! Can a man be so ungallant as not test the confidante’s sincerity by asking her to be that happy soother? Certainly not, especially *if she has as much tin as t’other*.

From this last sentence it will be inferred that we are not going to write a sighing, lackadaisical, marry-for-love-i-cal treatise. Certainly not; indeed, our title and mottoes would acquit us of so foul an aspersion. We will be very honest on that point—much honestier than the ladies who are oftentimes quite as mercenary, without our candour. Of course, there are some bright exceptions, dear delightful little darlings, who think of nothing but the man himself; but then, ’od-rot it!—*they seldom have anything!* We don’t blame any little dear for feeling happier with a man that can keep her four, than she would with another who could only keep her a pair of horses; but all we mean to say is, that upon the “balance,” as the betting men say, women are quite as mercenary as men. They mayn’t care for money—merely as money—golden sovereigns, and so on, but they think quite as much of the enjoyments to be procured with money—the diamonds, the opera-boxes, the barouche, the dash, the dinner-parties, the dance, and the devil knows what! Nay, more; for most men—*real* men, we mean, in contradistinction to boys—marry for *quiet*; whereas nine girls out of ten marry for the sake of being their own mistresses, and beginning to *racket*.

And upon our life, now that we have got the pen in our hand, we may add our belief that the less a girl brings, the more she thinks herself entitled to spend—upon the principle, most likely, of long previous privation.

Our uncle Solomon Skinflint, of Aldermanbury—a man whose name will be held in reverential esteem so long as money is adored, and the Monument on Fish-street Hill,

‘ “Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies”—*

our uncle Solomon Skinflint, we say—a man of infinite prudence and frugality, albeit of the Goldsmith’s Company, always said to us—“Whatever you do, Jack, marry an heiress; they are just as easy caught as other girls, and not *half so extravagant*.” But, Lord bless us! how is a man to be able to judge, unless he has a fortune of his own to catch one with. Our uncle had no receipt for heiress-catching—at least if he had, it was not left among his papers; still, that was the opinion of a man who knew “what was what,” for he elbowed his way through life for eighty-two years, and left a hundred thousand behind him! Glorious man! It shews we have a real veneration for money, for though we didn’t get a “stiver” of it, we still feel a sort of honour reflected on ourself, as being the nephew of a man who was “Proctored,” and “Doctors’ Commoned,” to the melody of *one hundred thousand pounds!* There’s music in the sound of it! But we digress—fortune-hunting is our theme. We look upon “fortune-

* Which it has now ceased to do.—Ed.

hunting" as quite as much a "science" as any of those that are taught in the schools—nay, more so; for many a proficient in mathematics and classics would cut but a sorry figure cramming a pupil for its pursuit. The main qualifications are, plenty of impudence, and a knowledge of human nature—a knowledge generally widely apart from scholastic attainments. Moreover, it's a peculiar branch of human nature, for every woman, as somebody has said, is a separate enigma; and we question whether Solomon Skinflint, with all his worldly experience and knowledge of the usury laws, could have made a successful venture among the girls. Between ourselves we think Jonathan couldn't, and that was the reason he preferred talking to trying. But let us get on with our subject—"fortune-hunting." Fortune-hunting! What a charming name it is; but oh, how many hearts will respond to the truism of the difficulty of achieving an heiress! Men that started in the pursuit with the fullest confidence in the invincibility of moustache, and big calves—dreadful sight to see such "nice young men" supplanted by lank-haired, weazel-eyed, mangy-looking mongrels, who happen to have been born first, or whose long purses make up for the deficiency of their persons! Odious cubs! How we hate all rich men!—all at least, except our uncle aforesaid; and we might as well hate him for any good we shall get of him. But, confound it! there we are digressing again!

In fortune-hunting the order of nature is reversed, and the male sex stands most in need of our council and consideration. To them, then, we purpose offering the first fruits of our observation, without interfering further with the fair sex at present than as they are necessarily interwoven with the web of our subject. When we have steered the youthful bark through the shoals and quicksands of fortune-hunting life, we may, perhaps, devote a few pages to the service of the gentler craft, not that we think they stand much in need of anything of the sort, for, to tell the truth, we never saw a monied woman yet that did not know uncommonly well how to take care of herself. And here we may explain that by "monied woman" we mean the woman with money in her own right—in absolute possession—"seized in fee," as the lawyers say—at once the noblest, the finest, most inspiring game of all. By heavens! we fancy we see the majestic creature!—the buxom widow of yesterday!—childless, and well-jointed! She moves like the antlered monarch of the forest! Her eye beams radiant! There is a soft confidence in her look; and her footman and fat carriage-horses seem as if they lived for no other purpose than eating. Widows, without doubt, are the noblest and the wildest game, but, like the coursed hare, they are the most difficult to catch. They know what they are after; and perhaps former disappointments make them more cautious now. Boys, however, must not enter for widows; and the hackneyed man of the world knows how to go about his work quite as well as we can direct him. No; our instruction is for youth. Delightful task! to teach the young idea to fortune-hunt! We take it, there is not one of our usual abominable overgrown English families without some member of it, too good-looking to work, who must therefore go into the army and marry an heiress. The capture of an heiress is a sort of tacit condition annexed to the purchase of a commission. "A tall, good-looking young fellow that can marry anybody he likes!" says an indiscreet friend in

his hearing; and forthwith our hero makes up his mind that he has nothing to do but "propose." Luckless youth! did he but know the horror all steady-going drab-gaitered papas have of tall young subs, he would use less Macassar and practise less before the glass.

We believe we may say there is not one rich father in a thousand, sufficiently reasonable in his expectations to allow of his daughters marrying in his life-time, we will not, therefore, consider the bearings of so unusual a case. If we could fancy such a thing, as an affluent father complaisant enough to take his departure to the other world before his daughters got musty, we would say they were the grandest chance for a nice young man; but such things seldom are. We had almost forgotten to say—what perhaps is necessary to tell youth, though quite superfluous for age—that *real* fortunes—Solomon Skinflint sort of fortunes—are only to be found among merchants and City people, three per cent. to the day men, government security; four per cent. on parchment; ten per cent. on paper. Land is well enough to look at, but it doesn't "cut up" half so comfortable or convenient as money; besides which, your great landowners get absurd notions of their importance; and if they have not eldest sons to whom the land all goes, they think nothing under coronets will do for the girls. Landowners are very difficult to deal with, and look as much at a pound as a merchant does at a hundred—Solomon Skinflint excepted.

As we have undertaken to pilot youth in this all-dangerous, but exciting and popular pursuit, we perhaps had best begin with the *coverts*, or likeliest places for finding his game; then, Mrs. Glass-like, let him catch, or try to catch, his dear, for, like Grantley Berkeley's stag-hoppleing match, it's easier attempted than done.

First, of the coverts:—These, like the fox-hunters, may be divided into natural and artificial: the natural coverts are the home-houses, where a man is known and valued (for what he has, of course); the artificial ones, are your Brightons, Leamingtons, Cheltenham, Hastings, the whole squad of bathing-places, and spas. The home-coverts certainly are the safest, but yet the most difficult to draw. We hardly know, if we were carrying the war into one of these almost impracticable fortresses, whether we would prefer having both father and mother on guard, or only a father, or only a mother. Let us see: a father and mother place delightful reality a good way in the distance; few old gentlemen put off their shoes before they are quite done with them themselves. And here, let us caution nice young men against the absurd stories constantly afloat about disinterested papas giving up three-fourths of their income, for the purpose of making an amiable and beloved daughter happy by marrying her to one of our nice, penniless pupils. There is no such reality in life! Indeed, it looks almost absurd refuting such stories, were it not that they are in constant circulation, and doubtless gain credence from some—that "some" most likely being "some" of our nice young men, whose wish being father to the thought, makes them live in hopes of similar luck. Reader, if you are one of this class, we will tell you a secret—*You never see one of these matches come off!*

Hark back to the "old uns." Question proposed: Whether it is better to have to deal with a father and mother, or only a father, or only a mother?

"'Pon honour!" it's a difficult point. We really think, as old

women go, we would rather encounter a girl with a father alone. But then, 'od-rot it! he may marry again and destroy all our calculations.

Let us try the old girl by herself. She is safe from that sin, at all events; if she does marry again, she can't do us much harm; but, confound them! they've no sense of decency, and will throw a "nice young man" over at the last moment just as soon as the first.

In these days of universal promotion and prize-giving, we really think it would be worth offering a premium for the most impudent style of examining a nice young man as to his means—male or female, which could do it coolest.

Talk of sweating a jockey or a sovereign! We know of no process equal to that of sweating a nice young man!

What a shock "love's young dream" sustains, the first good *£. s. d.* overhauling it gets! How the blissful bowers, the perfumed walks consecrated by love's impassioned lips—the long vista of cloudless, sunbright days, vanish before old Plutus' touch—the fatal inquiry—"What have you got?—and what will you do?" dispels them all.

It is an awful question! It is like the bill after a white-bait dinner. "What have you got?—and what will you do?" Horrid inquiries! We reckon the author of "Cecil" the cleverest man at gold-beating an idea we know of; and we recommend a course of six volumes or nine, with that sentence for a thesis. Fancy a penniless nice young man, *tête-à-tête*ing it with an old, drab-gaitered papa, just opening with that ominous inquiry. We only know one situation to compare to it—sitting down in friend Nasmyth's easy-chair to get one's eye-teeth taken out.

Upon the whole, we think we would rather undergo an overhauling by an old papa, were it not for the objection already mentioned of the possibility of a second marriage. Against that contingency, no calculations can be made; for—oh, nice young men! we blush to write it—there are lasses that would marry old Nick! Nothing but a *wooden surtout* makes you safe against that. However, putting that consideration aside, we adhere to the opinion already expressed—that we would rather be overhauled by a loyal father, than a mother. In the first place, they generally do it in a more business-like way; and not having the feminine passion for parading a triumph, can afford to take you up short at the first check, and so save you and themselves an infinity of trouble. The old women, lord love them! have no feeling of that sort. Their first object is to secure admiration for their daughters, conscious that admiration is the best way of producing competition. This is a feeling we all understand; it is the same with bipeds as quadrupeds. A dealer always has another "gen'lman" waiting "to take the oss if you don't."

Old sportsmen, we read, used to enter their fox-hounds at hares, martin-casts, badgers—all sorts of vermin, in fact—and then steady them off, by dint of rating and whip-cord, to the animal they were destined to hunt. Some old women pursue a similar course with their daughters, and run them at anything that comes in the way—foot-soldiers, curates, sucking lawyers—*detrimentals*, as they call them, of all sorts—just for the gratification of the personal vanity of seeing them admired, and in hopes of starting better game in the chase—as farmers run hares with their trencher-fed hounds, in hopes of starting a fox. Women like to make a show of a man, to parade him, as they call it,

—to assist their daughters in stringing together offers, just as idle boys string bird's eggs, with the exception that the lady's "biggest egg" is generally the last on the string. *The egg, in fact.*

Men and women argue differently on the point of offers. We have heard many "nice young men" exclaiming against the injury arising to girls from indiscriminate flirtations; but as offers cannot well be had without flirtations of some sort, and as offers are considered the criterion of merit—the victim's brush, in fact—we may infer that, like charitable donations, "the smallest offer is thankfully received." Nay, we believe we may go further, and say among ladies, letting a man escape without bringing him to "book," is very like losing a fox after digging him out. Their principle is—either to bag him, or account for him. Now, from this species of coquetry, old papas are free; they are generally of the same opinion as the nice young men, and think a girl none the better for handling: papa's object is to get an eligible offer, with as little trouble as possible. They must therefore necessarily be on the look out, and where such an anomaly in the country turns up, as an unappraised unappropriated follower, the sooner they bring him to book, with "What have you got?—and what will you do?" the sooner they get rid of his troublesome company, or close the bargain. We don't know a greater bore, than to have a fellow constantly hanging about one's house "spooning," as they call it, on the girls.

Mammas, however, think otherwise, and go on quite a different tack. To them (if they have nothing better in view) all nice young men are equally dear; *they* don't want money! Bless you, they'd rather have a man without! To be sure, there is generally a little mental reservation contained in a muttering something about competence, with not unfrequently a playful, point-blank inquiry, "What have you got?" but in no one instance, within the range of our experience do we know of an old lady closing a negotiation on the discovery of a deficiency of what tradespeople call "assets." They know better what to do with a man—how to *use* him in fact. They "hold him on," as a huntsman does his hounds with a weak scent; there is none of the "you won't do" style about them; for let the youth have nothing but his many virtues to settle, they always profess, as far as *they* are concerned, to be *perfectly* satisfied. But in those cases, their daughters are generally too young to marry just then. Let the nice young man wait a little, till Jemima knows her own mind—that is, till Jemima starts something better, or runs somebody in hand down with our friend, when they turn him over on his back, as coolly as a fisherman turns a trout. Some Englishmen, especially those with high-stool, mercantile minds, (which by the way are generally the best specs,) are oftentimes uncommonly slow at coming "to book," and monstrous anxious times the old women have with them. These men do everything by rule. When the funds are at ninety-three and a-half—when the Great Western shares are rising, or Spanish Bonds quotable, they begin to think of making love, and the quicksilver of their ardour keeps rising and falling according to the vagaries of their stock. They are dry, hard, matter-of-fact sort of men—men that would just as soon marry by sample as see the whole piece, provided a substantial broker would pass his word for its equality; but they are what bankers and old women call, **MONSTROUS RESPECTABLE.**

There's where old women use a "nice young man" to advantage—we mean, to their own advantage. The golden age then returns: money is a disqualification—affection and competence is all they seek, and under the pleasing delusion of being the preferred object, our "nice young man" is hurried into an offer, which acts like an extinguisher on a candle, by putting him out. John Plutus then walks in.

We know an old girl in the suburbs who kept "the spare bed" aired a whole winter, by a couple of suitors of this sort. First, came John Plutus—John was slow, calculating, dense, backward in coming,—funds were down in fact—no offer. He came and left, and came and left, and came and left, again, and again, and again,—they tried him in all shapes and ways, and with all sorts of dresses, but they never could get him into anything beyond brother and sistering. In this emergency the "nice young man" was called in. *At it* he went, like a house on fire—such kissing!—such squeezing!—such love in a cottage-ing!—such determined indifference for everything but their own two elegant selves! The old woman was all smiles and benevolence. *She* didn't wish for money!—not she! She never liked John Plutus after she heard he was so rich. "Tim Dapper was the man!" and Tim thought so too. In due course he came with a most flattering proposal, unadulterated ardour, and adoration *in presenti*—and concentrated essence of affection *in futuro*; but, devil a word about *tin*. The old girl smirked, and smiled, and stuck out her bustle, declared she was most flatteringly overjoyed—*competence* was *all* she sought, and she could not wish Matilda greater happiness than wedding into the Dapper family, who she made no doubt were *highly* respectable. Tim thought he'd "lit on his legs," and forthwith ordered a new blue coat with a Genoa velvet collar, and bright buttons, and unmentionables to match; but lo and behold! when he came to exhibit himself in them, he found John Plutus had the bed.

Now John had been standing on three events, as they say on the turf: first, that the funds would rise to ninety-two ex-dividend; secondly, that Berbice coffee would average seventy-five shillings a cask; and thirdly, that the Dey of Algiers would win the Derby. Now the first two events had taken place, and John's quicksilver, or *slow-silver*, had risen proportionately, when he received an anonymous twopenny, (for we needn't say the "Dey's year" was before the penny-postage was contrived,) saying that Miss Matilda Dodger was about to marry Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man."

Now John, though he wasn't a sharp chap, still had a something about his carroty head that did the work of an idea; and he recollected having seen a portinauteau in the passage, addressed to "Timothy Dapper, Esq., High-street, Islington," the last time he "was down," and though no great believer in witchcraft and anonymous letters, he thought there might be "something in it." Well, John bored and blundered, and considering the unaccommodating tenets of our ecclesiastical law, which prevents a man taking a woman off another's hands, as one would a horse at Tattersall's, by a mere transfer in the books, John saw, if he didn't get Tilley then, he couldn't get her after; and having passed a resolution to that effect in his own mind, he next determined that it wouldn't do to lose his chance; so at last he came to the resolution, that though he was not exactly in the situation he had prescribed to himself, for purchasing Miss Matilda Dodger's affec-

tions, yet as two of the events had come off satisfactorily, and by applying to Crockey, or that prepossessing-looking old gentleman, the late Sir James Bland, as the Court Guide dubbed him, he could hedge the other, he thought he might (under present circumstances) be excused so irregular, untradesman-like a transaction as "not making love exactly by book." Accordingly, he took sixpenn'orth of "buss," and was very soon down at Peckham Rise. Mrs. Dodger was overjoyed at seeing him, for she saw the physic was beginning to work. Well, she was sure he'd be glad to hear that Tilley was going to be married to Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man"—a young man quite after her own heart,—as all young men are in old women's eyes.

Well, John stared and gaped, and hemmed and hawed, and scratched his head, and blundered, and at last blurted out something about "having hoped to have had Miss Matilda himself;" and the old girl having got him so far, and knowing he was not a man of much blandishment, took up the running herself, and very soon squeezed a most unexceptionable offer out of him,—a hundred a-year, paid quarterly for clothes—a superb 6½ octave rosewood grand cabinet pianoforte, with string plate and self-adjusting action—a pair of strawberry roans, and a milk-white palfrey for the park! A much better offer, in fact, than she'd have got if John had been allowed his own time, and Tim hadn't been there. To be sure, John had a look at Tilley, and we needn't say she hadn't her worst gown on; indeed, if the truth be told, it was her best, with lace cuffs, and a precious fine three-guinea collar into the bargain. Well, John entered it all in his book as a bargain, leaving the old girl to settle the matter with her daughter as she liked; and before Tim had got himself well into his blues, John had taken possession of the bed, which is just the point we threw up at.

Tim arrived, wanted the bed, and John had it.

Tim was shewn into the usual love-making room, where sat John Plutus alone on the sofa, though a critical eye might have detected a certain something like a swelling seat-mark rising up beside him. Be that as it may, the hare had left her form—no Tilley.

Each looked at t'other, as much as to say, "*I pity you*," and Timothy took a chair, and cocked up the toe of his nice shiny leather green-legged boot, as if he was looking to see that it was all ready for *kicking*. John presently creaked away in his great double-soles, and then Mrs. Dodger came, and took Timothy Dapper through hands.

Having smoothed down her apron, and given two or three preparatory hems, she said, "She trusted she need not assure Tim what unmitigated pleasure his society had afforded Miss Matilda and her. She might safely say, that no young man had ever bored such a hole in her daughter's heart as he had—a regular Thames Tunnel—and she looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the union of the Dodger and Dapper families; that union she trusted would involve the production of a score or two of little Dappers, and, to make a long story short, she wanted to know, '*What he had got, and what he would do?*'"

Tim stared with astonishment; for ever since he had made Miss Matilda's acquaintance at a ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, he conceived he was taken up by an heiress, solely for his looks and accomplishments—hair-curling, dancing, flute-playing, poetry-repeating, eye-languishing propensities, and now to be thrown on his back—

new blue and all, with "What have you got, and what will you do?" was more than his philosophy reckoned upon.

Our readers, we dare say, will anticipate the result. Tim talked about "competence," and that Miss Matilda had it. Mrs. Dodger retorted that competence meant a carriage; competence, carriage—carriage, competence; just as poor old Mathews used to reiterate the Oxford joke of "pint of wine, and candle"—"candle, and pint of wine."*

In vain Tim talked of his unimpeachable character—his passionate adoration; vowed the strongest chain-cable vows that ever were riveted; called upon Venus, Juno, all the softer matrimonial sisters to witness the truth of his assertions; but old Mother Dodger was a true line-hunting old woman; she let Tim have his fling, but always brought him back to the old point, "What have you got?—and what will you do?"

Our readers, we dare say, can again anticipate the answer—"Nil"—"No effects."

In vain Tim urged that the flame of his love was unquenchable—that his mother never would forgive him. Mrs. Dodger didn't care a "dump" if she didn't. At last, heart-broken, distracted, and reckless, Tim took his departure, "bags and all," and shortly after married the barmaid of the Peacock, at Islington.

Poor Tim! we knew him well; he was a rising man among the genteel young people in Swan and Edgar's large establishment; and but for the unfortunate *rencontre* at the ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, with Tilley Dodger's (now Tilley Plutus') dark eyes, might have been a great gun in the hosiery line. As it was, he threw away his chance, turned sot and sloven, and has never been good for anything since. Had he but said, "better luck next time," and tried his hand again, there is no saying how past experience might have profited him.

A man's never regularly *done* till he's married. So said our uncle, Solomon Skinflint. But Tim's wrongs have led us wide of our subject—a consideration, "whether it is better to have to deal with 'Pa' or with 'Ma?'"

Oh, we decidedly "opinionate," as the Americans say, that papas are better to deal with than mammas. A man has no chance with an old woman; they lie, they shuffle, they juggle, they stick at nothing to carry their points. We laugh at the French for their manner of conducting matrimonial matters, by the mutual arrangement of parents; but we really think it is infinitely better than the English, and must save the recording angel in Heaven's high chancery, that old Sterne talks about, an infinite deal of ink and trouble in registering all the lies that are told on such occasions. Now in England we do exactly the same thing as the French, with the hypocritical appearance of free

* Mathews being at the Angel, called for a pint of wine—a most uncollegiate order—as the waiter denoted, by accompanying it with a single candle. Mathews made some observation, about the stinginess of it, to which the knight of the napkin replied, "Pint of wine, sir, and a caudle—candle, and a pint of wine, sir." Thereupon, Mathews ordered pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to as many Oxonians as he could think of, inviting them to wine with him, ordering a pint of wine for each as he arrived, insisting upon its being accompanied by a candle. "Pint of wine, and a candle—candle, and a pint of wine," said he, till the disconcerted waiter had placed all the candles in the house on Mathews's table.

choice. We all know, that with the exception of the daughters of labourers, and those who live by the sweat of their brow, all girls, at least all girls worth catching, are regularly drilled and tutored upon the subject of matrimony. No home-bred girl ever gets an offer without expecting it—at least, nothing that a woman would think of accepting. Our volatile neighbours of the Emerald Isle, to be sure, sometimes pop the question after a dance; but that is more a watering-place (artificial cover) proceeding, and one which we will treat of in its proper place. Your steady, regular-going family coaches, are never taken by surprise that way, especially in the country, where every marketable man's pretensions are weighed and considered as soon as he is born. From this clause soldiers should be excepted, and in the extreme of country retirement, they perhaps constitute the staple of anonymous flirtations, in contradistinction to the cousin-marrying—quid pro quo-ing—ordinary business-like routine of family arrangements.

Indeed, we often feel for soldiers, foot ones particularly; and numbering, as we make no doubt we shall, many nice young men in the army among our pupils, we will devote a few words to the hardships and peculiarity of their situation.

They are in the unfortunate situation of Lord Byron's critic—they

“Stand, soldiers—hated, yet caress'd;”

hated by fathers, as being unlicensed and most notorious poachers on their (daughters') preserves,—fêted by mothers, on account of their conversation, and lace-bedaubed coats. The consequence is, old Mr. Curmudgeon is driven to scattering his cards down the mess-table, or picking out names in the army list, to write on his pasteboards, and then comes the usual invitation to dinner, which we understand in country quarters involves (in honour at least) the invited's appearance at Mrs. Curmudgeon's tea and turn-out, or little carpet dance, whenever she chooses to give it. Now we would put it to any sensible, practical, matter-of-factual man, what a jolly young sub. can consider he's invited to old Mr. Curmudgeon's for, but to fall in love with one of the Miss Curmudgeons. Can the invitation, we ask, admit of any other construction? If we were Lord Chief Justice of England charging a jury—a special one, even—we would lay that down as straight as a railway. Well then, d—n me (God forgive us for swearing), what right has old Mr. Curmudgeon to express his surprise when he comes to the first question in papa's catechism—“What have you got?”—to be told, “Nothing but my pay;” or, “Nothing but my pay,” and the usual “Great expectations from an uncle”? What right, we ask, has old Mr. Curmudgeon to be angry, seeing that the grievance was entirely of his own seeking? Wouldn't the young gentleman have deserved to be broke if he hadn't done exactly as he did—made fierce love to the lady? Assuredly he would.

Add to Curmudgeon's audacity, Mrs. Curmudgeon's mendacity, in “holding a young man on” under such circumstances, and we have a mass of depravity and wickedness too great for calm consideration—our honest indignation boils over. We adjourn the subject to another month.

A GERMAN SUNDAY. .

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

THE STUDENT AND HIS DOG—A RESPECTABLE ACQUAINTANCE—RE-UNION OF
THE CLUBS—HEROES OF THE BEARD—A QUIET PARTY.

It was one afternoon in August, if I mistake not, the 15th—I like to be exact in my dates—that, in one of those calèches, common in Germany, slight, crazy, rattling, ill-calculated to resist wind or weather, and yet the only ones in which the natives travel,—I entered the old-fashioned town of Jena, and wound through its narrow, shabby, crooked, ill-paved streets. It was Sunday—a fête-day, and the population had resorted to the numerous villages within a walk, in order to indulge in ample potations of the favourite, almost sole beverage of the Jenese—for the wine is *miserabel*—brown, or rather straw-coloured, ale.

But if the streets were deserted, the *Markt-platz* was swarming with life and motion. It is the grand resort of the *Musensohnen*—their point of reunion, as the forum was to the Romans, at all hours, and at all times of the year. Here, then, were they assembled, and presented a novel, gay, and motley scene, which, to a painter, who would have been struck with their varied dresses and caps of all colours, had seemed a picturesque one. Some were lounging on the steps of the houses, or under the portico of the *Rath-hause*; nor were tables wanting, beneath the free air of heaven, where those seated round them might be seen to sip their coffee, or slake their *insatiable* thirst with the classical and accustomed cooling, or rather well cooled, *Labungstrank*, out of white wooden cans, or long glasses; or rattle dice, or play at dominoes. Some were disputing with animated gestures, as if life or death depended on the argument; others were fixing when their friends should go “*los*,”—that is, when such and such duels should come off—settling the weapons—number of rounds—time and place, &c. In the centre of the square a circle was formed about two athletes, who were having a set-to with foils; and the clashing of steel, the buzz of voices, the humming of tunes, were mingled with the barking of dogs in every gradation of tone, from the treble of the turnspit to the deep bass of the hound. There was a vacant chair in the shade, that looked inviting to me; for beside it I marked a student, with whom I hoped to hook in a conversation, and learn something about Jena. He was quietly smoking his long pipe, ornamented with silk tassels, containing the same colours as his cap; and on the seat which I was anxious to occupy lay his *nappe* (portfolio), and *rapier*, without which it is not the fashion to appear even at Lecture, in this University. Divining my thoughts, and seeing that I was a stranger, he placed them on the ground, and in his own language welcomed me to Jena. I filled the vacant chair; and taking out my cigar case, extracted theefrom one, that though made at Bremen, or Hamburg, was not unworthy of comparison with a real Havannah, possessing also this advantage, that it cost the smallest current coin in the British dominions; my neighbour

accommodated me with fire, and as I inhaled and exhaled the incense of the aromatic weed, I narrowly observed him. He was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, who in no crowd, would have passed without observation. Shakspeare says, that the dandies of his day were bearded like pards. It would have given no idea of the beard I was contemplating. It was *indeed* a beard! *such* a beard! the envy and despair of *Fuchses* (fresh-men), and the terror of *Knötens* (apprentices). It was *sui generis*—admitted of no denomination—had nothing either *simile aut secundum* to it—was a perfect forest—a wild jungle of stiff and bristly hair, that covered thickly, and without culture, the lips, chin, neck, and ears of its fortunate possessor. The only parts of his face untenanted by this exuberant excrescence, were his nose and cheek-bones, the first of which had been split in two in some encounter, and injured in its fair proportions by a *schlager hieb*, that had not stopped there, but severed the upper lip, somewhat contracted and drawn up in healing; and immediately under the eye the memorial of a wound received at Heidelberg, where the best *Paukers* are seen to find their level, was an indentation or trench, where might be buried one's little finger. I forgot to say that his beard was of a fiery red, and visible in its full disproportions by his open shirt-collar, that, innocent of starch, and not of spotless whiteness, lay unbuttoned over his shoulders, which, like those of most of his fellow-students, were *al fresco*—coats and waistcoats seeming to be considered as unnecessary restraints, or vain superfluities. Small grey eyes, but of much fire, and intelligence, twinkled beneath his bushy brows from out of the wells or caverns in which they were embedded, the latter betraying by their depth great and early dissipation. To render the picture completely characteristic, at his feet was lying an enormous wolf-dog, of a breed not uncommon in the Pyrenees.

There is nothing sets one so completely at ease with others, and satisfied with one's self, as smoking. The dog furnished me with subject matter for remarks. I admired his long grizzly hair, his great height, his muscular limbs, broad head, and sharp ears, and ended by saying, "You have got a fine animal, Mein Herr."

"That dog," replied he of the beard, "owns no one as a master; he was left at Jena by a French student, and has continued for some years to frequent our *Kneipe*. Perhaps you may have heard that great hostility exists here between the *Burschenschaft* and *Landsmannschaft*, not only so, but between the different *Verbindungs*; and Hector, strange to say, adopts the sentiments of his club, and lives on the very worst terms with the dogs of our antagonists—indeed, with our antagonists themselves. He knows instinctively a *Frank* from a *Marker*; and has the finest nose in the world for a dun. Many a one has he sent scampering away from my door by a single growl. Have not you, my good Hector?"

"I like," after a pause, added he, "your nation—which by your accent I at once detected—especially the male part. Your women are handsome, it is true, but haughty: I will give you an instance of pride, and its fall. When I was a gay fellow at Heidelberg, I used to dandify to the cost of the tailors, be it spoken, and frequented the Museum balls. Formal introductions to partners are not required at them: there I saw a pretty girl—an Englishwoman, and obtained her promise to waltz; but to my surprise, when the cotillon was over, and I claimed her hand,

she declined it, in consequence, as I found out, of her having heard from her last beau, that I was neither a count nor a baron. A young friend of mine was selected by me to revenge the insult; he engaged her to dance, and then excused himself, telling her that he never danced with any young ladies that were not noble."

"You must not judge of our fair ones by this specimen. Germany (especially the small towns) is full of vulgar English, who have never been in decent society at home, and do not know how to conduct themselves abroad. Your *lex talionis* proved, I hope, a salutary lesson to my countrywoman, whom I should wish to disown."

Whilst we were thus chatting, my neighbour rose, and said—"This evening we have an *Allgemeine*, a general reunion of the clubs, and if you are disposed to see the humours of it, though strangers are not generally admitted, you shall be my guest."

The invitation was too tempting a one to be declined: I accepted it at once, and, accompanied by Hector, who led the way, and knew as well as his friend, the day and place of assembly, we entered, arm-in-arm, an hotel, the name of which I have now forgotten, though it ended with *muhlerei*. The *local* appropriated to the scene I am about to describe was ornamented with evergreens for the occasion, the garlands being disposed with that taste for which the German gardeners are remarkable: on the wall, at the head of the table, the initials of the different *Landsmannschaften* were designed, by dahlias, in the colours of the corps, and above them were interlaced their flags. The chair had already been taken, and the room was fast filling. A shout of "*Skreikenberger! Puukhahn! Beerhahn! Hoch-Hoch!*" saluted my companion in a volley, who, without taking the slightest notice of the compliment, brought me straight up to the president: a vacant chair had been reserved for him on his right; and seeing there was none for me, he bluntly desired a *Bursch*, who wore the same tri-coloured band as himself, green-white-red, to make room for the stranger. Behold me, then, one of the chairman's supporters, at an *Abschied's Commers*, so called, from its being held on the eve of the vacation—a parting meeting. The company might amount to three hundred; not that the corps themselves contained half that number of regular members, the remainder being made up of *Renonces*—candidates on trial for the honour of the band—*Fuchses*, and *Mitkneipanten*. No *Cameet Wildt*, or *Finke*, was of course admitted; and the *Burschenschaft* kept aloof, holding all other associations but their own in utter contempt. At the period of my visit to Jena, this freemasonry, which afterwards made so much noise in Germany, and buried in its ruins so many noble youths who deserved a better fate, had passed its zenith. What political convulsions could arise out of the banding together, and that only for a very short time, of a parcel of raw, mad-cap youths, is best known to those who persecuted them to imprisonment and death. Even then, a train had been laid, and the engines of despotism were in activity to overthrow the *Burschenschaft*. Traitors had slipped into their ranks; spies, who, in order to shew their activity to their employers, exaggerated the danger of the institution, and misinterpreted the motives and tenets of its adherents. Nor were they uniform in their ways of thinking, or bound together by one common league; revolutionists there undoubtedly were, who aimed at the destruction of all governments; republicans, who were for murdering all kings

and aristocrats—the spawn of the French revolution ; constitutionalists, who were for bringing Germany under the rule of one monarch ; and others, who howled to the wolves. This want of unity—this clashing of heterogeneous opinions, was alone a sufficient safeguard against revolution ; for the consequence was, dissension—disputes—recrimination—hostility, and fighting among the members themselves.

It is time I should return to my seat at the *Commers*. In a former paper I have called the East the Land of Beards, but I must correct myself. *There*, one universal monotonous standard prevails ; but *here*—whether I looked to right or left—a perfect GALLERY OF BEARDS presented itself. Let me begin with the *Schnur bart*—the incipient and budding line of down ; next proceed to the *Backen bart*—the simple whiskers ; the *Shnaub bart*—or snout beard ; the Imperial—the Rubens' beard, as he has drawn himself in his celebrated portrait with his second wife—much in fashion at Halle—until we come to the English aristocratic beard, which I have heard profanely termed the baboon beard ; the Gustavus Adolphus beard, such as he wore at the Battle of Lutzen ; the Wallenstein beard—a single pointed tuft pendent from the chin ; the beard à la Henri IV., that needs no description ; our Charles's beard, immortalized by Vandyke ;—and after so wide a range, above all, and throwing all others into shade, let me come back, after this anti-climax, to the *non plus ultra*—the beard, *par excellence*, of my distinguished host and conductor, the pride and glory of the *Franconians*, Shreikenberger. What a glorious constellation of beards did the brother *Studios* display to my wondering optics—my own poor moustache faded into comparative insignificance. I was half ashamed of it. Harmonious meeting ! thought I—fine fellows these Jenese ! Where was the discord that I had been led to anticipate ? I saw cheerful countenances beaming delight and reflecting it on all sides. The members of the different corps sate together, it is true,—but they took beer with each other, talked, jested, joked, laughed, and seemed on the most friendly terms, and in the best humour imaginable. The band—*blasende music* (wind instruments)—played, in the meanwhile, favourite *Kncipe* tunes. I admired the perfect obedience of the assembly to the chairman—his every word was law. At his command they thundered forth in chorus that stirring and noble anthem, “*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus* ;” then the different *Verbindungs* were ordered in turn to furnish a song, the burthen of which was *Ehre, Freiheit, and Vaterland*. My new acquaintance, the *Beerhahn*, who seemed cock of the walk, was in his proper element, and during the pauses of the strains set those about him in a roar with the account of his adventures. One of these appeared particularly to amuse, and circulated about the tables. I will endeavour to relate it in his own words, which were addressed to me :—

“ The day before yesterday, I was at the fair of Amerbach. You must know, sir, that, German like, I have a strong predilection for sausages—a particular sort, especially, that is sold there. *Entre nous*, I had neither a *groschen* in my pocket for a *wurst*, nor three *pfennings* for a *weike*, to eat it with ; but as good luck would have it, who should pass by me but a sturdy peasant, who, with undisguised longing and keen appetite, was eyeing a hissing hot sausage and a white *semel* that he had just purchased. ‘ Friend,’ said I, ‘ how much

might you pay for the sausage?" 'A *groschen*, *Herrschen*.' 'A *groschen*!' I replied. 'Shameful!—abominable! This is the way good folks are always duped. Sausages are fallen in price—they only cost nine pfennings a-piece! And how much did you give for the small loaf?' 'A *dreir*.' 'A *dreir*, indeed?' I exclaimed, indignantly—'rascally cheat! Why, the *tariff* is only two pfennings. Come, man, give me the *würst* and the *semmel*, I'll make the rogues pretty soon refund. I'm *Würst Inspector*.' The good easy fool readily put into my hands the tit-bits, and followed in my wake through the crowded fair. I kept him at full stretch, until I reached a spot where several rows of shops branched off in different directions. Here I gave my friend the slip, and bolted into the Eagle, where I had *pump* (tick), and ordered a bottle of Erlangen, to give a jest to the *bon bouche lecherbissin*, as he called it. The boor hunted and hunted all through the fair in search of the *Würst Inspector*. Distrust in his soul, he also, at last, entered the *Adler*, where he had put up his waggon, moralizing, in a philosophic mood, on the rascality of the world. To be in a minute twice robbed—doubly taken in—was ever man so unfortunate? He had not been in the *Public* half a minute before he perceived me—who had not yet done with the loaf and sausage, but was still discussing their merits with great *goût* over my ale. He approached sheepishly, and looked unutterable things—staring first at his property, then at me. Doubts assailed him. I was certainly drest like the *Herr Inspector*, but then my features were not the same; for, be it told, that I can distort my phiz (here he made a face worthy of Liston or John Reeve), so that my oldest friend shall not recognise me. This old trick of mine I put in practice. The boor at length gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and said to himself, as he turned on his heel, 'Well, if it was not for his ugly *mug*, I could have sworn he was the *Herr Würst Inspector*!'"

This anecdote, which shews that Shreikenberger made no very nice distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*—was followed up by a song of his own composition that excited general applause. It described the vain dunning of his creditors. But the scene soon changed:—the sea, erewhile, so smiling and placid, became unquiet and troubled. Different songs were sung at one and the same time by the different corps: some endeavoured to drown the others' voices by bellowing out of tune—the president called the refractory to order in vain; next came altercations and handying of words, commonly ending with the *refrain*—"Du bist ein *dummer junge*"—a greenhorn or silly fellow; then followed from the offended party a repetition of the injury, implying a demand of satisfaction—some got on the tables, and bawled with cartels, right and left, with wild gestures; others ran backwards and forwards; and cries of "*No nach touche!*—*no nach touche!*"—meaning, that the challenge once accepted, further dispute was inadmissible—echoed from all parts of the hall—:

• "Where beards wagged all"—•

save and except the renowned *Paukhahns*. He, during all this row and uproar, sate as though he was quite unconscious of the larum; he took no part in these disputes—smoked his pipe with perfect nonchalance and unconcern; nothing seemed capable of ruffling the serenity

of his soul. Hector, too, whose huge jowl now and then peeped forth from between his friend's and the president's chairs, and who, like many of the *Kniepe* dogs, had acquired a taste for ale, in which he was from time to time indulged from the beakers of both, took as little notice as Shreikenberger of the howling and growling and barking and baying of the dogs—almost every student had one—that formed a fitting accompaniment to the vocal concert of their masters, continually rising to *fortissimo*. Hogarth has drawn a fine moral picture of an electioneering dinner; but the orgies he depicts fell far short of those of Hockschulers. Uncoated, unwaistcoated, with their chests bare, and sleeves tucked up, they reminded me of butchers or helots: drunkenness here assumed all forms—each more disgusting than the last—over which I shall draw a veil; and only say, that, before I left the party, not a few of them had been carried into the *Todten-hammer*, the dead chamber, by the *Todten-fuhrman*, the dead-drunk-bearer, a functionary appointed for that purpose, and there laid upon straw, where, wallowing side by side, friends and foes, in like insensibility, I shall leave them.

RUINS.

BY CATHERINE FARR.

O RUINS are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!
When the rent and the chasm that fearfully yawn'd,
By the moss of the lichens are sweetly adorn'd,
When long grass doth carpet the desolate halls,
And trees have sprung up in the whitening walls,
And woven a curtain of liveliest green,
Where once the rich folds of the damask were seen.

Alas! for the sorrow some heart may have felt,
When first the rude blow of destruction was dealt,
When first the thrice-hallow'd hearth-stone was o'erturn'd,
And its embers were scatter'd as brightly they burn'd;
And e'en though insidious time may have given
The stroke whence the loved home of childhood was riven.
Alas! for their sorrow, who first traced in gloom,
Decay's fearful hand on their beautiful home.

But such thoughts are unheeded when idly we gaze
On the desolate grandeur of earlier days;
'Tis the wreck that is lovely, the wider the rent—
The fuller a view of the landscape is lent.
The wind that now sighs through the tenantless halls
No thoughts of loved voices to memory recalls;
Oh, ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!

And how like the shatter'd but ivy-clad tower,
Must the heart of man seem at his life's evening hour!
Deep chasms are there, which the lost ones have left—
The wreck of hope blighted, and misery's cleft;
But time, like the ivy, his mantle hath cast,
And the outline of sorrow is soften'd at last,
And sweet with the mind's eye, it seemeth to gaze
On the overpast sorrows of earlier days.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

*"Jarvis. Your uncle died last night.**"Beverly. Fame says I am rich, then."*

THE GAMESTER.

XXIV.

THE timely success which had attended the production of "The Honeymoon," induced the directors of Drury Lane theatre to apply again to their piles of neglected MSS., and, like other coquettes, to turn their second thoughts towards some of those offers they had too unceremoniously slighted in past seasons. Rejected comedies, mouldy by despair, and we may truly say, torn by rough usage, were ogled from their obscurity; and as the frail managers contemplated the doleful ditty—

"Any one of these, which I slighted before,
Will do very well for me,"

they fortunately fixed on a second of the Tobin family, and the "Curfew" became, at once, the reigning favourite.

This drama having been forthwith put into rehearsal, was advertised for representation for the 14th. of February (1807); two days previous to which, it was announced as indefinitely postponed, owing to the sudden absence of Mr. Elliston, who was to have performed the principal character.

The master of Sidney College (Dr. Elliston) had been for some weeks in declining health, and his illness having now become alarming, his nephew received intelligence which induced him at once to proceed to Cambridge. Elliston found his uncle rapidly sinking, and with no hope of recovery. He was received with great affection by his venerable relative, who, in pardoning his offences, had no slight category to remit, whilst the exhortation he gave him to honourable conduct testified the sincerity with which he forgave him.

The Doctor did not survive this interview many days. He died full of honour—in the respect of all men who had value for integrity and well-directed talents.

Elliston, in a letter to his wife, says,—“My uncle—my best friend, expired this morning, and God will bless him. These are moments to awaken the coldest spirit to expressions of fervid gratitude, and to a full sense of departed goodness—they are too common—and little respect is therefore due to feelings of so ordinary a nature as mine; but from the bottom of my heart I pray for him, and believe he will be happy.

“Two days before my uncle died, he put a passage from Dr. Johnson into my hands, which out of veneration to both I transcribe to you:—‘Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time for doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse.

He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.*

The Doctor* directed by will 600*l.* to be divided equally between his nephews, R. W. Elliston and the son of Professor Martyn. To each of his grandchildren, of which there were twenty, he left 100*l.*, to be paid with accumulation, as they severally attained their twenty-first year. As residuary legatees, Elliston and his cousin Martyn received 1700*l.* each.

Out of the late occurrence, some of those wild reports, which like the rank, fat weed, find root in the thinnest soil, were presently spread through the dramatic circles of the metropolis;—first, that Elliston had been bequeathed 20,000*l.*, and an estate in Huntingdonshire, on condition of his quitting the stage; secondly, that he had repudiated the Muses, and embraced the Fathers—Thalia for St. Chrysostom—the Green-room for the Cloister; and a third rumour, that he was about to found a dramatic college, of which he was to be nominated provost, with power, under a charter, for admitting licentiates, and conferring histrionic degrees! Certainly he returned to London bearing on his brow the very stamp of an epoch—his very step was eventful, and he bore around him an atmosphere of fate. On the 19th, however, the misty conglomeration of surmises vanished from the public mind, and Tobin's "Curfew" was produced, Elliston having resumed his duties at Drury Lane, by sustaining the principal part in that drama. The "Curfew" was repeated for fifteen consecutive nights, and on a few additional occasions in the season. Triumphs are not met with in coveys—the plumage which distinguished the "Honeymoon," did not clothe this second flight of the poet; but the "Curfew" was at least successful, and brought money to the treasury.

For his benefit, Elliston played *Vapid*, *Vapour*, and *Don Juan*—the receipts being four hundred and seventy-six pounds!

Elliston being known to the Margravine of Anspach, having figured at one or two of her private dramatical entertainments, applied to her, on the part of a friend, about to publish a Theatrical Tour, for permission to introduce a notice of her tasteful *Salle Dramatique*, at Brandenburg House, into the work—to which her highness replies,—

"SIR,—In answer to y^r request, I inform you that there is likewise a Theatre in my Wood here of a Construction so peculiarly pretty, that it would perhaps be y^r most interesting Description in y^r friend's Tour. I shall write to my Housekeeper at B. House, to let him see the Theatre there; but I wish him not to print anything ab^t me or my Establishments, without first letting me see what he intends writ^t. I have been much assailed by printed Falsehoods—the Newspapers appear to say what they please, and pack Stories as some people do the Cards, for the Pleasure of cheating, without any prospect of Gain.

"Bonham, n^r Newbury, Berks."

"ELIZABETH."

* Dr. William Elliston, Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Rector of Keyston, Huntingdonshire—in the gift of Earl Fitzwilliam—died 11th Feb. 1807, in his 75th year.

The Margravine's private theatricals excited quite a sensation at this period, and a taste in some fashionable coteries for this kind of amusement. On several of these occasions, Elliston was the very Coryphæus of the rout—particularly on one event, wherein there was an equal portion of the antic with the attic—and where there was certainly no deficiency of amusement, for the laugh which wit might have failed to excite, absurdity was pretty sure to elicit. Sir John Carr, who had lately been knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, took a patronizing lead in this instance, and appeared so highly gratified both with himself and everything connected with the evening, that Hook, who was present, declared the play could be performed but for one *knight* only. "Ah! we shall never see such another," replied Sir John, *sans le savoir*.

On the 16th of March, Elliston signed articles of engagement with Mr. T. Sheridan, and other proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, for five years, at 28*l.* per week.

In the summer, Elliston being at Liverpool, he received the following letter from his friend Mr. Warner Phipps, which we insert, as experience has sufficiently proved the accuracy of his judgment and the fulfilment of his anticipations: it respects the merits of Mr. Young:—

"MY DEAR ELLISTON,—You know the perpetual state of occupation in which I live, and I need not, therefore, apologize for not writing to you earlier. You have now nine Albion shares—the last seven have cost 55*l.* each, transfer stamps included.

"Mr. Rundall paid for three of these £165

"And Mr. Jones for the remaining four 220

£385

"I have lost no opportunity of seeing Mr. Young. It would be offensive to friendship, were I to pander to any vanity you may have, by underrating a man whom I look on in one branch of his profession, to be a most formidable rival to you. In tragedy, Mr. Young has made a very strong, and, I think, a well-deserved impression on the public mind. He has fairly won the favour he enjoys. His *Hamlet* contains beauties of a very high order, and his acting in the *Stranger* is powerfully, irresistibly impressive. As a tragic actor, he cannot but succeed; but in light comedy, it is as clear he must inevitably fail. His *Don Felix* is a very volume of failures—and his acting as much out of character as an undertaker's scarf on a bridal attire. Nature has thrown such a solemnity about his form, and aspect, that Thalia will neither yield to his entreaties nor be forced into his embraces—so much for the *stage*; but unless I am much mistaken, there is *still* a vein of fun running through his constitution, which to his friends at home is rich and yielding. I do not doubt his *perceptions* of comedy—they may be as fine as of that branch in which he certainly excels; but he can never be a comedian.

"He has a good figure, but not an heroic form. His voice, by art, I apprehend, has become of the good quality we find it. He has a kind of chanting intonation, which however it may first strike the ear, is soon grateful to it; I fancy it has been acquired in diligent attempts to overcome defect of articulation. Mr. Young frequently sheds over his text a brilliant lustre—there is a bold honesty in his manner which


persuades he is right—you *believe* him in all he says and does. In tenderness he is deficient—he can vindicate female honour, but he cannot condole with the sufferer—he can championize the dignity of blood, but he cannot mingle tears with tears.

“Graham and Tom Sheridan have been watching him nightly, and I have no doubt the Drury Lane merchants are speculating on this new commodity. Sheridan saw him last night in *Hamlet*, and went behind the scenes at the conclusion of the play. The Haymarket has produced so good a specimen in yourself, that I am not surprised at the credit given to its young actors.*

“I went, two days ago, with Mr. Rundall, to look at the house he proposed for you in Stratford Place. The terms are certainly not high, but I hesitate in respect of the situation. You are the best judge whether so great a distance from the theatre would not be fatiguing and expensive to you, and whether your views also, with respect to Mrs. Elliston, would be promoted by a residence on this spot. I think there would be a discretion in your not taking the exact ground with families of rank and title. The very people who might become patrons of yourself and wife, would look coldly, disdainfully on you, as next-door neighbours. The great world may be pleased in being followed, but will not forgive being encroached on; in plain English, you have no business in Stratford Place: every house, I believe, in this street, is occupied by rank or wealth; and though no law forbids Mr. Elliston taking up his abode here, yet his good sense should prevent it.

“Remember Lord Erskine’s advice on your Lincoln’s-inn-fields project, and take that to be a pretty correct view of this similar proposition. As an actor and a gentleman, you are entitled to respect, but as an aristocrat or a man of fashion, you would be laughed at. The Duke of St. Albans, your next-door neighbour, might gratify your vanity for a day, but if you have any feeling, he would be a thorn in your side for many. Garrick with all his fame, sought and courted as he was, did not presume to place himself in immediate contact with nobility, though his fortune was equal to a handsome residence, which he, in fact, had in the Adelphi Terrace; and Kemble does not venture beyond the bourne of Bloomsbury. I would suggest Bedford Place to you—the houses are spacious and convenient—admirably suited to Mrs. Elliston and her academy. But for God’s sake do not let any duke overhear the fiddle of a dancing school, or your neighbour the countess, observe the actor stepping into a hackney-coach. The very principle of the ridiculous is in things being out of place.

“Believe me, sincerely yours,



* Mr. Young’s first appearance in London was at the Haymarket, June 22, 1807.

Being at Liverpool, Elliston could scarcely have forgotten his two accommodating friends, the host and hostess of the "Star;" such defection indeed would have been the basest ingratitude, for he had received on the last Christmas a "very *duck* of a *turkey*" (as his cook had expressed it) from this good easy pair, accompanied by a practical joke at the hands of the laughter-loving landlady, who had also enclosed him a black bottle, superscribed "Dantzic," which on being opened proved to be the translucent produce of the Liver—pool.

Elliston had arrived in this city at about the usual hour of the family dinner within the bar, and having deposited his luggage in the neighbourhood, presented himself suddenly, as the well-remembered party were seated at table. The lady, who was operatively engaged on a broiled whiting at the very moment, no sooner had fixed her eyes on the apparition before her, than she uttered a piercing scream, when her terrified husband, unconscious of the real cause, and believing but in the possibility of one alone—namely, a fish-bone in the pharynx, jumped from his chair, and began to belabour the broad back of his helpless spouse, as though he were gratifying some other feeling than the mere desire of giving relief.

Two screams being, however, explained, (for with a woman a scream is the indiscriminate index of pain or pleasure, as "No" is sometimes preferred to express assent,) Elliston was received with raptures by his hostess, to which he was made welcome by *Tow-wouse* himself, with the same sense of hospitality, as to the first cut of the shoulder of mutton. But certain impressions had now seized our hero, which had the effect of taking away his appetite without satisfying his hunger. Time works in various ways. The lady, who four years since, as our readers may remember, had "promised to be fat," was now discovered no *less* than her word; she had, in fact, increased (or as we believe the term is, "spread") to a most unsymmetrical extent, so that she who had hitherto been only her good man's *better* half, was now become, in the predial sense, a positive "prize."

Elliston, however, had far too much generosity to betray his *peine d'esprit*, but, like an experienced actor, "played the agreeable" so well, that nothing was wanting to gratify the vanity of his fair companion, which in point of fact had kept excellent pace with the rapid increase of her person. Nay, it is a doubt whether she were not more gratified than in past days; for fearing he might be guilty of coldness, Elliston, in all probability, a little overacted his part, illustrating that scene of Fielding, (or if not Fielding, so very like him,) in which a certain lady observes—"Your love, I fear, is not sincere;" to which replies her suitor,—“Ah, Madam! if you did but know how incomparably the imitation surpasses the reality, you would never desire the insipidity of a true lover again.”

The "Star" *menage* was much as usual. *Tow-wouse* moved off with the cloth, having first placed two tumblers, the spirit-stand, and a kettle of boiling water, at the disposal of his "comfortable" mistress and her visitor. •

Elliston having expressed his thanks over and over again for the Christmas turkey, and laughed as frequently at the bottle of transparent "Dantzic," felt he could really return no longer to that subject, and now looked about for some fresh matter of *belle parole*, for which at other times he would have needed no prompting. The liquor was

certainly a good refuge, which each time he sipped, suggested some lively sally. The hit at backgammon was not forgotten—again was he at the cheerful *board*, when the lady suddenly exclaiming, “The stakes as usual!” he was seized with that sort of sensation which is generally produced by a hard crust, or perhaps a pebble, coming in contact with an angry tooth. If once he had played for kisses, he fain now would have played for “love”—he was at least determined to play like a man of honour. To it they went, rattled were the dice, repeated was the sly equivoque, and though his arm could describe but a sorry segment of Juno’s zone, yet he pressed the apron-strings of his fair antagonist, and paid his debts in the old coin, though, Heaven help him, with about the same good-will he would have satisfied damages in the Sheriff’s Court.

There was, however, no coquetting with the “Dantzic”—all there was pure devotion; and when, on mingling the third rummer, our animated guest apostrophized the bottle, “Shrunk to this little measure!” his eye twinkled again in its own peculiar humour, as it fell on the expansive equator which girdled the merry planet at his side. But by degrees this *garconnerie* underwent considerable condensation—a certain offuscation crept over the imagination of our hero, and his spherical friend having fallen into a comfortable doze, Elliston, who was ever grand and sententious when under the Thyrsus of “the god,” rose from his chair, and summoning the landlord into the room, commenced, in a true Areopagite style, to read him so tremendous a lecture on the duties of hospitality, that long before he had finished, poor *Tow-wouse* was perfectly convinced Elliston had been the most misused guest that had ever entered his house! Fain would we drop a curtain on the shame of our hero—a shame to which only chanticleer recalled him, when he opened his eyes eight hours afterwards, in a back parlour, overlooking the stable-yard of the “Star” at Liverpool.

XXV.

ELLISTON’S theatrical reception at Liverpool was flattering, and he played his round of characters in far better spirit than might have been expected on those boards which he had so recently desired to tread as proprietor. But Elliston’s was not a temper to be affected with *malaise*; on the contrary, discomfited in one project, he was only hurried on to another, and defeat to him was the very assay of his energies.

Having concluded his short engagement at this city, he made a sort of detour on his return to London, taking Buxton on his circuit, at which place he acted for a few nights. The theatre here was one of those wretched little buildings, resembling nearly the “Globe” of Jonson’s day, “open to the sky,” wherein the modern idler has too frequently been found to cull his own pastime from the misery of others, and glorify his self-esteem by the greater humility he witnesses. Sport is it to him which is death to them; and irresistibly ridiculous as are sometimes the hard shifts of the poor players, he should remember that the price of his momentary laugh may be a pang by no means as fleeting from the hearts of others, and the hollow pleasure he has reaped to-day, had been sown in the long privations of those whose claims on Providence were perhaps fully equal to his own.

The spirit of the ridiculous, however, is a moral combustible, which, like gunpowder, will force the seals of its prison, and so long as the splinters wound not, we must be content that it explode. Of its component parts, there are no richer beds than country theatricals, though we presume not to offer the following by any means as an extraordinary example.

Miserable was the theatre, and the actors "*Iro pauperiores*." The capabilities of the former consisted of two scenes, which, like *Master Solomon's* waistcoat, had been turned for many occasions, and from their state of near obliteration had arrived at such a point of utility as to pass for anything. A few stage "foot-lamps" illumed the whole house, throwing a dim irreligious light upon the fresco brick wall, which supported both the roof of the building and the back of the spectator. The pit floor was composed of a line of hurdles, which kept the feet of the groundlings at some distance from that only overflow which good fortune ever permitted, but which, owing to the low position of the building, never failed in the rainy season. The scant wardrobe, to the last thread and button, was, it is true, employed in every piece, but which, being a contribution of all costumes under the sun, was at least, in some single character, like the child's sham watch, right once during the evening. The company was numerically small, unless the numerals had reference to their sum of years, for, with the exception of two urchins, who had but one hat between them, there was not an actor or actress much under seventy years of age.

The entertainment on the night of Elliston's arrival at Buxton was the "Castle Spectre." In the course of this play, it will be recollected, *Earl Percy* is detained prisoner in *Lord Osmond's* tower, whose movements are overwatched by *Muley* and *Saib*, two of *Osmond's* black slaves. Whilst these Africans are playing at dice in front of the stage, and the *Earl* feigning sleep on his couch, fishermen without the walls of the castle sing a chorus, which gives the *Earl* a cue for his escape; this he accomplishes by climbing a window, unscen by the blacks, and dropping into the boat supposed to be floating under the casement. On this night, however, the said scene was thus acted, or rather the progress of it thus inauspiciously interrupted.

In the first place, the two slaves were represented by one actor—"doubled," as it is called, (two and double, however, are much the same thing,) and the dialogue he carried on with himself, supposing the presence of the second person—"Hark! music!"—here the first strain of the distant chorus is understood, but as there was not one in the company who could express a note but himself, the actor turned his head over his shoulders and slyly chanted it, *Percy* still feigning sleep. The black continues—"I'll see what it is!"—he now, by means of a table, ascended to the casement, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the same, a fiddle from behind was handed up to him, on which, out of sight of the audience, he worked his elbows, singing and playing—

"Sleep you or wake you, lady bright,
Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

Concealing, then, his instrument, and withdrawing his head, he turned to the audience—

"Surely I know that voice. Still my prisoner sleeps. I'll listen again."

Once again, head and shoulders through the window, the fiddle raised to his hands, on he went—

"To spring below then never dread,
Our arms to catch you shall be spread;
A boat now waits to set you free,
Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

But, alas! just at this moment, when in act of a second time pulling in his body from the narrow aperture, the exertion necessary to the operation, together with the fragile state of the antique scenery, produced a most awful crash—the whole side of *Osmond's* castle wall, with *Muley* sticking in the window-frame, like a rat caught by his neck, fell inwards on the stage, disclosing at one view an heterogeneous state of things beyond, begging all powers of description. Hogarth's "Strollers Dressing in a Barn," is not more fantastically conceived—pipkins and helmets, wigs and smallclothes, paint and petticoats, bread and cheese, and thunder and lightning—ladies and gentlemen, full-dressed, half-dressed, undressed, in all the various stages of hurried interchange of joint-stock attire—love and discord, fondling and fighting—chalk, tallow, poison, Cupids, and brickbats—hips, beards, bosoms, bottles, glue-pots, and broken-headed drums—garlands, gallipots, ghosts, moonbeams, play-books, and brimstone! It was an "Art-Union" which no recent days have been able to parallel; but the consternation was that of an earthquake! As to the "double" black, still in his state of pillory, and who yet lay sprawling on the stage, we might indeed repeat—

"Now Fear, his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made."

But such is the horizon in which the London "star" is occasionally to be witnessed, and theatrical astronomers will calculate their return, with Newtonian accuracy, to the same quarter. On the night following the above disaster, Elliston played at the same theatre his favourite *Aranza*. Extraordinary efforts were of course made to render the play worthy the patronage expected—in fact, a honeymoon had become a rare phenomenon in the place, and favours were not wanting on the present occasion. The house had an overflow, though a dry night; and matters went for a time swimmingly, as it is called—there was neither break down in scenery nor acting. *Julianti* (in the costume of *Fatima*!) was, it is true, as imperfect in her part as person; yet, had she retained every syllable of her author, she would scarcely have been more distinct, for she had lost every tooth in her head, which rendered her articulation so obscure, that default of precise words was of little detriment to the scene, so long as she filled up a stated time and shewed a spirit. All went on amazingly well, until the scene with the *Mock Duke*, in the fourth act. Here *Juques* is discovered sitting in a large arm-chair, which, to give it dignity, had been covered over with an old curtain hanging. On rising from his seat, the hilt of the *Mock Duke's* sword most inopportunately was entangled in one of the sundry holes of the loose coverlid, which, on

the actor's walking towards the front of the stage,

"Like a wounded snake, dragg'd its slow length along."

This certainly provoked something more than a smile; but it so happened, that the chair in question, had been borrowed for the occasion, from a neighbouring inn, and being originally fashioned for the incidental purposes of a sick chamber, its available conversion, was so palpably disclosed to the whole body of spectators, that the roar produced was far more resembling thunder than any paltry imitation ever before witnessed in a theatre. The people absolutely screamed with merriment—in fact, they laughed for a whole week afterwards.

Of the acting-company at Buxton, the greater part, as we have observed, though low in gold, were at least rich in those "silver hairs which purchase good opinion;" and amongst them, a Mr. Ladbroke, who had fallen into the infirmity, not altogether through years, of forgetting the words of parts he was constantly in the habit of playing. Of this, there are many instances on record. When Tom Walker was performing *Macheath* for the seventieth time, he was a little imperfect, which Rich observing, said, "Hallo! Mister! your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!"—"And so it is," replied Walker; "but zounds! it cannot last for ever!" Mr. Ladbroke, however, was generally perfect at rehearsals, but his mystification at night arose probably from this cause—his rôle was always the old men; and these, whether *Sir A. Absolute*, *Don Lopez*, *Foresight*, or *Adam Winterton*, he acted in the same suit of clothes, so that when he gazed on his own figure, ready dressed for any particular one of these, all Bell's Edition crowded to the threshold of his memory, which not unnaturally led to some confusion in the interior. Thus, for instance, would he proceed, on making his bow as *Sir Peter Teazle*.

"When an old bachelor marries a young wife Ah! you pretty rogue, you shall outshine the queen's box on an opera night His Pagod, his Poluphlosboio, his Monsieur Musphonos, and his devil knows what It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in *Mrs. Frizzle's* face—" so that, here we had a compound of *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Francis Gripe*, *Periwinkle*, and *old Hardcastle*; all delightful when taken "neat," but as little relished in the admixture, as old Burgundy, whisky punch, dry sherry, and Staffordshire ale, in aliquot parts, for an afternoon's draught.

On his third night, Elliston played *Archer* in the "Beaux Stratagem;"* a stratagem, we doubt not, far inferior to that by which the comedy was got over. He concluded with "Tag"—the *rag* and *bobtail* were ready to answer for themselves.

* Farquhar was not only a dramatist of great wit, but a companion of infinite humour. Wilks relates, that when Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a friend to borrow Burnet's "History of the Reformation," but his friend replied he never lent any book out of his chamber, but if he would come there, he might make use of it as long as he pleased. Some time after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Farquhar's bellows—the dramatist returned as answer, he never lent his bellows out of his chamber, but if his neighbour would please to come there he might make use of them as long as he pleased.

During this short sojourn, Elliston made a visit to the celebrated Poole's Cavern. Here he fell in with an elderly gentleman and his two daughters, one a little *riante* Bacchante, and the other of a graver cast, bearing about the same character to each other as a Novel to a Romance. Elliston made himself at once agreeable. Being in excellent spirits, he exerted his inventive powers in telling historical facts; narrating a whole volume of legendary exploits of the daring outlaw (Poole), which threw into the shade all the "*Gesta Romanorum*" and monkish superstitions ever recorded.

"That," said he, addressing the younger of the *Minerva Press*, and at the same time pointing to one of the many fantastic forms of lime-stone within the cavern—"that is the petrification of the renowned 'Lady of the Land,' who remained a dragoness because no one had the hardihood to kiss her lips and disenchant her." But not even here had Nature anything so sublime as himself—a point on which he employed all the sugar and nutmeg of his eloquence. The same lady venturing, some time afterwards, to ask him to whom they were obliged, and laughingly to demand what he was—

"To tell the plain truth, madam," replied our hero, "I am a usurer. I lay out my happiness to exorbitant interest, for, in contributing to your pleasure, which I flatter myself I do, I receive at least one hundred per cent.!" Things went trippingly on in this manner for some time, when deliberately, and with no small exhibition of humour, the old gentleman, with a countenance vitreous and polished as the surrounding spa, drew from his pocket a Buxton play-bill, and exultingly pointing to the same, cried out, "Ah, ah! here we have you again to night—but we cannot see too much of you, *Elliston!*"—a *plaisanterie*, at which our actor himself had the good sense to laugh immoderately.

Elliston had driven over to Poole's Cavern with a friend, in a gig, and on his return to Buxton, was strolling on foot leisurely up one of the hills, (his companion having the reins of the horse,) when a figure approached him from the hedge-side, the most wretched, the most emaciated of beings he had ever beheld. The man was evidently dying of hunger and exhaustion. The object which presented himself was a poor Frenchman, who, having escaped from one of the prisons, had wandered about a country of which he knew nothing, for four days and nights, with no money, no means of assuaging the cravings of nature, but rather avoiding every one, notwithstanding his destitution, from the dread that the succour he might seek would presently be converted into severer penalties than he had yet experienced.

Commiserating the poor creature as he did, Elliston knew not how to proceed, or into what serious dilemma he might bring himself by sheltering an escaped prisoner of war. He at least determined not to abuse the rights of confidence—in other words, to maintain strictly the rules of dramatic justice, and entitle himself to the applause of his own conscience. Desiring the poor Frenchman to lie snug in the field from which he had just crawled, (like the great Monmouth, with a few peas only in his pocket,) Elliston and his friend drove back to Castleton, where, purchasing a couple of loaves, a little bacon, and a bottle of wine, he returned to the spot where the famishing foreigner lay concealed. The wretched creature, (who, in his days of plumage,

would scarcely have been a match for "*Captain Weasel*," having long since given himself up for lost, now began to blubber in tears of gratitude, and express his *battements du cœur* in as much pantomime as his weakness would permit. The evening was fast closing in, but the weather warm and lovely, and Elliston, teeming with melodramatic fervour, hurried the trembling refugee to a low copse below the brow of a contiguous dell, and boxing him snugly in a heap of furze, completely obscured from the public eye, spread before him the restoratives he had just obtained. The little Frenchman's head peeping from his prickly nest—the bread and bacon—the bottle of "neat wine," and the true stage importance in which, no doubt, Elliston had fully invested himself, must have represented a most characteristic picture. Elliston, of course, delivered a speech or two, more apposite to the occasion than intelligible to his listener, and dropping, at the same time, a small sum of money into the lap of the nidulated man of war, commended him to the caprice of Fortune, who sometimes, when in a pleasant mood, exerts herself in extraordinary means for the benefit of the most insignificant of her votaries.

THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI AND THE SKIPPER.

BY BENSON HILL.

THE good ship Catherine, one of the finest vessels out of the port of Liverpool, was some years ago commanded by a young man named Baker, who was also part owner. On one of his many voyages to the West Indies, he found himself suddenly obliged to lay to, from stress of weather, off that part of the Island of St. Domingo which had thrown off the European yoke. The skipper—or, as in courtesy we will call him, the captain—kept his craft in first-rate order, and not knowing what sort of customers might inhabit the shore, his ten or a dozen small pieces of ordnance were furbished up in fighting trim. He was well provisioned and watered, but had not the slightest objection to take in as much fruit as the ship's crew would like to purchase, should such come off from the land.

Very early on the morning after the captain had thus anchored, a boat came alongside, containing four stout black fellows, their only covering being loose canvas trowsers, and broad-brimmed straw hats; they hailed, and asked leave to come aboard. The mate gave them the desired permission, and the niggers expressed great delight at the beautiful condition in which they found everything that met their gaze; they spoke English with considerable fluency, and as they appeared so pleased with what they saw, the mate determined on taking them below, and exhibiting all that could be shown of the craft, in which he so much prided.

Captain Baker coming on deck soon learnt the arrival of his sable visitors, and desired to see them; he listened with great complacency to the encomiums bestowed on his ship, in language very far above the common colloquy of black men. One of the party, a tall, well-formed figure, with features not strictly African, appeared to take greater interest in all he saw than his companions. They were—

invited into the cabin, where the captain's breakfast was waiting for him, and asked to partake of the coffee and cocoa steaming on the board; apparently much flattered by this marked attention, they shared the repast, and after a profusion of thanks, took their leaves.

As they were making their way to the ship's side, the captain, struck with the fine muscular development of the man who had appeared most gratified with his visit, said to the mate,—“What a d—d fine fellow that is! I should like to have him on a *Vendu* table; he'd fetch a good lot of dollars.”

To this the mate assented. Blackies got into their boat, and away they rowed.

The wind was dead calm, and Baker only awaited the springing up of a breeze to take his departure. Before mid-day another boat was descried coming towards the Catherine; this was pulled by a dozen rowers, and had a handsome awning astern. The captain, judging that it might convey some official personage, stood at the gangway to receive the new visitor.

A negro, attired in a magnificent uniform, profusely covered with lace, and wearing more than one decoration, stepped on board. He lifted his huge cocked-hat, surmounted by a feather of immense length, and with considerable dignity desired to speak to “Massa Cap-pun.” Baker advanced to the ebony chevalier, and learnt that his majesty the Emperor of Hayti commanded to see him and his first officer, at the Palace of *Sans Souci*; that no apprehension need arise, the object of the emperor being solely to learn any news the captain might be able to communicate. It was also intimated that the military man had received orders to convey them both on shore, as soon as they could conveniently leave the ship.

Though this arrangement was as unwelcome as unlooked-for, Baker thought it would be the best policy to obey the imperial mandate; so ushering the bedizened messenger into the cabin, he left him to amuse himself whilst some necessary alterations at the toilet were made. Being a merchant sailor only, he did not feel quite authorized in wearing side-arms, yet deemed it as well to put a brace of small pistols into his pocket, and direct the mate to provide himself with similar weapons.

The rowers soon pulled the trio to the beach, and the guard upon the wharf saluted their conductor, proving that the Englishmen were under the guidance of a man of consequence. A carriage was in waiting, the military man mounted a handsomely caparisoned charger, and rode by their side. After ascending a precipitous road for some time, they reached the outward walls of the palace, their guide's presence insuring them a ready passport through the various gates in advance of the royal residence. On reaching it, they were conducted through a suite of rooms furnished in a fashion befitting the climate, though the colours of the materials were of a gaudy character. In an ante-room the officer left them, whilst he announced their arrival to his majesty. The captain took this opportunity of observing to his companion—“Well, here we are in a tolerably strong trap, out of which we could never hope to get with our lives, considering the number of troops at the different gates; but, should things come to the worst, they shan't put an end to me without the discharge of a brace of bullets at the head of the first nigger that lays his flipper upon me; to that I've made up my mind.”

"I shall follow your example, as in duty bound," rejoined the mate.

The black master of the ceremonies now re-appeared, to usher them into the presence-chamber; they found it occupied by one person only, and in him they instantly recognised the intelligent negro who had been their morning visitor.

He was wrapped in a loose silk dressing-gown, and listlessly reclining upon a cane *settée*, with the air of one habituated to a life of idle repose. The Englishmen bowed respectfully. His emperor-ship, for it was no less a personage, addressed them in cordial tones, "Cap'tin, you really so good-naturd to shew me all your clever ship, and give me part of your breakfast, though you think me only poor black sailor man, I 'termined to ask you and kind mister there, to dine with me in return. The Emp'ror of Hayti has much good will to Englishmen; he like them as he no like Spaniard-men, 'cause them set of cruel devils. Frenchy-men and 'Merican-men not much better. Hope the Marquis Gauva pay you all civility as you come long?"

They bowed assent. At the sound of a small silver hand-bell, another highly-dressed officer entered.

"Count Marmalade, let the dinner be served directly; these gentlemen may wish to go a-board afore it dark."

Saying this his majesty retired, leaving the sailors to express their surprise at the oddity of the adventure. A short period only elapsed when their former *cicerone*, the marquis, signified that they were expected in the *salle à manger*.

Entering a superbly furnished apartment, they perceived that their host had attired himself in a splendid costume, glittering with diamonds, and profusely embroidered. He placed the captain on his right hand, and the mate on the opposite side; the banquet was composed of exquisite viands, the wines of the choicest character, and the magnificently dressed persons who occupied the table, amounting to some ten or twelve, included the three other partakers of the captain's cocoa.

Every one present vied with each other in shewing the strangers attention. Time passed rapidly. Baker began to cast longing looks towards the sea, and as he perceived the glassy surface break into gentle ripples, heartily wished himself on board the Catherine, and taking due advantage of the breeze.

The emperor observing the direction of the sailor's gaze, anticipated his wishes before they were expressed, giving orders that the calash should be prepared directly, adding, with extreme good-humour,—
"You will not find the road half so long in returning, it is all down hill; you will reach your ship in very good time."

The carriage was announced, the Englishmen rose and expressed, after their own fashion, their deep and grateful sense of the signal honour his majesty had conferred upon them, and were retiring from the imperial presence, when the emperor separating himself from his courtiers, stepped forward, shook them both heartily by the hand, and in a low tone, but with great quaintness of manner, demanded of Baker, "Don't you think with all these jewels on my person, I should fetch a few more dollars on a *Vendu table*?"

He smiled as he finished his question, and then resuming his dignity bowed out his visitors, who were so completely "taken aback," that they scarcely exchanged even a monosyllable, till they found themselves safe on the deck of the Catherine—such effect had the parting query of the emperor taken on both of them.

BABYLON.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

A SMALL party of us left Baghdad, the evening of June 8, 1836, to join the Euphrates steamer, then at Hillah, an Arab town, a little south of the ruins of ancient Babylon. We had charge of what, in mercantile language, is called groups, but, in more common parlance, funds for the expedition; and as the monies to circulate among the Arab peasantry were in coins of very small value, an inconsiderable sum sufficed to constitute a donkey-load. The first part of our journey was accomplished in one of the barges belonging to the British residency, by which we descended the river Tigris. Horses had been despatched early in the morning; but owing to the detours rendered necessary by the flooded state of the plain, we overtook them, about an hour after dark, at a spot where they were swimming across the river; and here we brought to and awaited till daylight, when we mounted our steeds to enjoy the cool of the morning, and followed the banks of the stream.

On our way, we came to a canal containing water, which was mentioned as being the Nâhr Malék, "the Royal River," a name which it has obtained from all antiquity. Passing through the heart of Babylonia, it was, according to Herodotus, and other historians, navigated by the Chaldeans, at a time when "they took a pride in their ships," and emptying itself into the Tigris, at a point where the Macedonian Seleucia arose upon the fall of Babylon; it was, according to Ammianus, the historian of Julian's exploits, the channel by which the Roman legions, under Trajan and Severus, as well as those of the Eastern empire, under the apostate emperor, invaded the Greek colony and its opposite rival, the city of the Parthians.

After fording this canal, we entered the precincts of Seleucia, by a gap in the long ridge of crumbling soil which, thinly streaked with scraggy thorn, marks out the ancient walls of the city. A few low mounds of rubbish, with fragments of pottery, is all that now remains of the capital of the Macedonian conquests, which retained, according to Gibbon, many years after the fall of their empire, the genuine characteristics of a Greek colony — "arts, military virtue, and the love of freedom"—but sacked and burnt by the Romans, and enfeebled by the neighbourhood of a too powerful rival; it was already a ruin in the time of Julian; at which time there was near to it a hunting-park of the Persian kings, replete with long-maned lions, boars, and bears. But while only low mounds of earth and brick remain to attest the former magnificence of Seleucia, there still arises on the opposite bank of the river the tall arch and lofty fragment of the palace inhabited by the Sassanian kings.

We turned from the contemplation of these now naked plains, once the home of two renowned and rival populations, to proceed across Babylonia, coasting an extensive inundation, such as is mentioned to have existed in the time of Julian, and thence gaining barren and sandy plains, whose only vegetation was the ever-abundant camel-thorn, enlivened here and there by the showy bloom of the caper-plant. On our progress, we met a large caravan of Persians returning from pilgrimage to the tomb of Ali. There were many ladies, as usual, carefully enclosed in curtained recesses, and many pilgrims of the poorer classes followed the caravan painfully on foot.

Shortly after this, when the plain was so level that scarcely an undulation was to be perceived for miles around, on looking for the donkey which was under charge of an Arab, it was nowhere to be seen. A few miles to the north of us was a small encampment of Bedwins, a horse picketed, and a black tasselled spear erect before each tent; so a Kawass, attached to the residency, who was with us, started in that direction, while another galloped away to scour the plain to the south. The sun was now so powerful as almost to burn the skin when exposed to it; so, pendant the search for the money-bags, we got off our horses, and endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain some shelter by lying beneath the caper-bushes. In a few minutes our Kawass was seen tearing down full speed across the plain, a mounted Arab behind him galloping, as if in full pursuit, with his spear bent upon the flying Turk. I was a novice at that time in Oriental manners, and mounting my Kochanli, a beautiful creature belonging to Colonel Taylor, took a pistol from the holsters, and sped away to intercept the Arab; but I only made a fool of myself; for, observing this movement, both parties drew up, indicating that their equestrian evolutions were only by way of pastime. Shortly after this, the donkey was brought up, from the southward; it had been going, according to the driver's report, the most direct course, and had been for the time, hid behind a gentle sandy undulation, such as are common on the plain, and behind which, slight as they are, and almost imperceptible to an unpractised eye, a party of Arabs will hide themselves, where no living thing is thought to be moving in the horizon. We now proceeded on our journey, and past a spot where the sand-grouse were nestling. The eggs were laid in slight cavities in the sand, without a blade of grass, and were so numerous, that it was difficult to ride without destroying some. Towards evening we came to a pathway; much burrowed by the bee-eater, which lives in colonies; but although the poor creature selects the trodden ground, as more difficult for the jackall, to dig in pursuit of its nest, many of these appeared to have been recently dug up, and the elegant wings of this beautiful bird were plentifully strewn around. This pathway led us in a short time to Alexander's Khan, where tradition says the Macedonian hero was buried. Tradition and history are, however, at discount here; but if the body of Alexander was really removed from Babylon to Alexandria, is it not curious that Severus is described as immediately on his arrival at the former city *sealing up* the hero's tomb, which had been impiously broken open by the Barbarians? We spent the early part of the night within the walls of the khan, reposing upon the stone-work raised in its centre for the Muhammedans to pray upon, by which we avoided many of the inconveniences of the sheltered and dirty alcoves.

We started again at early dawn, and passing a canal, came to the mounds of Toheibáh, by some considered as constituting the north-east boundary of ancient Babylon. Beyond this, we stopped for breakfast at Khán Naasariyeh, where was a village amid a grove of date trees, and thence passing another khan and canal, we came upon a great mound of sun-dried bricks, designated as that of Bâbel, by the natives—a name which, according to Buckingham, is also sometimes given to the mound of the Kâsr, or palace. It is also sometimes called Mukalib, "the overthrown, or overturned."

The sensation experienced in finding myself on the summit of the

first of the gigantic mounds of ancient Babylon, from whence I could discern nothing around me, but a succession of similar masses of every shape and size, ruins of a city which has now only a home in the imagination, were of a very mixed character. Whatever had been my previous expectations, I more than found them realized, by the size and solidity and the immensity of labour, contained in these great piles and platforms thus artificially raised upon the plain: yet, I could not help mingling with this feeling some disappointment, at there not being some more perfect traces of the principal structures of this once mighty city.

It is true that a few great mounds, loftier, better defined, and somewhat more insulated than the others, if they do not indicate the extent of ancient Babylon, may at least be supposed to have belonged to its more distinguished portions, and to be the remains of the palaces and temples so renowned in antiquity; but these were by no means really so insulated and distinct as I had been led to opine from previous descriptions, the whole face of the country around was covered with vestiges of buildings, and with such a number of mounds of rubbish of indeterminate figures, variety, and extent, as to involve the person who begins to theorize, in inextricable confusion. The shapeless heaps on which the traveller gazes, cannot suggest in any degree either the nature or object of the structures of which they are the relics, and what is equally remarkable, no two authors, as Rich and Porter, who after long toil and trouble have ventured upon a description of these mounds, have agreed in their account of their dimensions, or in the more simple facts of their co-relation.

The first or most northerly mound would by its name, be one of the most interesting of the Babylonian ruins. Where all is hypothesis and mere speculation, it may just as well lay claim to being the remnant of the tower of Babel, or the foundation of the temple of Bel, as any other mound, especially if so indicated by tradition.

This mound has indeed already been considered by Pietro della Valle and Rennell, as the site of the temple of Bel; a theory, however, which is combated by both Rich and Porter, who identify that temple with the Bir's Nimrūd, although fifteen miles from the mound, designated as that of Babel.

It is a curious fact, as illustrative of the Arabian name of Mukalib, or the overthrown, sometimes given to the mound of Babel, and according to Rich, also sometimes applied to the Kās, or palace, that although such a catastrophe is not alluded to in Holy Writ, that the profane historian Josephus, relates upon the testimony of a sibyl (which Rollin remarks, must have been very ancient, and whose fictions cannot be imputed to the indiscreet zeal of any Christians) that the gods threw down the tower of Babel by an impetuous wind or a violent hurricane. Now, with regard to the temple of Bel, which rose upon the same mound, it is related by Newton from Vitringa, that it was burnt and destroyed by the Parthians; and the surface of the mound of Babel is covered with scoræ, burnt bricks, bricks vitrified with bitumen, and glazed by fusion with the same, while it is well known that the gigantic ruins of Bir's Nimrūd present every appearance of having been destroyed by lightning. A temple of Bel may, however, also have existed at Birs, or Bursif, (the Borsippa of the Romans,) and that after the destruction of the temple at Babylon; for Pliny mentions that there existed a temple of Jupiter Belus long after the destruction

of Babylon, and which was at a greater distance from Seleucia; a statement which led the learned commentators on Pliny, in Panconcke's edition, to assume that the latter temple existed at Bâlis, on the Euphrates, altogether inconsistent with the distance given of that temple from Seleucia by the Roman historian.

The argument most dwelt on, by those who identify the Bir's Nimrûd with the temple of Bel, of Babylon, and not of Bursif, is, that the mound of Babel is formed of sun-dried bricks, whereas the temple is said to have been constructed of burnt bricks; but the mound as now existing, can only be viewed in the light of a great platform, like that of Persepolis, as indeed it is viewed by Sir R. Kerr Porter, on which the other building or buildings stood. We know from the historian Arrian, that after the destruction of the temple of Belus, Alexander employed 10,000 men to remove the ruins, which they were not able to do after two months labour, such was their extent.

Another and less plausible theory which has been advanced upon the northerly great mound of Babylon is founded upon its Arab etymology, which is sometimes given as Mujalib, plural of Jalib—"a slave;" and expressive, when adjectively used in Mujalibah, as the "home of the captives;" and whence it might be supposed that this was some great dwelling appropriated to the captive Israelites. This theory is rather curiously illustrated by another name, also given by the natives to the same mound—viz., that of Harût and Marût, from a tradition, as narrated by D'Herbelot, that near the foot of the ruin there is an invisible pit, where the rebellious people are hung with their heels upwards until the day of judgment.*

About a mile from the mound of Babel is another set of mounds, connected together by a broad ridge, like a causeway, and also flanked by an embankment along the river. The same mounds are embraced to the eastward by a low series of mounds, extending from a point about two miles north of Hillâh, for a distance of nearly three miles towards the south-east corner of Babel. The direction of these mounds is, however, so indefinite, that they have been looked upon by Rich as circularly disposed, and by Porter as two straight lines converging to an angle. We are inclined to look upon them as Buckingham does, as embracing the space and buildings which, according to Diodorus and Strabo, were surrounded by three walls, of which the external was sixty stadia, or six miles, in circuit.

There are two great massive mounds contained within this space; the northerly one is about 700 yards in width and breadth, and has, from a ruin on its summit, been designated the Kâsr, or palace. This mound is the most remarkable of the Babylonian ruins, from the apparently superior character of its buildings. The bricks were moulded, burned, and ornamented with inscriptions, and fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware, marble, beautifully varnished tiles, sepulchral urns, and even sculptures have been found there. On its summit is a pile

* There is still another Babylonian structure which the Mukalib might represent, and which has not yet been suggested by travellers. This is the sepulchre of Bel, variously looked upon as the father of Nimrod, and as Nimrod himself. It is well known that Darius I. overthrew that structure in his stratagem to gain the city, and this mound stands at the very point where the Euphrates would have passed the walls to flow between the two palaces. It was a structure of much pretension, and Strabo calls it "an admirable work." Mr. Rich's researches tend to shew, that like the pyramids of Egypt, this huge mound was also a sepulchral monument.

of building consisting of walls and piers which face the cardinal points, eight feet in thickness, in some places ornamented with niches, and in others strengthened by pilasters and buttresses, built of fine burnt brick. Not far from this ruin, the officers of the expedition had discovered, a few days before our arrival, a rude sculpture of colossal dimensions, and much mutilated, which had been called a lion by Rich, but which they agreed in considering as an elephant, of which the trunk was broken off. On this mound is also a solitary tamarisk-tree, which I was the first to determine to be a species frequent in Persia, but not growing on the banks of the Euphrates. An interesting fact, as shewing, whether sprung from a seed or roots of the old hanging gardens or not, that still it, or its ancestors, were originally transported to this spot. To this tree tradition relates that Ali, the prophet of the Shütes, tied his horse after the battle of Hilláh.

The next great mound within the enclosure, is called Anurán, from a small-domed building upon its summit, said to be the tomb of "Amrán the son of Ali." The figure of this mound approaches that of a quadrangle, and has been much dug into in the search for bricks, amulets, and other antiquities; it is separated from the Kásr by a valley covered with tufts of rank grass, and crossed by a low ridge of ruins. This, which is called a causeway by Buckingham, may be the ruins of a bridge, which succeeded to the sub-aquatic tunnel of Semiramis. The Kásr and Anurán mounds are also separated from the river embankment, by a winding valley and ravine, the bottom of which, like that of the ravine between the two mounds themselves, is covered either with saline plants or nitrous efflorescences, and apparently never had any buildings in it.

All travellers have recognised in these ruins the probable remains of some of the palaces of Babylon; but a difficulty arose from the recorded fact that the two palaces renowned in antiquity, stood upon opposite sides of the river. This difficulty would be obviated if we admitted with Rennell that the Euphrates was brought to flow between the two mounds, when the Kásr would represent the western, and the Amrán the eastern palace—the one the old, the other the new palace, to which were attached the hanging gardens. Porter, probably from the connecting mound, which, as previously observed, may be the ruins of a fallen bridge, considers this idea of the river's course as totally chimerical. There is, however, much to be said in its favour; and besides that it is supported by actual appearances, it would serve to explain many facts connected with the history of the sieges of Babylon, and of the disposition of its ruins.

Besides the ruins here described, there are several other lofty mounds which rise up and around upon the plain of Babylon. The two most remarkable of these are the Birs Nimrúd, and the mound called Al Heimár, both having on their summits the usual structures of brick-work, like the Akka Kúf, probably the local temples of Babylonian cities long gone by. The Birs Nimrúd has been looked upon by many as the real Babel. It is a venerable ruin, which seen against the clear sky, never fails to excite a sentiment of awe, and is the more remarkable for its utter loneliness. By the name, which is not Arabic, and from the circumstance of the distance of the Birs from the Babylonian mounds, strictly speaking, I have identified this ruin with the temple of Bursif of the Chaldeans, and the Borsippa of Strabo,

who places it fifteen miles from Babylon;* and where Nabonnedus flying from Cyrus shut himself up, or was imprisoned. It was a famous manufacturing town of the Chaldeans, and it was from the Birsæan looms that were obtained the richest clothes used in Babylon, and dyed in Tyrian purple. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Frazer, who has discussed the various theories and hypotheses which have been advanced regarding the ruins at Babylon, without bias or any wish to dogmatize upon what will probably never be satisfactorily determined, has nevertheless inclined towards this view of the subject. "The distance," he says, "which we find between the Birs and the Kâsr, can never be made to correspond with that which would appear to have existed between these celebrated edifices according to every description of Babylon that has reached our times." If we admit the mound of Al Heimâr, as is done by many, as among the ruins of Babylon, the obstacles to including the Birs among the same ruins are increased; the only difficulty Mr. Fraser could not get over was, "if the Birs be pronounced a relic of Borsippa, where are we to look for the temple of Belus?" this has been hypothetically answered in the previous details.

A peculiarity which cannot fail to strike every traveller, when roaming among the ruins of Babylon, is the very remarkable fulfilment of the prediction, that it should become the home of the wild beasts of the desert, and that doleful creatures should take up their abode there. There is, indeed, scarcely a cave or hollow at which the traveller is not repelled at the entrance by the stench of wild beasts. At sunset, the loneliness and silence of the neighbourhood is broke upon by the piteous and unpleasant calls of hyænas, wolves, and jackalls. The rubbish everywhere reveals lizards, scorpions, and centipedes; porcupines live in the rents and fissures, bats cling to the crumbling walls, and owls sit moping all day long on the same ruined fragment. Rich further mentions that the Arabs told him of the existence of satyrs (no doubt monkeys), which they hunted with dogs, and eat the lower part, abstaining from the upper portion, on account of its resemblance to the human figure.

Hillâh is a large Arab town, occupying both sides of the river, the bazaars being on the left bank, and the castellated mansion of the Turkish governor, with the large portion of habitations on the right. The population, I should think, exceeds 15,000; being chiefly Arab, with a sprinkling of Christian and Jewish traders and Turk officials. The two towns are united by a bridge, and the steamer was brought to in front of the governor's residence. The Arabs of Hillâh, although residing in a town, were many of them Bedwins from the desert, and they had shewn much jealousy at the arrival of the steamer there: their anger venting itself against our Arab pilot, without whose assistance they thought we should never have been able to find our way so far. The poor man was accordingly kept out of the way till the morning of our departure, when he was to go ashore, as previously arranged, under the protection of the governor. The revengeful Arabs had, however, watched their opportunity; and one of them rushed at him, in the transit between the vessel and the castle, and nearly killed him with a blow of his war-hatchet. Luckily for us, the steam was just up; and such was the indignation felt at this gross

* Researches, &c. p. 187.

outrage, that every one prepared himself for active retaliation. We had left on shore Mr. Ross, of the Baghdad residency, who had accompanied our party from that city, and he came alongside the ship, to inform Colonel Chesney that the Arabs were arming, which, indeed, was easily visible, for the dense crowd that lined the shore had disappeared; and only here and there the Arabs were seen in their dusty cloaks, skulking from house to house, or taking up a position behind some crumbling wall, or fence of date-branches. The governor had ordered the bridge to be thrown open, so that there was no communication except in their circular little gopher-boats, between the two parts of the town.

Quitting the banks, where our position was most unfavourable to dictate terms, or to engage, if necessary, the steamer sped its way down the channel, and passed through the bridge. Observing this, and thinking that we were going away, the Arabs came out of their vantage position, and lined the banks, forming a dense body of musketeers, several thousands in number, and extending nearly a mile along the river. Their triumphant shouts of defiance rang through the date-groves, and from side to side of the broad Euphrates. "There are a good many of them," I quietly remarked to the Colonel, who was standing near me, on the quarter-deck. It was, perhaps, the first word that had been spoken since we left the bank, for every one was too intent on his duty to find time for conversation. "The more we shall have to kill," answered the Colonel; a rare mode of speech with him, who was always so favourable to the Arabs, and most particularly opposed to quarrelling or fighting with them; but perhaps he did it, as he thought, to keep up my spirits. Orders to bring the steamer about, and turn her head up the stream, were now given; and to our great satisfaction, and to the infinite surprise of the dusky warriors who lined the banks, the black (Eblis) looking ship, now took her way up against the current, with almost the same facility that she had gone down the stream, and again passing the bridge, took up a commanding position in mid-waters between the hostile parties. This was one of the most interesting moments that had occurred during the navigation of the river; we had never been opposed to such a number, and that on both sides of us, and we waited in intense anxiety for the commencement of hostilities. But the Arabs had triumphed too soon; they saw the advantage of our position; they had been drawn, by ignorance of the steamer's power to stem the current, from out of their cover; they knew that we had great guns on board, and not a musket was lifted against us. So, after a short pause, the ship was steered up to the castle, and Colonel Estcourt and Mr. Rassam started on the rather dangerous mission of going ashore in a boat, but they landed in safety; and gaining the governor's presence, assured themselves, first, that the guilty parties had been made prisoners of; and secondly, that they should be sent for trial to the Pasha of Baghdad, so that justice would be done under the eye of the British authorities. This was most positively engaged to be done by the Turkish governor; and we then quitted the city, where, previous to this untoward event, much friendly intercommunication had existed between the ship's crews and the natives, more especially the Christian and Jewish traders; and a good feeling had been established, which happily, from after experience, we found that the savage conduct of a few Bedwins was not able to destroy.

THE HEIRESS OF RABY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

IN Raby Hall sits the heiress of the lands of Raby, with the sunlight streaming through the latticed-windows upon a brow and cheek, which, from that rich glow, take all they own of colour. Pale is that cheek—pale with thought and care! Sad is that brow—sad with the sickness of the heart! The heiress of Raby is young, and beautiful, and rich; her home is fair; her wide domains are such as might dower a princess.

Noble is the hall of Raby; the lofty ceiling is rich with costly painting; the carving of the oaken cornice is wondrous to behold; the sunlight gleams upon its burnished gilding; the gay compartments of the walls are traced by wreaths of carved and gilded flowers; in each recess some mirror dazzles, or some matchless picture charms the eye;—the wealth of ages is lavished upon that room. In the centre of one side of the apartment, the huge fire-place was bright with polished marble; the mantel-piece was surrounded with flowers and figures, carved, and standing forth in high relief—the compartments being filled up with exquisite paintings—this mantel-piece was loaded with splendid porcelain, while above it, smiling from the massive frame, shone the sweet face of a Madonna—each tint, each touch, telling of the hand of Raphael. The whole apartment was surrounded with evidences of taste and wealth; the furniture was rich with velvet, burning with gold; the carpet, soft as softest turf, painted of a thousand colours, admitted not the sound of a footfall; luxurious couches, massive tables, all that was requisite for comfort, and all that could add to effect, were crowded into this gay chamber. On the opposite side to the fire-place, rose to the ceiling four stately windows, in deep recesses, the stained glass latticed-paned. Through these the sunbeams shone; through these came that warm sunset glow, touching, with heaven-born tints, the sweet face of the Madonna, tinging the sad, upturned brow, tinging the white hollow cheek of the *one* who owned all this.

Gazing forth from these stately windows, she looked into the beauty and the pomp of her own broad domains, her well-trimmed gardens, her sweeping lawns, her noble woods waving in the distance, the shining of the rolling river, the glory of the far-off sea! Her eyes were filled with tears; she saw not the beauty and the pomp before her; for *her* no sunbeams shone; for *her* purple lights were dim—the glory had departed!

The orphan-heiress loved, and he she loved was far away. Away, she knew not where. Danger was around his path. Danger, and the dread of death—proscribed—an outlawed man! Wilfred de Winston lurked in secret places—a price upon his head! For he had joined the followers of the rash and misguided Monmouth, in whose short-lived success he had shared, with whom he had suffered defeat, with whom he had fled, and whose fate of captivity he had narrowly escaped! Monmouth went to a shameful death—the doom of a traitor; and Wilfred, with money offered for his blood, was hiding in woods and caves, in the hourly dread of detection! Wonder not that Isabel was sad, and pale, and tearful, for weeks had passed, and she knew not aught of Wilfred. The grief that knows—assured, inevitable—strikes

at the very roots of life and happiness—is scarcely worse to bear than that suspense which holds the heart upon a constant rack of torture and of doubt. Compared to this suspense, the certainty of ill is almost repose. Dreadful may be the blow; but at least, the worst is known. So with Isabella; the torments of hope deferred—the anguish of well-founded fear,—these ate into her very soul, stealing, day by day, her beauty and her bloom away. For she was beautiful indeed. And even *now*, with that white cheek and trembling lip, that clouded brow, and those tear-laden eyes, is she not most lovely?

The sunlight fades, the twilight comes apace, the purple mists are on the river, the streak of light grows faint upon the sea, the gloom is gathering round her brow, is deep within her heart. Suddenly, she rises to her feet—her quick ear has caught the distant sound of coming hoofs; the clatter of a flying steed grows nearer and more near; she hears it in the windings of the road—now rising with the rising wind—now sinking with the sinking blast—now loud across the open heath—now lost and deadened amid the thick trees of the park. Nearer and more near it comes. How wildly beats her heart. It dies from the hard road; it is again renewed upon the softer gravel of the avenue to Raby Hall. The horseman rides for Raby, and rides in haste. He may bring her tidings of her lover. Nay, her lover may himself be near.

“Lights! lights!” she cries; and lights are brought. “Open the door!—open! and that soon! One comes in haste! and he may bring me tidings! Throw wide the gate, and let the stranger enter!” And the stranger entered. Springing from his weary steed, he rushed into the hall—another moment, Isabella was in his arms! No stranger, but Wilfred de Winston!

The first warm greetings over, Wilfred seated himself by her side; he took her hand in his; he gazed upon her face, that face which to him had been the star of happier years, and which, in waning lustre, still looked with unchanged truth upon his waning fortunes.

Wilfred was apparently about thirty years of age, with a face most beautiful in feature and in hues, but wearing a wild recklessness of expression meet for one of such desperate fortunes, such blighted hopes and efforts. *Now*, his face was pale and wan, but his eye was full of fire unquenched—full, as it turned upon her, of an undiminished love.

“I have come, Isabel, to say farewell. I go upon a journey, from which there is no returning. Long is the way—dark, and untrodden; and I must go alone,—and ere I go, I would say farewell.”

“Nay, Wilfred, thou goest not alone. Whither thou fleest, there flee I also. We have been parted; but it shall be for the last time. We part no more.”

“It must be so, Isabella. Listen to my tale—brief the space I have to spare—but those last moments shall be given to thee. Listen to my tale:—

“For long weeks have I hidden amid woods and rocks, looking momently for capture or death. A price is on my head; and the searchers for blood have been unwearied in their efforts. Many a time have I seen them pass the spots where I have been concealed, so closely, that I might have touched them, often dragging in their bonds some wretched comrade of mine, who had been less fortunate than myself in his choice of hiding-place. And often have I longed for *one* only of these hunters after men to cross my path, that, hand to

hand, fighting bravely, I might cast away the life of which I was weary. Well, but sickening of this miserable existence, I resolved to make one effort for liberty, for hope, for happiness. I have cast all upon the die, and I have lost! Entering the town of Somerton by night, I proceeded to a house where I believed I should be safe. I procured this dress—the costume of a plain country gentleman. I remained concealed until towards the close of day. I then purchased a horse of my landlord, and rode boldly from the town. So calm and unconcerned was my bearing, that the few soldiers of the king's army remaining in the town did not dare to stop me, taking me, no doubt, for some loyal adherent of the government riding towards Bridgewater on business with the court then sitting. I had but one intent in this conduct—it was to visit *thee*. I hoped we might have fled together to the sea-coast, and thence found shipping for some distant land. But all is in vain: I was discovered. I believe, betrayed by my entertainer in Somerton. The hell-hounds of the chase are on my track. Another hour, and we shall be for ever parted!"

Isabella started to her feet. "Fly, Wilfred!—fly! At least, conceal thyself. They will not seek thee here. Or let us fly into the woods. Stay not thus, in the very face of danger!" And she glanced towards the windows, through which, still enclosed, the trembling moonbeams streamed upon the floor, mingling with the yellow light of the tapers around the room.

"'Tis too late, the house is already surrounded. I saw the men behind me defiling into the park and towards the shrubberies, as I dashed into the avenue. They are on foot, and come but slowly. But they are sure of their prey. They know I cannot leave thy lands without falling among the dragoons now on the patrol. I am in a trap—caught at last. Concealment—flight—might delay, cannot now prevent, the fate that must be mine. Let me with thee linger to the last. Oh!" he added, springing from his seat, and flinging his arm wildly upwards—"Oh! to die thus—*thus*, in the very dawn of life—with so much happiness within my grasp—so beloved—so full of love—to lose *all*! 'Tis indeed bitter! Would that I had never been!—would that we had never met! Oh, Isabella! I fear thou wilt suffer much for me—thou wilt not soon forget thy Wilfred! Would to God, for *thy* sake, dearest, we had *never* met!"

Motionless as a statue, pale—pale as marble—with clasped hands, and wild, staring eyes, she gazed upon him. Only did she murmur—"Is there *no* resource?" And all he said was—"There is none."

But other sounds came upon the night air which moans so sadly round the Hall of Raby; and that white streak of moonlight which trembles on the floor is darkened by a shadow crossing it from without. Twice did the shadow pass. Both saw it as it swept in silence by—the herald of a coming doom! Then rose the storm, shrieks, and shouts, and imprecations, loud demands for admittance—threats, clamours, violence. No admittance was afforded them; the terrified domestics awaited the orders of their mistress; and *she* seemed turned to stone. But the iron bolts gave way, the heavy staples yield, the ponderous door falls inward with a crash.

The soldiers of the king are in the hall and passages—are in that noble room—arms and uniforms are glittering in the mingled lights—scarlet, steel, and gold. Through the window streams the moonlight,

touching crest and corslet, drawn sword, and gleaming helm. From the golden lamps, from the waxen tapers, nearer beams are shed, lighting each war-worn visage, each remorseless brow, while crest and corslet, drawn sword and gleaming helm, dark face and war-worn brow, flash back from countless mirrors, each shape a hundred times repeated. Loud were their voices as they entered the room; but in a moment, all is hushed in wonderment and pity. No fierce rebel waits with weapon bared to fight for life and liberty,—only two lovers, clasped in mute embrace, kneel on the painted floor.

The leader advances. "Yield thyself, De Winston! In the king's name we make thee prisoner!"

Up rises Isabella, bursting from her lover's arms. "Spare him—spare him! Let him go free, and all I have is thine!"

Eagerly she turns towards the commander—turns from De Winston—who, still upon his knees, heeds not aught. "Spare him—spare him! Let us go hence in peace, and all I have is thine!"

Sadly that stern leader gazed in her face. He lays his hand upon her arm. "Lady, 'tis too late." He draws her on one side, he points to the floor—*there* the life-blood is already red; and as she turns, her lover, who had fallen upon his sword, rolls lifeless to her feet!—no, not lifeless, sense and feeling yet remain, though both are ebbing fast away. Still, as she kneels, in anguish by his side, he lifts his eyes to hers—still, by mute gesture, or by broken murmurs, shews forth his dying love. His head is on her breast—with his passing breath, her heavy sighs are mingled. His eyes, death-swimming, speak deeper anguish as they meet the anguish in the eyes above. Vainly she strives to stanch the gushing life-blood—her long dark hair is dabbled in the crimson stream. But the death-swimming eyes grow fixed and glassy—the blood more slowly flows—the hand, so cold and damp, relaxes in its rigid grasp—the breath is ceasing—now, hath wholly ceased! Down rolls that heavy weight upon the floor—down sinks Isabella, her face upon his breast. Then they raise them: they bear her to her couch,—they bear him to his grave!

Through the long night—the long, long, weary night—rose her loud, fearful cries; the weeping maidens gather round their mistress; those sounds bring thought and sadness even to that rude band of soldiers; they thrill with horror the pale watchers by the dead!

But for that spirit's agony there cometh a rest at last—the struggle and the conflict shall soon be over—soon shall cease those bitter sobs—those heart-rending shrieks. Faint grow the shrieks, more low the heavy sighs; now the faint shrieks are over; hushed the heavy sighs. And she is dying—she is dead! So rest—so rest at last, poor broken heart!

O'er *his* neglected grave the summer grass waves thickly—the winter snow lies deep. Over her stately rest, the groined roof is dim in awful height. Princes and nobles are beside her in her slumbers. Where she lieth alone in death, morning and night, that mighty fane fills with the voice of prayer. Morning and night its echoing aisles peal to rich choral music. But *he*, with nothing o'er him but the sky, with none beside him but the poor and lowly, with no sound near him but the rushing of the storm, or the low singing of the mourning wind, sleepeth as still a sleep.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

LAMENT not for the vanish'd ! Earth to him
Is now a faltering star, far off and dim,
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost !
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
No tear!--for Death and He are parted now,
And life sits thronèd on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not ! Yet remember what has been—
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
The pathways of his spirit always green !

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers ;—
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers !

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind ;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd ;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His soul was a vast sea, wide, clear, serene,
Deep in whose breast the mirror'd Heaven was seen,
Yet picturing Earth, and all her valleys green.

Fancy was his, and learning, and fine sense ;—
Were these the secret of his power intense ?
No, it was Love that gave him eloquence.

Sweet were his words ; the lark's song high above
They rivall'd now, and now the forest-dove ;
The various tones had one inspirer—Love !

His brow, illumined with the sage's fire,
His voice, out-ringing like a poet's lyre—
The aged heard a friend, the child a sire.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deem'd that love of God was best array'd
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deem'd man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He shew'd how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an Angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple Child.

MYSTERY.

A TRADITION OF TEMPLE-BAR.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

Lovewit. When saw you him?*Neighbour.* We saw him not this month. Pray God, he be not made away.*Lovewit.* Ha! It's no time to question then.*Neighbour.* About three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, as I sate up.*Lovewit.* 'Tis strange that none will answer. What trade art thou?*Neighbour.* A smith, an't please your worship.*Lovewit.* Then lend me thy help to get this door open."—BEN JONSON.

"LONDON is once again before me!" soliloquized a travel-worn young man, as he stood on the summit of Highgate Hill, a little after dawn, on a clear September day, in the year 1746, and looked towards the metropolis, of which the form and extent were sharply defined in early transparent light. The morning mists, frequent in Autumn, had been cleared away by the uprising sun's horizontal beams; and these, striking against the dome of St. Paul's, revealed, with singular beauty of effect, the grace and majesty belonging to this portion of Wren's masterpiece.

"How noble, how holy," thought our traveller, "does that mighty cathedral look amidst the labyrinth of houses at its foot—towering over them as if in protection! From the serenity which wraps the vast city at present, one would little expect that in another hour its million chimneys will send up into the clear air their columns of black smoke, under whose canopy countless men will wake to the turmoil of business, or the riot of dissipation, or the pangs of want. Alas! how different are the thoughts that distract me now, from those by which I was animated in my former long visit to the capital! Let me not, however, think of that; but nerve myself to the fulfilment of a stern and ghastly purpose."

Having rested awhile—for, wishing to be alone on the road, he had journeyed all night on foot, and was weary—the young man resumed his course towards London, which he entered by Gray's Inn Lane; when, crossing Holborn, and passing down Chancery-lane, he reached Temple Bar. Here he stopped, and pressed his hands over his eyes, as if under the influence of some strong terror. At length, recovering himself, and summoning a kind of convulsive resolution, he gazed up shudderingly to the horrible spectacle on the summit of the gate—a row of three heads on iron poles, which had been severed from the bodies of some of the Manchester rebels, executed at Kennington, on the 30th of July, in the year of which we write. James Dawson, whose fate furnished Shenstone with the subject of a ballad, suffered at the same time.

The young man groaned in bitterness of heart, as he surveyed this grisly prospect. Seeing several people about with spy-glasses, which they let out to gratify the strange curiosity of those who wished to scan such horrid relics,* he hired one of the telescopes, and, having

* See an allusion to this practice, in Horace Walpole's Letter to George Montagu, Esq., dated Aug. 16, 1746.

looked intently through it for some time, heaved a deep sigh, wiped away the tears that had gathered in his eyes, returned the glass, paid the itinerant speculator, and struck up one of the narrow lanes, on the north-east side of Temple Bar. Here he engaged a furnished apartment, and procured food and repose—such repose, at least, as the excited state of his heart and soul would permit.

His landlord, a venerable personage, insisted on waiting on him; and he was much pleased by the unremitting attentions of this individual, though to others, perhaps, such assiduities might have seemed like prying. On his host demanding the name of his lodger, the young man called himself Andrew Lidiard; and, in return, the former designated himself as Gervas Estridge. Our new acquaintances soon became intimate; and for the first few days, conversed with each other, hour after hour.

But a change ensued in the manner of their intercourse. Persons of the same religious persuasion soon detect each other's faith; and none are readier in this kind of recognition than Roman Catholics, whose expressions, tenour of thought, allusions, adjurations, &c., speedily make them known to their brethren. Thus it was with our landlord and his lodger; and no small comfort was afforded to the latter when he discovered that he was located in the house of a popish priest. This complacency, however, was not shared by the reverend personage himself; who, instead of associating more than ever with his inmate, as might have been expected upon learning his faith, grew strange to him, though the young man was never absent from home except after night-fall.

"I like not this papistical lodger of mine," ruminated Estridge, one wild and boisterous night, about a fortnight after Lidiard had taken up his abode in London; "it behoved me to keep clear of Roman Catholics. Would he had never come hither! The extravagant price I asked for my rooms, I hoped would deter any one from taking them. Lidiard, however, made no question about terms; but paid me at once, absurdly large as the sum was, a month's rent in advance. He must have some strong motive for coming to this spot. Would the month was up! I'll then get rid of him. He is not safe company. Can he be here in disguise? His manner and his dress are not consistent. I fear him. Shall I leave my house? No! 'Twould be madness! No other dwelling in London contains such — Ah! is not that his footstep on the stairs?"

A gentle tap was heard at the room door. "Come in!" said Estridge.

The person who entered was not Lidiard, as the priest expected, but a female servant who, since her girlhood, had lived with Father Estridge. She was now about three-and-twenty years of age—a lumpish, half-idiotic sort of woman, whom incessant watchfulness and perpetual scheming had gifted with cunning.

"So, Rachael," said Estridge, "you are come home at last. I am sorry, my girl, you should have been out in such weather. I'm right glad to see you back. Tell me everything."

"You'd a' seen me afore, master, had there been any danger," returned the girl, running her front finger along the edge of her bonnet to throw off the rain-drops that hung there.

"I know it, good Rachael," rejoined Estridge.

"I was close upon their heels, all the time," continued the girl. "They went into a good many houses; but when they asked at the chandler's-shop down the court, who 'twas as lived in our house, and was told as 'twas an old man as letted lodgings, they didn't want to know no more, and scoured right away. I was buying of a piece of bacon all the time they was axing their questions at the shop, so they never suspected nothing of me."

"Well done, Rachael," returned the priest; "now you perceive the wisdom of my offering to let lodgings. Still, it is a daring thing, and may involve much risk. Do you know, my girl, I'm not exactly easy about this lodger of ours. He evidently distrusts *us*, for he has placed a new lock on one of the closets in his room."

"Oh, there's no harm in he," responded Rachael. "If I thought there was——"

"Well, well, you are a faithful creature," interrupted the priest. "Now go and change your clothes. You are wet through."

The woman disappeared, and left Estridge to resume his cogitations about Lidiard. He paced for some minutes up and down his room. At length, his apprehensions seemed to be somewhat relieved. "After all," thought he, "my dread of this young stranger may be vain. Nothing is so perversely ingenious as fear in conjuring up false phantoms. God send the present may be so! Yet, what is it that tempts this Lidiard out to his night-perambulations? Fool that I am! I can perhaps know that, and everything else which may be necessary to me, if I draw him to confession in my character of priest. I will try it this very night. He will hardly sally forth in such desperate weather. The tempest is increasing; the rain comes down in torrents; the lightning grows more quick, more dazzling, more perilous; and, bark! the dreadful thunder smites our roof, as though it would hammer it to fragments. It is very late. Lidiard *must* be in his room. I will even now go to him, and endeavour to fathom his secret."

With this view, Father Estridge repaired to Lidiard's apartment. Having knocked, and received no answer, he opened the door, and walked in. No one was there. The terrors of the night had not kept the young man in door. "I will sit up for him," ejaculated Estridge, "though he has the means of admitting himself. If possible, I will tempt him to repose confidence in me."

Estridge accordingly remained for upwards of an hour on the watch, when hearing the outer door opened, he presented himself in the passage, and kindly accosted Lidiard as he entered, enveloped in his cloak. The young man fell back for a moment as he saw his host; but, soon recovering composure, he passed along the passage, and would have ascended the stairs to his own chamber, had he not been stopped by his landlord.

"What, not a single word of greeting, and on such a night, too!" exclaimed Estridge. "As I knew you were out in this commotion of the elements, I have remained up to receive you, and to administer to your comforts."

"Thank you," replied the young man; "but all I want to-night is my bed."

"You have not supped, I dare say," returned Estridge; "for you look pale and exhausted. I am sure you need refreshment. Come to my room; you will there find food and a fire."

"I do not need them," said Lidiard. "Let me pass, I beg."

"Come," pursued the priest, laying his hand on Lidiard's arm, "do not thus cast off the well-meant offices of a friend. Depend on it, you will sleep the better after being refreshed with meat and drink."

"Let me pass, I say!" thundered the young man, impatiently pushing his host aside, and rushing up the stairs to his own room. Estridge was about to follow him, when he heard the door of his lodger's chamber locked.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" thought Estridge. "His absence till such an hour on such a night—his perturbation—his determination to be alone, are all unaccountable; and the roughness of his manner to me personally, bodes no good. I am all impatience—all apprehension. But I must endeavour to lull my disquietude for the remainder of the night."

With this reflection, the priest retired to his bed, though not to sleep.

In the morning, the whole neighbourhood of Temple Bar was in commotion. One of the heads on the gate was missing, and conjecture was at a loss to account for its disappearance. That it should be displaced, could not be attributed to the turbulence of the preceding night; for the violent thunder and lightning had been accompanied by very little wind, and neither of the other heads were in the least shaken from their position. Besides, they had only recently been fixed on the spikes, and were so firmly placed as not to be easily dislodged. Inquiry was made in every direction; but no information could be gained. One of the neighbours, indeed, a drunken fellow, pretended that as he was returning home at a late hour, he had seen, or imagined he had seen, during a flash of lightning, a tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate; but the gleam was only momentary, and the quickly-succeeding darkness veiled the object from his view. This story was not believed, especially as the authority was so doubtful; it was held to be one of those marvellous relations incident to every unaccountable event. How, indeed, could any person scale such a place as the Bar without ladders? and had ladders been used, the watchmen must have seen them. That the head could nowhere be found, was certain; but the ghostly story of the tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate, obtained no credence. It was evidently the morning dream of a drunkard. Young Lidiard appeared as busy as others in endeavouring to fathom the mystery; but investigation was fruitless.

The circumstance, however, in a few days was almost forgotten, except by Estridge, to whom it caused considerable alarm. His uneasiness visibly increased, and he estranged himself more and more from his lodger. This was attributed by Lidiard to resentment at the impetuous conduct he had shewn to his host on the night of the storm, when exhaustion and weariness had overcome his usual good manners; and he watched for an opportunity to make some apology for his rudeness. But all his applications for an interview were met by excuses that the priest was engaged in spiritual matters, or was not at home. Lidiard, therefore, trusted that chance would furnish the means of reconciliation.

One afternoon, while taking his dinner at a tavern, the young man, who was now more frequently abroad during day-time, saw in the *Gazette* a reward offered for the apprehension of a man who had com-

mitted felony. The minute description of the delinquent's person and age (thirty-five years) arrested Lidiard's attention; and it was moreover stated, that the accused was supposed to be concealed either in London, or its vicinity. One of the objects which drew Lidiard to town was to hunt out a man whose personal characteristics, as they had been stated to him, were identical with those in the advertisement. It was not, however, in reference to this felony that Lidiard desired to find the person in question; a far different motive instigated him; and he was resolved, if possible, to see the fugitive before he should be captured by the officers of the law. But what measures could he adopt to approach an individual so closely concealed?

"Shall I consult my landlord?" thought Lidiard. "He is a man who, from his advanced age, must have seen much of the world. As the fugitive is of our own religion, Estridge may be the means of bringing us together. I'll try him; that is, if he'll give me an interview, which his late reserved and distant conduct almost forbids me to hope."

Resolving, however, to make the attempt, Lidiard procured a copy of the *Gazette*, returned to his lodgings, and having sent a pressing request to Estridge, was, after a time, summoned by Rachael to the priest's sitting-room.

"I have intruded on you, reverend Sir," said the young man, as he went into the priest's presence, "to ask your counsel on a matter touching which I feel great anxiety. But first, let me crave pardon for my rudeness on the night when you were so good as to sit up for me, and when your proffered civilities were uncourteously repelled. Your charity, I hope, will find some palliation for my conduct in the fatigue I then suffered, and in my long exposure to the roughest weather I was ever out in. Forgive me, I pray."

"Enough," replied the priest, extending his hand, which the other grasped. "Let us not again advert to the subject. In what way can I now serve you?"

"You have, no doubt, noticed," pursued Lidiard, "that I am a stranger in London, and that I pass my time solitarily. Perhaps, you may have wondered what brings me hither. I will tell you. I have an anxious and pressing motive to trace out an individual, who I believe is lurking somewhere in this great wilderness of houses. Like you and I, he is of the Romish church; and it has occurred to me that, in your priestly character, you may have a much wider circle of acquaintance among the limited number of adherents to our persecuted faith at present in London, than a mere layman can boast."

"Very likely," responded Estridge. "But who is the man of whom you are in search?"

"Why, I am sorry to say, his fame is not very good at present," replied Lidiard. "In this paper," he continued, handing the *Gazette* to Estridge, "you will see not only the offence he is charged with, and that he now goes by the name of Brabant, but a statement of his religion, and a description of his person."

Estridge took the paper, and read the advertisement two or three times attentively, as if he would get it by heart. "I know this man," said he. "For what purpose do you require to see him?"

Lidiard paused for some little time. At length he said in rather a tremulous voice, "Why, it seems that he has been hunted from place

to place, perhaps by protestant malignity. The charge of felony may be trumped up against him. The persecution of bigotry is without limit. I would bring him rest."

The priest scanned his lodger's features as though he would look into his very soul. "Good!" said he. "You shall see Brabant to-morrow evening at this time."

"Where?" eagerly demanded Lidiard.

"Here," replied the priest. "That Brabant is unhappy, I have long perceived; though I cannot believe he has sinned so deeply as this paper states. I will bring him to confession. Whatever may be his guilt, much or little, he must not want for spiritual comfort; after which, you may, if it be in your power, fulfil your views by insuring his secular repose."

"Leave that to me, good father," rejoined Lidiard. "If you send him to my room after your sacred ministrations are over, it will be enough."

"It shall be done," replied Estridge. "You will now, my good friend, excuse me if I say, that business of an urgent nature requires me to be alone."

"Do not let me be a trespasser," said the young man, retiring. "Then I shall see you and Brabant to-morrow evening?"

"Yes; good night."

Lidiard returned to his own room, not a little excited by the prospect that the purpose of his visit to London was so near fruition. He sat some time in meditation. It grew late. The house was perfectly quiet. He lay down in his bed; but without offering up his usual prayers. The night passed without bringing him sleep; and he was glad when morning was sufficiently advanced for him to rise. Rachael placed his breakfast before him, but he could not eat; and though the girl watched him narrowly, his mind was too much pre-occupied to permit his noticing her keen scrutiny. Mid-day passed, and evening drew nigh. Lidiard sat at his window to watch for the approach of him whom he had been taught to expect. But no one came, nor did he see anything of Estridge. At length, tormented with suspense, he rang his bell, and brought Rachael to his room.

"Can I see your master?" inquired he.

"Master!" echoed the girl. "Why, bless you, Sir; master took and went out of town—a matter of ten miles off—very early this morning. Didn't you know it?"

"No, indeed," replied Lidiard. "He is gone for Brabant," thought he to himself. Then addressing Rachael, he said, "You expect him back every moment, don't you?"

"Dear me, no!" was the reply. "He is very poorly—very bad; and is gone into the country for change of air. He won't come home for a matter of three weeks."

Lidiard could hardly believe his ears. "Why," said he, "your master made an appointment with me for this very evening. Strange that he should depart without any explanation! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No," replied the girl.

"I fear I have acted unwisely," said Lidiard to himself, when Rachael had left the room. "I have played into Brabant's hands. It is evident to me that Estridge has gone to put his man on the alert.

What folly, what madness, could have possessed me to disclose my wish to any one? Curse on my stupidity! I have foiled myself!"

In such bitter reflections and self-upbraidings, the young man passed the time till after midnight. He thought not of going to bed, weary as the preceding night's sleeplessness had made him. As he sat wrapped in painful meditations, he heard a key turned stealthily in the street-door, followed by cautious footsteps along the passage, and down the kitchen stairs. "Who can this be at such an hour?" thought the young man. "Estridge? No. Why should he enter his own house like a night-thief? And yet let me not be too hasty in conclusions. He has played me falsely, that's evident. A man who commits one deception, will practise another. Who is this Estridge? A priest? I begin to doubt it. The manner of his life differs from that of every clergyman I have known. The story of his having gone into the country may be a lie of that sinister-looking wench. If I thought it was he who had just entered the house, I would confront him at all hazards, and rebuke his duplicity. Ay, and I *will* go down, come what, come may," continued he, starting on his feet. "My ear traced the steps to the kitchen. Better anything than this bewildering suspense! If the stealthy visitant be indeed Estridge, I will never leave him till he has put Brabant in my power."

Lidiard now took off his shoes, and descended the stairs on tip-toe, till he arrived at the kitchen-door. Had it been locked, he was prepared, in the frenzy of his excitement, to burst it open. On turning the handle, however, the door gave way, and he entered. Estridge was, indeed, there; but though his aspect differed from that which he usually had, there was little difficulty in recognising him. A temporary bed was at his side; his coat and waistcoat were off; and a wig of grey hair lay on the table. Estridge, moreover, looked considerably younger than Lidiard had ever seen him.

Confounded as the man was, he sought to mask, by an indignant manner, the effect of his surprise at so sudden and unexpected an intrusion. "How dare you, sir," vociferated he to Lidiard, in a tone very different from what he had before assumed—"how dare you break in on my privacy in this way?"

"Mr. Estridge," said Lidiard, with forced calmness, between his set teeth, "you have deceived me in two things. Firstly, by promising I should meet you and Brabant this evening; and secondly, by instructing your servant to say you had gone to the country for three weeks. Sir, you are a liar—a mean liar!—your assumption of priesthood is also a lie. Nay, do not start, nor attempt to bully me, for worse sounds are yet to ring in your ears. Villain! I suspect, from your present appearance, that you are Brabant himself—though even that name is a shuffling alias!"

"Mr. Lidiard," returned Estridge, in a trembling and broken voice, "you talk wildly—you know not what you say."

"It is just possible, sir," responded the young man, "that I may be wrong in my surmise. If so, I will make a humble atonement, craving pardon at your very feet; for I am sadly bewildered with long suffering, and may be rash—very rash. God help me! But the matter may be tested, if you will come with me to my room."

"I will not be disturbed at my hour of rest," said Estridge. "Leave me, sir. I refuse to go with you."

"Then, by the heaven above us! I will drag you thither by the hair of your head! Mark me! I am desperate. If you would avoid the fatal acts of one goaded almost to madness—if you love your life, and are conscious that I accuse you wrongly—come with me, and do not tempt me to strangle you there where you sit."

"You hector in brave style," said Estridge, faintly; "but you forget that one man is as good as another."

"Wretch!" vociferated Lidiard, seizing the other by the throat, and lifting him from his chair with almost superhuman strength—"you must, you *shall*, come with me!"

"Loose your grasp, sir, and I will follow."

"Nay, you shall go *before* me. Out of my sight you do not pass, till you and I have had further discourse."

As the two men ascended the stairs, Rachael, who had overheard their loud altercation, followed them at a distance, and, on their entering Lidiard's room, planted herself at the door, and listened intently to what was going on. Faithful to her master, she had taken a loaded pistol, either to use herself, in case of extremity, or to put into Estridge's hands.

"Now," said Lidiard, heaving a deep sigh, when the door had closed on him and his landlord—"now, I will soon ascertain if my suspicion is correct." Taking a lamp from his table, he unlocked a closet, and drew a black cloth from an object placed there, when the head which had been taken from the summit of Temple Bar, was disclosed. "Look here! look here!" gasped he.

Estridge's eyes fell on the grim relic, which could easily be identified by a peculiar scar on the forehead, inflicted on the deceased when fighting, at the head of his regiment, against the butcher, Cumberland, for the miserable pretender. One glance was enough: Estridge's eye-lids dropped; his countenance changed; he shrieked with dismay; and sank on a seat, uttering incoherent exclamations of despair.

"I am right!" shouted Lidiard. "Thou art he! Murderer, your time is come! Here is a fearful witness of your treachery—sordid, base, degenerate treachery, for filthy gold! I am your victim's son. Ah, now you know *my* real name, as I know *yours*!"

"Mercy, mercy!" ejaculated Estridge, falling on his knees.

"You supplicate in vain," rejoined the young man, with features deformed by passion, and eyes glaring with an almost insane expression. "My father's spirit sees me, and demands a sacrifice. I have rescued his head from the infamy of public exposure, and will now wreak a bloody revenge on his destroyer. Had you not betrayed *him* who trusted in you, he might now be living. O, that I had been with him! See, how short-sighted is treachery! Abandoned by your party for perfidy, you have been driven to eke out a miserable existence by felonious practices; and unerring Fate has guided my blind steps to your very door. If you have grace to pray, pray now," he continued, brandishing a poniard; "for, by the blessed saints in heaven, you shall not live many minutes!"

Estridge was convulsed with terror. One chance, however, remained for escape. The door was suddenly thrown open from without by Rachael, and, darting towards it, Estridge received a pistol from the girl's hand. But, even thus armed, he dared not turn on his assailant; but, mad with the spasms of fear, rushed headlong down the stairs. Lidiard followed him at equal speed.

A dead silence ensued. The girl kept her post. Hour after hour did she remain in breathless agony. Nothing occurred to break the loneliness of the night.

At last, resolved to know the worst, she descended to the kitchen. The melancholy, ghost-like dawn, was making its first shivering approaches. It was a solemn hour for so dreadful a quest. No human being was there. She went to the outer door, and found it bolted inside. She next examined the parlours and the cellars. Like the rest, all was quiet and empty. She went again to Lidiard's room, and there her terror was increased on seeing the ghastly head. All was drear perplexity and horror!

Rachael remained at home the entire succeeding day; but as night came on, she abandoned the place over which a spell seemed to hover.

To the surprise of the neighbours, day after day passed, and Estridge's house was not unclosed, nor did a soul go in or come out. So strange a circumstance could not fail to become the subject of much wondering conversation; and at last, on application being made to a magistrate, the door was broken open, and the dwelling searched. Every room was furnished; but they were untenanted. What could it all mean? But the greatest surprise was the discovery of the head which had been stolen from the Bar. Extensive inquiry was made; though nothing to elucidate the mystery came to light; and for years the deserted house, and the Jacobite's head, furnished food for gossip and wonder, and for the speculations of writers in newspapers, of ballad-mongers, and of pamphleteers, some of whom ascribed the sudden disappearance of tenant, servant, and lodger, to the witchcraft of the scarlet lady of Babylon, and others to the personal agency of his Satanic majesty.

About twenty years after the above event, as some workmen were excavating the ground near Temple Bar, for the purpose of making a sewer, they broke into a subterranean chamber curiously fashioned, and which, from the remains of an altar, had probably been used by recusants, as a hidden place of worship. In this apartment two skeletons were found; a rusty knife or dagger, and a pistol were lying beside them. On searching further, the men discovered a door made of strong quarterings filled with bricks on edge, firmly cemented, and evidently contrived to look like the wall, and elude observation. On pushing this, the rusty hinges gave way, and further examination shewed that the door had been formerly opened and closed by a spring. An entrance was now gained into other vaults, the course of which being pursued, led to the cellars belonging to a house in a court near Shire Lane. This house was identified as the one wherein the mysterious transaction of 1746 had occurred. It was supposed, therefore, that Estridge, knowing of this place of refuge, had taken the house which commanded it; and being pursued by Lidiard, had flown thither, though not quickly enough to gain the sanctuary so as to exclude his enemy. In this deep and hidden recess, the opponents had probably fallen by the hands of each other.*

* An old subterranean catholic chapel was lately discovered under a house in the city, which had most likely been used as a secret place of worship by recusants during the severe persecution of the papists. (See "The Year Book.")

r Library Table. .

OLD ACQUAINTANCES OFF THE STAGE.

The Stage-Coach; or, the Road of Life. By John Mills, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.
—It is not more true that "all the world's a stage," than that all the world's a stage-coach; and Shakspeare would doubtless have said the one thing as well as the other, if he had enjoyed the advantage possessed by Mr. Mills, of living in an age when the stage-coach was not unjustly ranked among modern miracles of improvement, as an approach within a hair's breadth of perfectibility—when, in short, it was very properly numbered among the invaluable institutions of this favoured country.

There are, in the manifold circumstances attending the start and management of the stage-coach, in the associations connected with its comings and goings, with its triumphs and its upsets—its passengers inside and out, its constant relays and ever-changing drivers, its hangers-on and helpers infinite—a series of pictures in which it is not difficult to discern so many component parts of a representation of human life; we see, as the machinery passes, the dust of Time and the rolling wheels of Destiny. The "Road," in fact, is a realization, and an exact one enough, of the way of the world.

But, alas!—for it is impossible to make mention of a stage-coach in these days without having speedy resource to this expressive interjection,—Alas!—Why, it sounds like the name of one of the comparatively few forlorn and lingering runners yet left on the Queen's drearier highways! The exclamation follows the idea of the coach, like its title. It is high-time to obliterate the names of the remaining vehicles; to rechristen the remnant of the mighty and far-extending line of the long-stagers; to paint out the "Regulator," the "Champion," and the "Triumph," wherever we find the words—substituting in conspicuous letters the distinctive appellations of the "Heu Mihi!" the "Woe-is-me!" and the "All-dickey!"

As the old York waggon was to its successors, the "Celerity" and the "Alert"—so have these in turn become to the "Flash of Lightning," by which we now travel.

What a flash, crash, and dash were there in the flying stage-coach of our boyhood; and what a dull, dingy creeper it seems now. It looks ever to the criticising and pitying eye as though it had started long after its proper time, and was industriously trying to be too late—with every chance in that respect of being perfectly successful.

Nothing reminds us so forcibly of the astonishing onward progress of things—of the amazing rapidity with which we are leaving the Past behind, and rushing, while we are yet but the Present, into the actual Future—as the stage-coach, when making its daily movement as of old towards some scarce road, which the rail, strange to say, has not yet reached.

But though the glory of stage-coaching Europe be extinguished for ever—or, as Wordsworth may be supposed to sing, in his great ode—

"What though the glory that was once so bright,
Be now for ever vanished from my sight;
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of glory in the 'Gem,' and splendour in the 'Flower,'"

the road of life, as Mr. Mills calls it, runs on still; and as the wise philosophy learned upon it, should be, to turn everything to the best account, so here we have the stage-coach doing duty in another capacity, and serving as a literary vehicle for all passengers who happen to have strong predilections for romance and revelry, and are disposed to seek all sorts of flying adventures, by dint of sitting quietly in the summer-shade up to the very eyes in "light reading."

How much a thing of the past, a vehicle of untimely neglect, the stage-coach is becoming, we gather from the very opening lines of these tales of the

road, descriptive of the scene amidst which they are told. Fancy an old inn in the vicinity of Aldgate, the entrance just sufficiently wide to admit a coach, the outside passengers bending their heads low to escape that well-known favour, "a bumper at parting;" the building, a contracted oblong, of great height, with large gable-ends jutting out everywhere—an old wide, carved, smoke-black balcony running across midway, exhibiting a faded creaking sign—corridors sweeping through the edifice, flanked with doors whose numbers bear a sad disproportion to the scarcity of inmates—the yard having its large stables, with empty stalls. Scarcely a flattened straw remains upon the sunken bricks; a battered horn-lantern still hangs in one of the abandoned places, and blue mould stifles up the inch of candle that remains unconsumed in the socket. In this mournful and desolate description, how plainly we read the triumph of the Railway—the downfall of the Coach! The spot may be further seen in the portraits of two of its tenants. The first, John Hogg—

"A man slowly descended a ladder, from a hay-loft over one of the stalls just described, and, with a lazy yawn, lifted his hands above his head, and stretched his legs upon the pavement. He was short and sturdy built, with shins that inclined to form a curve. His head seemed placed upon his shoulders as if Nature had economized, and dispensed with the superfluity of a neck. Crisp hair stood upon his head, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' One full black eye alone performed the office of vision, the other having been cut out with the thong of a four-in-hand whip, intended by a novice to lift a stinging fly from the tip of a leader's ear. His arms were so long that when standing upright he could polish the knees of his drab breeches—a habit very constantly practised by him. A round greasy cloth cap, stuck on one side of his head, gave him a careless, swaggering appearance; while a bright scarlet neckerchief, twisted once round where his throat ought to have been, added to the knowing, ostlerish costume."

The second, one Mr. Wirkem, of whose office in connexion with a coach, there can be no more mistake than in the other case; albeit, he is jolly to the last, in spite of the foul fiend, Steam.

"The speaker was a tall, corpulent man, who had entered the room unperceived by the soliloquizer. His ruddy, weather-beaten visage was partly shaded by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and a fat double-chin was encased in the ample folds of a blue-spotted shawl. A long striped waistcoat, approaching his knees, was buttoned closely over a portly body, and a pair of drab breeches, with fawn-coloured ribands dangling in graceful negligence at the knees, adorned a couple of lubby-looking legs. The coat, which afforded protection not only to his ample shoulders, but to his heels, was of faded brown, and highly-polished laced-up shoes completed the attire."

It is in such an inn, in company suited to this pair—(a free-and-easy congregation of whips who have seen better days, but much of everything in the world, both in town and country) that the adventures are related which bear so aptly the designation of the "Road of Life." Each of a score assembled, in turn relates his tale of sad or jolly experience—the fox-hunter succeeds to the cad, the swell follows the ostler—the track of the whip is heard in all, and scraps of characteristic conversation fill up the frequent pauses in the more romantic and connected narrative. The result is, a succession of tales, fanciful and facetious, embracing an immense variety of scenes, incidents and characters in actual life—together with others of a more polished and imaginative quality, as often as a broken-down gentleman takes his turn to contribute to the fund of entertainment. Of this latter class, is a tale entitled the Betrothed (the longest, perhaps, in the work), containing some features of painful and exciting, if scarcely legitimate interest; and many scenes touched with pathos, or dashed with brilliant colour. Freshness and animation are over all; and the fine animal spirits of the writer, though naturally at their greatest height when sporting-subjects are a-foot, evidently accompany him throughout his ever-shifting scene.

All the subjects and descriptions in this work will not equally charm all parties, but in their variety there is a sure resource. Every reader, however, will be struck with the grace and buoyancy of some pages, as well as with the

tenderness and sentiment of others ; qualities which Mr. Mills can not only introduce into prose, but exercise in verse, as a short specimen of the poetical elegances, scattered through the stories, like flowers by the road-side, will serve to shew :—

“ Now, while love, and hope, and feeling,
 Into every vein are stealing,
 Say, what shall I with books?
 Then, dearest lady, come with me,
 I'll not neglect philosophy,
 But read it in thy looks.

“ Evening primroses are blowing ;
 Come, and since no star is glowing,
 I'll gaze within thine eye ;
 Among the smiles that sparkle there,
 As bright as starlight, but more fair,
 Is my astronomy.

“ We will walk, long silent hours,
 Brushing dew from heavy flow'rs ;
 And though you turn from me,
 Low bowing with a bashful grace,
 New creeds I'll gather from thy face
 Of sweet philosophy.”

IRELAND AND HER LAKES.

A Week at Killarney. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Engravings.
How.—The large and handsome work from the same popular and fertile source —“ Ireland,” by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—is, we hope, familiar to most of our readers. By its illustrations, literary and pictorial, it has claims upon permanent favour, as its authors have upon public gratitude, for the spirit in which they have executed their most difficult and honourable task. It is a book which has a tendency to lessen the distance between the English and the Irish people. It indicates a feeling which, if fairly met on the other side of St. George's Channel, can hardly fail in its general diffusion to hold together the two sister-nations in a bond to which the mere letter of the legislative union is weakness itself.

The amount of historical and statistical information drawn within the scope of the varied and agreeable narrative, denotes the utmost care and research ; the extent of inquiry into the influences of late changes, and the condition and prospects of the peasantry under the many forms which neglect and oppression take in that much-suffering country, shews with what zeal and sympathy personal investigation was carried on throughout the island by its literary illustrators ; while the felicitous pictures of social and domestic life, the fresh and vigorous portraiture of character, the picturesque sketches, whimsical anecdotes, and above all, perhaps, the irresistible examples of Irish pathos as well as humour, evince the happiest union in the two authors of qualities rarely found, but most essential in their fullest force to the production of a clear, bold, animated, and impartial work upon Ireland.

In the “ Week at Killarney,” we have, as it were, a chapter of the large work, amplified and made complete, so as to be better adapted for its purpose —that of serving as companion to the Lakes—than the work whence it is chiefly derived could, in the nature of things, be. It is in truth a guide-book to Killarney's famous waters ; and by its superior beauty—beauty both of the pen and the pencil—far outshining the united radiance of all guide-books hitherto devised—is worthy to represent the splendours of the matchless lakes themselves.

There are frequent traces in these agreeable pages that due pains have been taken to ensure accuracy upon points on which it is imperatively essential to the tourist ; the advice and instruction given are manifestly the result of much

experience, and prudent calculation and reflection; while the exposition of the natural beauties of the place, the interest discoverable on the routes, and the ease and convenience with which one of the most delightful of all excursions may be taken, are well calculated to heighten our already-elevated impressions of Killarney, and to stimulate curiosity in its favour.

The different routes to the far-famed waters are pleasantly described and illustrated; engravings exhibit the peculiar features of the road, and maps come in aid of the useful work. How much is to be seen in a day, is carefully explained; and beauties are so parcelled out, that abundant as they are, it is clear that all may be easily viewed. Then the historical summaries and references are just of the proper length; and the descriptive accounts are interspersed with those literary graces—sparkles of fancy and touches of deep and natural feeling—which few of the writers' pages are without.

For one passage, we have promised ourselves a little space,—it is evidently from the pen of the lady, to whom we are all so indebted for sketches, and pictures, and essays now very numerous, and destined, we hope, to be multiplied for years to come—writings which do more than exhibit, with exquisite truth and discrimination, the Irish habit and the Irish heart—they are as often types of all humanity, and expositors of the heart universal.

What we refer to, is a picture of that, which every tourist is pretty sure to encounter at the Lakes—

A WET DAY.

"Pour—pour—pour!—a thorough day of Killarney rain—pour—pour—pour—unceasingly! The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested neck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud;—the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs!—no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Clogheen;—compulsory stay-at-homes! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up to Mangerton—his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and pottage, having stood for at least two hours under what, in ordinary weather, would be called 'the shelter of the trees,'—but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls, with their yellow streaming hair, and piggins and bottles, and cracked tea-cups, have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly, and huge lumps of turf,—in a *distracted* sort of way, not grinning as usual—the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders—what has become of them? Certainly, they did not hurry at their occupation, but took it easy—'very easy,' lounging along in a somnambulist sort of style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school; and they have either galloped through the rain like young rough-shod colts, or gone in detachments—threes and fours, sheltered beneath their mother's cloak—a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Everything appears shivering and nerveless—nature's energies seem washed away—the calf that was 'mooing' all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled tail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle, patient 'fishing gentleman,' whom three years ago we left in a boat on Tore Lake, and discovered on the very same spot this summer—he whose name is never mentioned without a blessing, has come forth, looked up, shook his head twice at the clouds, then disappeared altogether, to tie flies, or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain-drops hanging from the window-frame, and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water. . . .

"How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare-footed peasants, who, at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking pattens of English dwellers in country villages! . . .

"We migrate from the dwelling-house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature wagon; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross Gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly, the Kerry people are the civillest and gentlest in all Ireland—ever ready and good-natured. It pours incessantly; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the

rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water-spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey—pour—pour—the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gorged clouds; his face has a damp, drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effects of the sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view both to the right and left, created as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated; but, in less time than it has taken us to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the shelter of the ‘covered car.’ We dash through the drive that encircles the beautiful demesne—up hill and down dale—Jerry pausing now and then, and exclaiming, ‘Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view, just there!—Well praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it.’ We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir Bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—‘well worth the trouble’—yes, certainly, *very* well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distasteful—a beauty in a passion.”

THE LATE SENIOR POET.

Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S. Who may now be the father of the living poets (properly so called) is a point which we leave the reader to find out; but few probably, if asked the question a short time ago, would have accorded the honours of seniority in the poetical department to the excellent inventor of the power-loom. We believe, however, that until recently the wreath due to the eldest living poet would have been justly bestowed on Dr. Cartwright.

In a letter addressed in later years to James Montgomery, the fine old enthusiast, (for such he was to the last,) one of the worthiest and most rightly honoured labourers in the fields of science that England has had the good fortune to possess, dates his poetical paternity from the year 1762. It was eight years afterwards that he published his *Armine and Elvira*, a legendary tale that went through seven editions in little more than a year, at a time (he says) “when few of my poetical sons now living could have held a pen or probably were born.” But great days for poets they assuredly were. Seven editions in a twelvemonth! To be sure, we are to recollect that poets were scarce. Having but few bards, men were obliged to multiply editions of their songs. “When I first appeared,” says good old Cartwright, “in the poetical horizon, there were scarcely a dozen poets, good or bad; now they are as numerous as the stars of heaven.” And thence comes a paucity of editions; for in our day, this ballad tale of the school of “Edwin and Emma” would hardly arrive at a second—yet it is excellent of its kind, and is very rightly included in some of the collections. The graceful fancy of the following exhibits its spirit fairly:—

“If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill’d his eye;

“Then pious hope and duty praised
The wisdom of th’ Unerring Sway;
And while his eye to heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away.”

The pleasing powers of Cartwright as a poet deserve the honouring mention they have found in this interesting volume; a tribute to, and record of, a man whose claims to remembrance are founded on far more important achievements than legendary poems. A brief account of Edmund Cartwright may be acceptable to many readers.

Born in 1743, he entered University College, Oxford; and though earnestly bent towards the sea, was forced to exchange all thoughts of the quarter-deck for the feelings belonging to the pulpit. Holding two livings successively, in Derbyshire and Leicestershire, he was, at forty, a country parson, and something of a poet; a decided Whig, and a contributor to the "Monthly Review." Cartwright wrote the criticism on Crabbe's first poem, and also the notice of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

In 1784, being on a visit at Matlock, Arkwright's method of spinning cotton by machinery, then recently established in the neighbourhood, became a subject of controversy, and, with Cartwright, of contemplation. Some speculations respecting it led him to reflect. Why not, thought he, apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving, and contrive looms to work up the yarn as fast as the spindle produced it? The notion was laughed at. But he went home, worked steadily, and in seven months took out a patent for the first power-loom.

He was less lucky in his machinery than in his legends; for no such rewards followed, although he added improvements, and had unquestionably accomplished a most important invention. No discouragement, however, could dull the edge of his ardour; he went on projecting and improving; and in the space of seven years from the time of his ceasing to be a mere quiet poetical country parson, he had taken out nine patents, built extensive works, and received an order from a wealthy house in Manchester for the use of four hundred of his looms. These had hardly been set to work, when the mill was burnt down. The poor inventor and poet made an assignment of his property, and came to London.

Here speculations relative to steam navigation occupied his mind, and afterwards various improvements in agricultural implements procured him popularity, if not profit. His greater services in Manchester, however, were not forgotten by the manufacturers; and they memorialized parliament for a recompence, which came, to the extent of ten thousand pounds; he had lost thirty. He was in his eightieth year when he died—the impulse and the ingenuity being still strong upon him; for he was inventing still, when death quietly summoned the cheerful, gifted, honourable labourer in the fields of science.

The British Ballads, which Mr. S. C. Hall proposed to collect for the honours of illustration some considerable time ago, have now made much progress. All the specimens we have not seen, but commend heartily we must, and do, the seventh and eighth parts which we have just met with. Mr. Hall has made wise and tasteful choice of his subjects, and the illustrative notes are appropriate and interesting. The pictures with which most of these rare old ballads abound seem to have awakened the emulative genius of the artists. In the last part how excellent they all are. The startling ballad of "Rudiger," (E. M. Ward;) the "Eve of St. John," so admirably illustrated, (J. N. Paton;) and "Barthram's Bridge," with its touching points, (F. Melan;) are all worthy, like many of their companions, of long preservation. Mr. Franklin, and other artists besides those just named, are in great force, and the result promises to be a work interesting both in point of literature and art.

Twelve Views in Corsica include Napoleon's house, the room in which he was born; the grotto wherein he had his first studies, and various scenes illustrative of his early military career. These are drawn and etched in excellent style by Mr. W. Cowen, who may boast of having made a valuable addition to the Napoleon memorials.



The Fatal Duel

The Fatal Duel between Lord Rando and Sir John

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER IX.

VULGAR ROBBERY OBJECTIONABLE.—THE AMATEUR HIGHWAYMEN TRACED.—
THE PEER DISCOVERS HIS PLUNDERER.

OUR gentlemen of the road, having decided upon leaving nothing in Lord Silverstick's carriage that was worth carrying away, now hastened off to the "Bird and Baby," to meet Lord Randy, leaving their trusty ally Dick Hibblethwaite, to watch over the fallen earl and his attendants, and in due season to liberate them—gratitude to the son prompting this gentlemanly tenderness for the father.

A virtuous deed is rarely unrewarded; and accordingly Dick was duly recompensed, after the lapse of a few minutes, during which he was arranging in his mind the mode and order of emancipation consistent with his own safety, by an elegant dissertation in his lordship's best manner, on the necessity of observing the rules of Chesterfield in every pursuit and relation of life. He lamented the extremely un-Chesterfieldian nature of the *fracas*. The loss of the money, &c.—this he was too polite to express concern for; he only felt pained by the reflection that there had been so gross a deviation from those established rules of etiquette which even that class of persons vulgarly known as highwaymen could never be pardoned for forgetting.

"Such a redeeming grace is there in the principles of that great master, whom I flatter myself I have the honour to follow," pursued the earl, "that I am not certain but that a robber sedulously observing them, might so far exalt himself in the estimation of all cultivated minds——"

But here, insensible to the exhortation, Dick, who had liberated the postboys, unceremoniously interrupted Lord Silverstick, by announcing that his lordship was at that instant free to depart, and lecture on politeness in any county in Christendom. With one touch of the spur he was out of sight, leaving the earl to the contemplation of another breach of etiquette,—which was, the deep sleep which had fallen upon Mr. Snap,—that gentleman having taken advantage of the discovery of a stray half-bottle of brandy, to drink, in one overwhelming draught, confusion to the robbers.

Roused by an intimation from his patron, that to the "Bird and Baby," as the nearest respectable inn, it had become desirable to proceed, Snap in his turn delivered an harangue, anticipatory, in a very small voice, of the coming thunders of the law, which presently brought the party to the inn-door. Here, a sensation was instantly produced; the landlord's profound respect for his distinguished guest being succeeded by a shock of horror at hearing the news of the robbery; of which event the ostlers spread the exciting intelligence so rapidly through the house, that it penetrated like air into the very apartment wherein the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who had just before been joined by the gallant Dick, were festively assembled.

Consternation was the feeling, and departure was the word; but unhappily, Dick (such is the fate of good-nature) was recognised by his voice, while ordering his horse, by one of the ungrateful postillions whom he had stayed behind to liberate. To denounce him as one of the robbers was easy, but to obtain credence in this case difficult. The landlord was ready to swear to the honour of his guest; and Dick was not without many friends just then, ready to render him a similar service. The postboy was therefore laughed at, and the gay party of horsemen took their departure.

But there was one person left behind—besides the postboy—who silently believed the tale, and admitted the identity. This was no other than that zealous person, whose exhortation to Sam Orton, touching strong drink, had startled the party on the highway, while the latter gentleman was acting as guardian to Lord Silverstick. It was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Rowbotham. The strong suspicion, once lodged in the mind of that moralist, was as good as gold to him—and like gold, not to be lightly flung away. First ascertaining the office held by Snap, and the connexion between him and the plundered nobleman, Ebenezer cautiously intimated the existence of a secret; but as to the nature of it, indeed, the impatient and manifold questions of the lawyer elicited no explanation.

“Verily,” said the good man, “it is not for a minister of peace to create confusion and anarchy between the brethren on earth.”

A bribe, however, after a little decent delay, did its work, and the information given led to the landlord being summoned into the presence of the earl, his attorney, and his witness. From mine host, the inquirers learnt the character of the company and the events of the morning—involving a mention of Hibblethwaite, and eliciting an inquiry from Rowbotham as to his claim to the appellation of “Gallows Dick.” The reply in the affirmative to this query, was the signal for one of those vehement and fiery harangues by which the distinguishing designation of the orator, “Ranting Row,” had been so deservedly obtained. Dick’s enormities since he impiously quitted the fold of Scalstreet and the firm of Manesty being duly celebrated, the host completed his narrative of the movements of his guests; and at its conclusion, he having intimated that the party of roysterers were even then at a neighbouring inn, (a fact which they had confided to him, that he might send Lord Randy after them on his lordship’s arrival,) Rowbotham and Snap repaired to the hostelry in question, where by simply secreting themselves near the open window of a room in which a lively conversation was being carried on, they, after a due exercise of patience, in the easiest and most natural manner in the world, became perfectly convinced that the gentlemen-revellers were the robbers of the earl, and that Lord Randy himself was not wholly unimplicated in an act of plunder, more daring; if not more direct, than earls usually experience at the hands of their affectionate and duteous heirs.

With this news, the respectable pair of listeners returned to the astonished and bewildered Lord Silverstick. That noble Earl, however, hearkened to the unpleasant tidings with as much composure, and as conformably to the strict rules of etiquette, as the great Chesterfield himself could possibly have done; and then, by severe admonitions, and much more effective appeals to that sense of interest which was particularly strong in both his hearers, he prevailed upon

them to promise to observe silence touching this discovery, and to suppress all mention of the name of his son, then and for ever, in relation to so rude and vulgar a proceeding as a highway robbery. Handing a gratuity to the good Ebenezer, he occupied his lawyer in drawing up a deed, which, when completed, gave to Lord Randy the formal and perfectly legal possession (if he should happen to get it) of that said sum of two thousand pounds, which it was pretty clear, would never find its way back into his own.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.—DEBATE ON THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY.—FATAL DUEL, AND FLIGHT. •

By this time, Lord Randy, according to agreement made some hours previous, arrived at the "Bird and Baby;" but instead of the message which his flashy friends, who had flown so judiciously, had left for him in the landlord's keeping, that functionary, obedient to a command of the earl's, apprised the new comer that a great nobleman was anxious for an interview with his lordship, and the next instant, a valet, not unfamiliar to his eyes, intimated that his father the Earl desired his presence up-stairs. As soon as the young lord recovered his breath, which fairly left him as this announcement entered his ears, he signified, with all the grace he could muster, his prompt compliance; and, ushered into the presence of the dignified author of his being, who received him with a stately coolness, he formally tendered his condolence to the earl on the unfortunate and disgraceful event of which he professed to have just cursorily heard below-stairs, adding a fervent wish that his lordship would instantly suffer him to depart, that he might endeavour to trace the villains, and bring them to condign punishment.

"The only way," returned Lord Silverstick, with amiable composure, and a bland smile—"the only way in which you can effectually trace the villains to the bar of justice, without incurring the degradation of a midnight pursuit, to the utter sacrifice of all personal dignity, would be by taking upon yourself the honourable duty of playing 'king's evidence' on the occasion."

Lord Randy put on, all things considered, a very creditable air of astonishment, touched with a pretty expression of anger at the unheard-of insinuation. He proceeded to descant on the topic of the wrong thus done to him by his revered parent, in a manner so energetic, and with such a disorderly rapidity of utterance, that his noble father was truly shocked.

"Lord Chesterfield," said he, quietly, "whose law is the true code of all politeness, never advocated force of expression or hastiness of language. I must beg you, therefore, to desist. I do not mind the denial of your guilt, but your gesticulations and rapid utterance offend me in the last degree."

Lord Silverstick then explained how the tale of plunder had been overheard, and by whom—and the consequent necessity of the assignment (already effected) of the stolen sum to Lord Randy, to stop the loquacity of the lawyer and the saint.

"I would not," said the excellent Lord Silverstick, "have this

affair transpire for the world. ' Apart from the robbery, and the immoral character of the parties, I should be shocked that my Lord Chesterfield should ever hear that you had selected for your companions such ill-mannered persons, the greatest boors in Lancashire."

Poor Randy, clearly convicted, could deny nothing; but listened quietly while the earl went on to explain that the two thousand pounds thus stolen, was a sum intended as the purchase-money of the estate which Lord Randy intended to sell—that he had designed originally, having bought the property, to return it as a present to his son—but that this parental pleasure he must now forego, as his agent was unprepared to meet another demand. His lordship suggested, however, but in much politer phraseology, that Lord Randy should instantly set to work to secure to himself as large a share of the plunder as he possibly could; and then taking leave of his son, as Lord Chesterfield would have parted from his, announced his intention of departing in the morning on a visit which he designed to do himself the pleasure of paying to his cousin Sir Hildebrand Stanley, in Cheshire.

This meeting and parting were agreeable neither to Snap nor Ebenezer. The former, however, was comforted with the promise of a large fee from Lord Randy, on condition of prevailing upon the Earl to complete the purchase of the estate according to the first arrangement; and the latter was soothed with the reflection that he was pretty sure of obtaining a larger reward from Manesty, for his secret affecting Dick Hibblethwaite and his associates, than Lord Silverstick had given him for his silence. He determined, therefore, to sound Manesty on the subject, and with that laudable purpose in view, he started for Liverpool.

Before we can yet escape with the reader into other company, which is awaiting us elsewhere, we are constrained to follow Lord Randy on his prudent mission to secure a share of the booty—a share all the more necessary to console him now that he had discovered the melancholy fact, of which Morality, not yet in full possession of its estate, would do well to take especial notice, that, in assenting to the robbery of his father, he had been in reality the instigator of a robbery committed upon himself.

On repairing to the appointed place of meeting, which he readily found the next morning, he discovered the party reviving after their revel of the night, and was received with a roar of welcome. They described the glorious exploit, and dwelt upon the golden gains with a feeling little below rapture. He applauded their spirit, their courage, their cleverness—vowed that if instead of coming of gentle blood they had all been born to be hanged, the affair could not have been managed better; and concluded by handsomely promising every hero in company the sum of fifty pounds, in token of admiration and esteem. But generous feeling like this is not understood in all companies, and a scene of extraordinary confusion immediately ensued.

Let it be understood that this disorder arose not in any degree from surprise at his lordship's liberality, or reluctance to share the money which they had received as his agents; but from indignation at the insignificance of the per centage. Many mouths were open, but only one voice came forth. All in a breath asked him what he meant. Sam Orton, moved in an extreme degree by the audacity of the case, felt compelled to call for a tumbler of punch, and drink a speedy

downfall to all monopolists. Sir Toby swore, Sir Roger stared, and Dick was quite positive that his friend was merely jesting—or had gone stark mad. In vain did altogether represent that his lordship had been perfectly safe, while they ran all the risk, and that whether they gave him a farthing, or a guinea, or nothing, depended upon their friendship and generosity—although they *had* arranged previously to present him with a round five hundred. This was in vain. Lord Randy reminded them in reply, that if he chose to give evidence, their necks were in jeopardy—informed them of the intended appropriation of the money, produced the deed of assignment, and argued at such length, that the day had drawn to an end ere the quarrel rose to its height. This came in the form of a challenge from Sir Toby.

Sam Orton, seconded by an extra tumbler of punch, acted as the second of the challenger, and Dick Hibblethwaite as the friend of Lord Randy. Swords were the weapons. They met next morning in an adjoining field, and the combat was long and skilfully sustained, until, at length, Lord Randy, pressed hard himself, but not desirous of such success, terminated all Sir Toby's follies, vices, and vexations, by running him through the heart. The poor baronet's death was instantaneous, but not more quick in coming than the consternation that sprang up among the surviving group.

In those days, duelling did not attract quite so large a share of public attention and anxiety, as in these later times it is apt to do; and a fatal rencounter would often happen without creating any particular sensation beyond the limits of the neighbourhood witnessing it, or the family suffering by its sad end. Yet all, nevertheless, agreed that Lord Randy's only safe course consisted in flight, and he himself was of the same opinion. Dick Hibblethwaite slipped his share of the now blood-stained booty into his hand, to meet present emergencies, and hurried him off to Liverpool, there to lie secreted until an opportunity for escape should offer. With the other second he remained upon the spot, to hear the coroner issue his warrant for the apprehension of the guilty absentee, and to put in bail to answer for his own part in the sudden and lamentable tragedy.

CHAPTER XL

SIR HILDEBRAND'S GUESTS.—PROGRESS OF A SILENT PASSION.—A RIVAL STARTS UP.—TRUE LOVE'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY TO HOLD ITS TONGUE.—SOLID JOHN'S RETURN.

YOUNG MANESTY continued, during the absence of his uncle, to be a frequent, indeed a constant guest, of the good old master of Eagle-mont; Sir Hildebrand's attachment to him being strengthened by experience of his conduct and observation of his character. But by one dweller in that noble mansion,—so gossips, at least, would say—Hugh was invariably met with a still warmer welcome, though it never was trusted perhaps to words; and all might notice far more accurately that the beautiful Mary Stanley appeared to have no disrelish for the gentle but manly discourse of the youthful visitor. The baronet, little suspecting what other eyes were seeing, or fancying they saw, cultivated the young man's acquaintance; not dreaming even, that any one connected with trade could ever conceive the idea of an alliance

with his lofty house, but feeling pleasure in opportunities of patronising the nephew of one to whom he was under pecuniary obligations.

On one occasion, when he had joined, as he frequently did in Sir Hildebrand's field sports, Hugh's horse stumbled and threw him. His hurt appeared serious, and he was carried to the hall with sorrow depicted on every countenance. As they bore him in, there was an arrival at the hall-door—a guest of some distinction of presence, who was warmly greeted by the sorrowing master of the mansion, and much less warmly—with marked coldness rather—even amidst the agitation and distress which the accident to Hugh had occasioned—by its youthful mistress.

The new comer, the first ceremonials of greeting over, inquired relative to the invalid; and on learning his name, an expression of anything but pleasure passed over his face. Having ascertained that the young guest was related to "Solid John," the questions rather pointedly addressed were,—how long they had been acquainted with him, how often he visited, how long he stayed—and the closing remark, conveyed in a quiet and subdued voice, was, an intimation of his surprise that such a person should for a moment have been allowed to remain an inmate at Eaglemont!

The person thus arriving, and exhibiting with so little disguise his unfavourable opinion of Hugh, was Colonel Stanley, a nephew of Sir Hildebrand. Whatever sense of family importance might attach to the race of the Stanleys, was to the very full participated in by the colonel, who inherited besides, an aptitude for not under-rating in any degree his own personal merits. He had but a slender stock of that suavity which throws such a grace on aristocracy; nor was his character or bearing rendered more amiable by his professional associations, or his pursuits in the gay world, which were of a somewhat bold and dissipated turn even in the first flush of youth—a flush that might now be said to have partially faded.

Colonel Stanley took up his residence at the hall; and if those people who always *will* be talking, imagined symptoms of attachment on the part of Hugh to Mary Stanley, they might have spoken freely, without any influence of the imagination, of the passion with which it was evident she had in a very short time indeed inspired the colonel. His attentions to her became marked and constant; and the military lover had, it was quite clear, the favouring wishes, or at least the quiet approval of Sir Hildebrand himself.

But this was all. The decided coolness with which he had at first been received by the beautiful object of his adoration and his hopes, never warmed upon any occasion into cordiality; and formal politeness was, and promised to be, the only return accorded to his passion.

Hugh Manesty, in the meantime, operated upon, perhaps, as beneficially by the constant inquiries vouchsafed by Mary, as by the measures taken by the surgeon, recovered rapidly, and again made his appearance in the family circle. The necessary introduction to Colonel Stanley took place, and was characterized by extreme restraint and hauteur on the part of the high-born officer—a manner which Hugh was not slow to observe, though cautious in interpreting.

The cause of the evident dislike with which he was regarded, soon flashed upon his understanding, when Hugh discerned the apparent object of the colonel's visit, and the designs which he cherished with

respect to Miss Stanley. Something in Hugh's heart—a feeling not tinged by vanity or presumption in the least—told him that he himself, though he could hardly dare hope to be a dangerous rival, might nevertheless be looked upon as one by the restless and suspicious eyes of Mary's relative and admirer.

It was this discovery, and the surmise which followed it, that determined him to be totally blind if possible to the cold indifference or even the marked rudeness of Colonel Stanley; and without forfeiting his own self-respect, to win the regard of others rather by the exercise of a superior sense, than an impatient and resentful spirit, in his unavoidable intercourse with his friend's guest.

Thus matters stood when Lord Silverstick arrived at Eaglemont, to gild the refined gold of the polite circle assembled there. The incident afforded a diversion for a moment to the antipathy which Colonel Stanley continued to display, and which soon settled with almost equal earnestness upon the earl himself, whose exquisite notions of politeness clashed fatally with his own, and threw into awkward relief his uncourteous and intolerant demeanour.

Lord Silverstick was too sensitive on all such points not to notice this peculiarity in the military member of the Stanley family; and was for the same reason, perhaps, struck with the true politeness and sensible spirit of Hugh Manesty, towards whom he soon evinced a partiality. This, on the other hand, had its influence upon the slighted son of trade, who, seeing the earl's good-breeding and complaisance to all, while they were particularly manifested towards himself, observed at the same time the peculiar foible of the old nobleman, and rather than hurt his feelings by needless contradiction, bent to the humour which he found amusing as well as amiable.

The good understanding between these two opposite persons, to say nothing of the progress which both had very palpably made in the good graces of the fair creature to whom he was assiduously paying court, stung Colonel Stanley as often as he witnessed proofs of it. It inflamed his feeling of jealousy and aversion to Hugh, and gave to his jeers and taunts, when these could be quite safely hazarded, a sharper point and a more inveterate aim. He affected, where he could, to laugh at the "toadyism" of the young trader, and pityingly remarked that it was natural such a person should pay his court to a Lord Silverstick, with the view of obtaining a securer footing in respectable society.

The object of these insults was quite unable all this time to guess at their extent; what he knew of them he seemed totally indifferent to, choosing, in consistency with his resolution, to avoid the colonel, and address him but upon compulsion, rather than by an open rupture hasten his departure, and doom himself to take a final farewell of the Stanley family—in other words, of kind, gracious, and enchanting Mary.

While he thus steadily persevered, it was plain that Colonel Stanley was, by his unscrupulous, yet often insidious, attacks on the young man, destroying every hope of improving his suit with Miss Stanley, while her sympathy for Hugh as naturally increased. Yielding to her father's wishes, and caught in the nets which the colonel was incessantly spreading, she was obliged too frequently to have her disagreeable cousin for her companion in her daily rides—Sir Hildebrand

insisting upon retaining the genial company of Hugh, who was rarely permitted to be alone with her for a moment.

Sometimes, however, to escape the colonel, she would propose to accompany the earl in his daily drive; and then it was that she never failed to experience a throb of inward delight, in listening to an elaborate contrast drawn between the un-Chesterfield-like rudeness of her cousin, and the polite manners of her father's young visitor, of whose striking resemblance to somebody or other—(the name, influenced possibly by some instinct or maxim of politeness, the earl never mentioned)—whom he had the honour of knowing in his youth.

More than once he cautioned her, in a grave but delicate manner, against thinking of a union with Colonel Stanley, assuring her that Sir Hildebrand would never promote such an alliance if he knew it to be contrary to her wishes; and more than once, in trembling but yet earnest maidenly tones, did Miss Stanley assure him that her feelings towards her cousin had singularly little resemblance to those of love. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Lord Silverstick continued to suspect that she secretly favoured the inclinations of the colonel.

The good baronet, in the meantime, grew more in love with the design he had formed—the union of Mary with his nephew; and in one of his morning rambles, brooding upon the thought, with Hugh Manesty for his companion, he suddenly opened up his whole mind upon the subject to that agitated young gentleman himself. Hugh, true to the promise he had made to his uncle at their separation, was silent—though his heart swelled almost to bursting with its precious secret—regarding his own attachment; yet with parched lips, and in uneasy tones, he ventured to suggest that Miss Stanley, if undesirous of such an alliance, should never be coerced, and with an intimation that her earthly happiness might possibly be destroyed merely to secure her cousin's, excused himself from further converse on so delicate a subject.

Breaking from the baronet, to spare himself a further trial of his resolution, Hugh encountered Lord Silverstick. Strange to say, that nobleman was in search of him, intent on gratifying his particular dislike of the brusque manners of the colonel, by engaging his young friend in some fair plot for preventing the match, unless indeed, which he feared was the case, the lady was already entangled to some extent by her wily cousin. This fear disconcerted poor Manesty more than the hopes of Sir Hildebrand had done; and with less outward observance of the earl's maxims of etiquette than usual, he started off suddenly, determined to seek some early opportunity of touching tenderly on a subject now so openly spoken upon—of introducing it even in Mary's own presence, and to her ear only.*

Now—for true love runs very smoothly sometimes—was such an opportunity long wanting. The light air and tone which he assumed, when the moment came and the subject was glanced at, could not for a single moment conceal the earnestness of the feeling with which he spoke, and which redeemed every word he uttered from indelicacy or presumption. By Miss Stanley, at least an equal earnestness was openly expressed, without the pretence of concealment—a bright flush upon her brow proclaimed her indignation that any idea of her contemplating such an alliance should have arisen; and the decision of

her tone—most musical, but now not most melancholy to the ear of Hugh—sealed, beyond all question, the destiny of her gallant cousin and wooer.

The feeling of delight in Hugh's heart could not but lighten up his face. It flashed at once into his eyes—and as those of Miss Stanley turned and met their expressive gaze, he felt that he had almost violated a sacred promise; while, so well did she understand that look that she almost fancied his voice had accompanied it, making the same confession.

Yet not a word was spoken; not a hint, not a whisper of what was doubtless throbbing in the hearts of both, passed between them; and Hugh departed for Liverpool, satisfied with the glory and pain of his silence, and caring less than ever for the contempt of the colonel.

His visits to Eaglemont were too welcome to Sir Hildebrand, and of course too delightful to himself, not to be continued at short intervals. At each repetition, he found the same tokens of untiring passion displayed, the same advantages enjoyed, by the colonel; and, of course, although pretty confident that the enemy was unsuccessful still, he was not wholly free from those fits of superfluous trembling and alarm, those spasms of jealous apprehension, which age after age have formed a portion of the private property of every lover placed in an embarrassing position. One device he gladly availed himself of—one little means of conveying to Mary some explanation of his strange conduct, without breaking a particle of his promise to John Manesty. The grand county ball was just approaching.

"Mind, Hugh," observed the old baronet, in a bantering vein, to his young friend, Miss Stanley being then and there present, "there are to be many beauties at this ball, and I advise you to look with both eyes in all directions. Depend on it, with that gallant air and winning speech of yours, a partner may be made prize of, to last you longer than the night."

If the face of the young lady, who was just then leaning, with the most natural grace in the world, over the back of her father's chair, betrayed, by smile, or blush, or downcast look, any sign of her having heard the remark, Hugh Manesty beheld it not. His eyes were bent in an opposite direction, as, with admirable readiness, he said, after a pause—

"I should not, believe me, have been so long apparently insensible to the charms of the Cheshire damsels, had not my uncle been cruel enough to make me promise not to be tempted into the solicitation of any lady's hand in marriage for the space of three years. One, only one year of this probationary term has expired. I must even submit for the remainder of the time to be deemed heartless, and insensible to the dazzling beauty of the Lancashire witches—to the exquisite feminine softness of the lovely dames of Cheshire."

This was uttered rather happily, with a seemingly easy air, which was, nevertheless, extremely hard for the young speaker to assume. He then ventured to add, in a tone rather deepened, and with a glance at Mary, momentary, but not unobservant—

"Although, if my heart could but be read, it might perhaps tell a different—a far different tale."

There were, on that occasion, no more words, and no more looks; but from the hour, thenceforward, a different, a more assured and

consistent idea, took possession of Miss Stanley's mind, and her demeanour to her father's visitor was ever alike—cordial, friendly, but disengaged. A quiet and intelligent confidence, approaching to happiness, took possession of both; and so they continued to meet and to part, until one day when on a visit at the abode wherein his soul always dwelt though he were absent in person, Hugh's parting was a sudden one;—he was summoned to Liverpool to meet his uncle, John Manesty, on his return from Jamaica.

CHAPTER XII.

A SECOND DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST INDIES.

WHEN Manesty, after nearly a year's absence, returned, there was no alteration in his conduct. He arrived on the first of October, as it might be, and on the second, was at desk and 'Change as usual. He had not been as successful as he had wished, in winding up the affairs of Brooklyn Royal, but they wore a better aspect than when he had left Liverpool. He sincerely wished that he was out of the concern altogether, but he did not see his way clearly as yet. During his absence, the industry and energy of his nephew had done everything that he could desire, and the affairs of the firm were more prosperous than ever. His own expedition, too, had made an amendment in its sorest quarter, and what had been for some years a matter of rare occurrence, or rather of no occurrence, it had yielded some return. He took his place without ceremony among the merchants of Liverpool; and the vacancy occasioned by the absence of "Manesty and Co." upon 'Change, was, to the great delight of Robin Shuckleborough, filled up by the substantial apparition of its representative.

So things waxed and waned; but again a cloud came over the spirit of Manesty. "This West Indian estate," said he to his nephew, "will make me mad. Here is another troublesome thing, which can be managed by me alone."

"Cannot I go?" asked Hugh, inquiringly.

The uncle paused for a moment, and looked sadly in his face.

"No, dear Hugh, you cannot. The associations which our family, or at least my family, has with the Antilles, are anything but agreeable; and you would there learn much that would grieve you. And without wishing to confound you with that scapegrace Richard Hibblethwaite, I cannot forget that he was sent out there a youth of much promise, and you see what he is. He learned it all in the West Indies. I do not say, my dear nephew, you would follow so pernicious an example; but I do not wish that the same risk should be run again. I'll go myself, but this shall be the last time. I'll now wash my hands of it altogether."

Hugh was well aware that remonstrance was vain; and perhaps the young merchant was not very seriously disinclined to take upon himself the dignity of so wealthy a house, or to be disencumbered of the watchful eye of his uncle. Again, then, Manesty went; and was again absent for the same space of time. Things had been more prosperous during the last year, in point of money matters; but what seemed to please him most was, that he had now certainly arranged to free himself on fair and conscientious terms of the plantation. "I thought,"

said he, "my last visit was to conclude; there must be one more, and then I am free from the nuisance altogether."

Another year, and the parting visit to Brooklyn was to be paid.

"There are footpads and mounted highwaymen on the road, dear uncle," said Hugh, as they were discussing the contingencies of the journey. "A man was robbed close by Grantham, three weeks ago. Had not you better wait until you can get company to travel on this dreary road from Liverpool to London. Mr. Buckleborough and his brother are about to start with two servants, in three days from this, could not you wait to join them? or, though Aylward's coach is tedious enough in all conscience, yet in these dark nights, I think anything is better than riding alone such a wearisome way."

"Are not the parts of Mentor and Telemachus somewhat reversed in this case?" said the elder Manesty, smiling as much as his features could be persuaded to do. "Fear not for me. I am no longer young; but he would be a highwayman of some enterprise, who would come within reach of this hand, and if he employed other weapons than those which nature gives,—there, too," he continued, opening a pistol-case, "I am not unprepared to match with the lawless."

"But it is said that there are gangs on the road, and——"

"And I must use care and precaution to avoid them. That leave to me. If I fall in their way, I fear me, I should be much more embarrassed by the presence than by the absence of worthy Mr. Buckleborough and his companions of the road."

He mused for awhile. "It is the last time, Hugh—positively the last time—that I make this voyage, which, except that it has been, in a certain sense, advantageous in money matters, was always hateful to me. You have kept—honourably kept, the promise you made to me—almost three years ago. Do not speak, Hugh! Perhaps many months will not elapse, when, if I find that what is now floating through your fancy is in reality fixed in your heart, you will find that though I cannot fill up your dreams of romance, I may assist you in turning your just desires and wishes into reality. But you do not know what is the bar between you and the lady of your regard, whom it would be mere affectation on my part if I pretended to remain ignorant."

"A bar, uncle!" said Hugh. "A bar!—what bar? There can be no bar!"

"Rest quiet for a few months," replied the uncle; "and if you then wish to marry her on whom your heart is now fixed——But I am very sleepy, and must start early in the morning. Good night, Hugh, you will find everything ready for your daily business. May God bless you," he continued, pressing his hands upon the glossy head of his nephew, "and now retire. I write from London."

Hugh imagined that the hands of his uncle, as he gave him the parting benediction were hot and feverish, and that something like an approximation to a tear trembled in his stony eye; he made the usual valedictions, and left the room. Something in his uncle's manner told him that the abandonment of this worrying West Indian property, was to be the precursor of his giving up business altogether; that the heir of the baronetage of Wolsterholme might reclaim under Whig auspices the honours that Tory politics had lost; that the riches of Pool Lane might resuscitate the former glories of the manor-house and estate so unaccountably purchased and retained by his uncle; that

let but a few months pass, everything would be as his heart could wish; that Mary Stanley——. In thinking of all which, he fell fast asleep, to dream of what Robin would have called its last item.

His uncle did not go to sleep. "I have much to do," muttered he to himself, "and much to think of. Never again——" He rang a bell, and a servant instantly appeared.

"Bring hot water, and tumblers, Seth," he said, "and pipes, with tobacco from the canisters marked, B.B. 2-1. I believe the rum is in the cupboard—see if it is; and the sugar, and the lemons. They are so. Has the old man come?"

"Near an hour ago," said Seth, fervently, "he hath been testifying to us in the counting-house."

"He is aged," said Manesty, "and requires these comforts; I want them not. Tell him I am alone."

Seth zealously complied, and in a few minutes Aminadab, the ancient, sate by the board of John Manesty. The old man—he was near ninety—remained not long; but long did his host muse on what he had said. In the morning, day-dawn saw him on his route for London.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN—AND THE ACCUSATION.

THREE or four months after his return, Manesty was one Sunday after service seated on the top of the steps leading to his house, and enjoying as much of sun as the structure and atmosphere of Pool Lane permitted to enter into its gloomy recesses, while he calmly smoked his pipe. His solid features rarely permitted any expression of what was passing within to escape; but he seemed to be in a mood of peculiar calmness. He was completely alone, and few passengers disturbed the silence of the way.

He was drawn from the abstraction of thoughts, whatever they might have been, by the noisy voice of a drunken man. He looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and saw a very tipsy sailor, scarcely able to stand, staggering towards his house, uttering senseless oaths and idle imprecations, as he pursued his unsteady course. This was no more, a strange sight in Liverpool, in the opening days of the reign of George the Third, than it is in these of his grand-daughter—and Manesty paid it small attention. The sailor, however, made his way up to the steps on which the merchant was sitting, and after looking upon him for a moment with the lack-lustre and wandering glance of drunkenness, steadied himself by grasping the rails, and exclaimed, with a profusion of oaths, which we decline repeating—

"It is he! I can't be mistaken; no—not in a hundred years. I say, old chap, tip us your fist."

"I think," said Manesty, gravely, "friend, that you might have been employing your Sabbath more graciously."

"More graciously!" hiccuped forth the drunken sailor; "why, I have employed it as graciously as yourself. I saw you cruising into the preaching shop in Seal-street, and I said it is he. But I was not sure, so I went in among the humbugs, and there were you with a psalm-singing phiz, raved high among the ship's company of the crazy craft."

"I think you had better get to bed, friend," said Manesty. "I certainly was in Seal-street, listening to the prayers and sermon of

Mr. ——. If you were there, they appear to have had but little effect upon you. At all events, pass quietly on your way; I am not a person easily to be trifled with, and I know you not."

"But I know you," said the drunken sailor; "and——"

"It is very possible," said Manesty. "And if you do, you know me as a man of some authority and command in Liverpool; and if further annoyed, I may find the means of keeping you quiet, until your sense, if you have any, returns. Pass on."

The sailor looked up the lane and down, with all the caution of tipsy cunning. It was perfectly clear. No person was to be seen but themselves.

"Pass on!" said he, "but I will not pass on, until you and I have had a glass together. Command in Liverpool, have you? Ay! devil doubt! You have command wherever you go."

"You are becoming unbearable," said Manesty. "I shall call my servant to fetch a constable."

"Fetch a constable!" said the sailor, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Fetch him, by all means, my old boy. I know the ground where you would not be in such a hurry to send for constables. Zounds! to think that Bob Blazes should be sent to quod by——"

Here again he looked up and down the street, and still they were alone as before.

"Sent to quod," continued he, in an undertone, "by Dick Hoskins."

"I find," said Manesty, quietly, "that I must rid myself of this nuisance. Friend, the only excuse, such as it is, for your gross impertinence, is your drunkenness. Hezekiah," said he, speaking through the window, "go over to the castle, and tell Steels, the head constable, or any of his people, who may be in attendance there, to come to me at once. I want their assistance."

Hezekiah was soon seen issuing forth upon the errand, and the rage of the sailor seemed to be aroused.

"So Hezekiah is the name of the master-at-arms now. I remember when it was Bloody Bill—many a long league off. You'll get rid of me, you say; I don't doubt it a bit, commodore. I am not the first who stood in your way you got rid of. But this an't no way to hail a hand as has stuck by you in thick and thin. What, d'ye think I'd peach? I comed in all love and friendship; and you might have walked the quarter-deck among them snuffle-snouted land-pirates, without a word from Bob Blazes. But as you are a-calling for beaks and law-sharks, there's an end. I shake my feet off the dust, as I heard the lubber say to-day, in the hencoop, where he was boxed. It an't quite convenient for me this blessed minute to be grabbed for anything nohow, so I'll be off from your plant in time; but you may be sure that it won't be long before all the Mersey knows that Mr. John Muddlesty the saint, is Mr. Dick Hoskins the pirate."

He made a convulsive rush from the lane, which Manesty shewed no inclination to stop, just in time to escape the return of a couple of constables, with Hezekiah. His master despatched the party to the cellar, simply observing, "that as the annoyance was over, it was of no consequence to pursue its cause." He sat down at dinner at his usual hour, and the incident seemed to have no effect in ruffling his ordinary course of Sunday arrangements.

It had, however, and that a most material one. He was told before his dinner was well concluded, that a brother in the faith, Ozias Rheinenberger, one of the leading Moravians, wished to speak with him. Robin Shuckleborough, who usually shared his patron's Sunday dinners, rose at the announcement to depart. Hugh was absent elsewhere.

"It is needless, Robin," said Manesty; "he cannot have anything to say in the way of business on the Sabbath; and in aught else I have no secrets whatever. Bid Mr. Rheinenberger walk up stairs."

The features of the Moravian were plain, and inexpressive. There was a look of meekness, native or acquired, that won those who believed it honest, and repelled those who were inclined to consider it hypocritical. His lank hair was plastered over his pale brows, and his dress and general appearance was such as to denote him one careless of the fopperies of the world. He was in a branch of trade which threw him much in the way of Manesty, who had on many occasions been to him of considerable service in promoting or extending his commerce. On the occasion of his present visit he seemed to be sadly depressed in mind.

"Sit down, Ozias," said the host; "have you dined? There is enough left after the knife and fork of Robin and me to make your dinner."

"I have dined," said Ozias, with a sad tone.

"Will you have a glass of wine, then?" asked Manesty. "Something appears to have put you out of spirits. Shuckleborough and I were contenting ourselves with ale; but, Robin, take the keys, and open that *garde-de-vin*, and——"

"I had rather not take any wine," said Ozias, in the same melancholy voice; "in short, I have something to say to thee, John, which concerns thy private ear. If our friend——"

"No," said Manesty, to the departing Robin; "do not stir. On trade I speak not on Sundays;—speak as you will about all else beside."

Ozias paused, and shuffled upon his chair: but he recovered in a short time.

"The straightforward road is ever the best; those who travel by devious ways are apt to lose the true track. Here is a strange story spreading all through Liverpool——"

He paused again, and his chair was shaken as before.

"Proceed," said Manesty, quietly.

"Hast thou," asked Ozias, "seen a strange sailor this morning?"

"I have," was the reply, "outside this house. He accosted me with some absurd impertinence, dictated by drunkenness—for the man was excessively drunk; and when I sent Hezekiah for a constable, not more to get him out of my way, than to have the incapable fellow taken care of, until he had slept off his liquor, he made a staggering run out of the lane. I did not think it worth while to send in pursuit, and have not heard anything more about him since. It is about an hour and a half ago since he was here. What of him?"

"Much," said Ozias, with a sigh. "He has spread everywhere, far and wide, that he has seen you beyond seas, and that you are identified with——"

"Dick Hoskins, the pirate," interrupted Manesty. "Yes, as well as I could gather from his all but inarticulate gabble, that was his accusation."

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

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*The Subscribers to "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE" are informed,
that the Number for January next will contain*

THE FIRST PART

or


A NEW WORK

BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Two Illustrations on Steel

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

 **MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK** is happy to inform his Friends and the Public, that **he has ceased to have any connexion whatever with "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."** — He therefore begs them to observe, that, from this date, there will not appear, *under any circumstances*, any illustration, either on wood, copper, or steel, executed by him, for that Publication; and that "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE" will be, henceforth, the **only** Magazine illustrated by him.



George Cruikshank

Cord Buckhurst overcome by the appearance of Apollonia the

MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A *Don Orlando Furioso*.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT XI.

"Akibét tilkinin dérist kurktchnun dukinina ghélan."—TURKISH PROVERB.

In spite of all its cunning running past,
The furrier gets the fox's skin at last.—

(Translation for the Country Gentlemen.)

TRANSITION to the open air sufficed to relax the spasmodic affection by which the worldly nature of Lord Buckhurst was thus suddenly attacked; and it needed only a good night's rest, to screw up his courage anew to his customary acrimony of defiance to the threats of the alligator.—

"After all," mused he, next morning, over his coffee, "it is scarcely worth while to abandon a favourite project because half a thousand women assume a mysterious appearance when accoutred in white caps and black gowns!—I will, at least, even if but as a matter of courtesy, attempt an interview with poor little Apol!"—

After breakfast, therefore, to avoid the prying investigations of the *valet-de-place*,—who, he fancied, had followed him into the church, the preceding night, and been an eye-witness of his emotions,—he set forth on foot to the Beghynage,—and was surprised to find how much of its imposing aspect of the preceding night, had been owing to the vagueness of twilight, to "*la puissance de l'inconnu*."—Still, even by daylight, it was a quaint old place. Every house bore on its door, instead of the name of its inhabitant, that of some saint or martyr, by which it was familiarly known in the community;—and having applied for information to the venerable portress, he was apprised, that, if he desired to visit one of the convents, and had no letter of introduction to the superioress, he had only to proceed to a house she pointed out as that of Saint Rosalia, having over the gateway the effigies of the virgin and child, in glory; where they were in the habit of receiving visitors of either sex.

He now knocked at the grated gateway;—and the Beghyn by whom the somewhat agitated guest was welcomed with a benediction, was a middle-aged Frenchwoman, to whom the habit of doing the honours of the Beghynage imparted the ease of a woman of the world. Replying to his questions without reserve, she seemed to take pleasure in exhibiting to his admiration a kitchen whose neatness Gerard Douw might have painted,

where the sixteen sisters of the house had each her separate stove, and was forced to minister to her own service;—the refectory, where each had her especial buttry;—the vestiary, where each had her press of linen, kept in repair by her own hands;—and finally, the sixteen cells or chambers, where every Beghyn enjoyed her definite home,—her humble bed, in which to enjoy the blessing of sleeping or waking dreams,—her domestic altar, at which to pray for salvation from evil, and deliverance from temptation;—the “Ave Maria Purissima” being the effusion of a spirit equally pure.

Nothing could be simpler, neater, or better in accordance with conventual humility, than every department of the little habitation.—Even the *parloir*, or private room of the superioress, (for every convent of the Beghynage has its *mère supérieure* subject to the authority of the grand superioress,) was adorned only with a plan of the Beghynage, as originally constructed in 1207; and an engraving after Verhoeve’s picture of St. Begge, the patroness of the congregation, setting forth for Rome after the death of her husband, (assassinated in the chase by an adopted son,) guided by the memorable white doe said to have preceded her throughout her journey—to point out the spots where the rivers were fordable and the mountains safe.

“And are all the convents of the Beghynage humble and homely as this?” inquired Lord Buckhurst, unable to connect the idea of the lovely, graceful, polished Apol-blossom with those bare floors and white-washed walls.—

Sister Clemenje looked mortified. She was accustomed to hear praises of the neatness and cleanliness of their little community,—not allusion to its defects.

“To maintain even *this*,” said she, “we are required to possess a certain property on entering the community. It is true that, at our death, it reverts to our families, whom we are permitted to receive as guests, and annually allowed a fortnight for visiting. When afflicted with sickness, too, a Beghyn may return to her home, on a sufficient certificate. *We* are not, thank heaven, as the unfortunate nuns cloistered at the Ursulines!”—

“I had understood,” replied Lord Buckhurst, scarcely able to conceal his indifference to these details, “that such of the sisterhood as possessed the means might enjoy a separate establishment?”

“Every house you see yonder, each with its little garden, is a separate residence,” replied Sister Clemenje.—“Many of our Beghyns are rich, and benefactresses to the community!—Others,” said she, with an air of proud humility, “are poor as the inmates of this convent of St. Rosalia, and maintain themselves by selling their prayers to pious Christians;—and never I can promise you, were masses more faithfully performed than those of the Beghynage!”—

“You have countrywomen of my own among you, I understand?” said the visitor, carelessly.

"We have sisters of all nations," replied the Beghyn.

"I am assured that many young women of high consideration enter the Beghynage?"

"We have sisters of all ages," replied the Beghyn.

"Within this year or two, for instance, a young English lady of high birth is said to have taken the vows here?"

"We have sisters of all conditions," replied the Beghyn.

"You perhaps know her?"—persisted Lord Buckhurst, coming to the point;—"her family name is Hurst."—

"But what is her name of religion?" demanded Sister Clemenje.

"I never heard.—Her baptismal, was Apollonia."

"We receive a new one at our second baptism to salvation!" observed Sister Clemenje, crossing herself.—"But we of the convents see little of any but those belonging to our separate community, unless during divine service."—

"Nevertheless," observed the visitor, bestowing a handsome gratuity on his guide, to enlighten her understanding, "it strikes me that the sister to whom I allude, must command ~~some~~ distinction among you; since with youth and beauty, and a fortune of several million of Guilders, she——"

"You must allude, then, to Sister Constanje!"—cried the Beghyn,—whose denseness became semi-transparent on contact with a piece of gold.—"She whom they say will one day or other be superioress of the Beghynage; and who bestowed the four new carved confessionals upon the church?"—

"Perhaps so.—Are you acquainted with her?"

"I have seen her, like the rest, at the solemnities of the church. On her arrival here, she visited the convents in succession, and bought lace and work of each, which were again sold, and the produce given to the treasury of the community. Sister Constanje has bestowed more alms since she entered the Beghynage, than the Bishop of Ghent!"

"*She*, then, has a separate establishment?" inquired Lord Buckhurst, looking forth from the casement upon the little dotted habitations, exactly resembling those of a Dutch city in a child's toy.

"No, indeed. To be entitled to an independent life here, you must have made proof of regularity of conduct for three years, in one of our convents.—But Sister Constanje being so great a benefactress to the community, an exception has been made in her favour; so that her probation is taking place *not* in a convent, but the mansion of the grand superioress herself. There!—that fine house you see yonder behind the trees!"

Lord Buckhurst smiled as he surveyed the palazzo pointed out, which was scarcely on a par with a neat third-rate English farm-house.

"Such then is the abode to which the wrong-headed enthusiasm of disappointed girlhood has devoted poor dear little Apol-

blossom!" mused he, after taking leave of the Convent of St. Rosalia; and resuming his stroll through the Beghynage, in which, at that hour of the day, no one was stirring, except here and there a sister in her neat black robes and snowy head-gear, scudding along on her return from some errand of charity in the city, to unlock one of the piously inscribed gates, and re-admit herself into her solitary castle of holy spinsterhood.

But even though he had ascertained from the Beghyn of the Convent of St. Rosalia, that he would be admitted on application to see Sister Constanje, or any other of his acquaintance in the community, with all his lordship's coolness and self-possession, he had not courage to attack the fastness of the superioress of a Beghynage! Sister Clemenje had replied to his inquiries with a nod of significant sympathy, "*d'ailleurs, un homme d'un age mur, tel que Monsieur, cela se reçoit partout, même dans le monde;*" for, estimating the age of her guest, in spite of all Delcroix's preservatives and reparatives to be coeval with her own, he did not present himself to her imagination in a dangerous point of view.—He was not, however, the less convinced of being otherwise regarded by the sensitive heart of Sister Constanje.

"Were I, as a mere stranger, to request an interview, she would not see me," mused the man of the world; "were I to announce myself by name, still less. In one case, indifference,—in the other, sensibility,—would secure my exclusion. I am not going, however, to waste more time upon what may, after all, prove an improbable pursuit. I will write—write so as not prematurely to alarm the poor dear little creature's susceptibilities."

And he accordingly wrote, as if accidentally passing through the city; and desirous to afford her tidings of her English friends.

With a degree of *empressement* very foreign to his habits, and arising probably from the excitement produced by so new and piquant an aspect of the alligator, his lordship returned in person to the Beghynage as the bearer of his letter; on delivering which at the gate of the superioress, he was cordially invited in by the sister in attendance, (who appeared to entertain no more alarm than though he had been a minor canon,) and shewn into a *parloir* to await the answer of Sister Constanje.

In that simple whitewashed room, adorned only with a large crucifix, and the customary plan of the Beghynage, all his misgivings returned; and he paced up and down the sanded floor, anxiously awaiting the return of his messenger, and convinced that either Sister Constanje would refuse to see so dangerous a visitor, or receive him under the solemn protection of the grim superioress of the community.—He felt that she could not fortify herself too carefully!

Within a few minutes, however, the door opened, and a Beghyn made her appearance, who, but that she immediately accosted him by name, it would have been indeed difficult to

recognise as his lovely Apol-blossom!—Serene, cold, colourless, her deportment was as calm as her face was inexpressive.—It was not her habit that had so altered her appearance, and reduced her to the unattractive level of the old Beghyns, with whom he had been conversing.—It was evident that her nature was changed within her. She was as one having been long numbered with the dead. The hopes and fears of youth were gone. She had taken up her cross. Her immortality was begun.

So far from appearing embarrassed by his presence, or apprehensive that the sanction of an elder person was necessary to their interview, she pointed to one of the rush-bottomed chairs with mechanical courtesy; and quietly taking another, prepared to listen to the communications he had announced himself desirous to make, as though she were a Judge upon the Bench, and he a Q. C.!

This perfect composure discomposed him.—He felt that the common-places he had premeditated touching the health of Lady Rachel Lawrance, would be thoroughly out of place;—and after one or two ineffectual attempts to find a more interesting topic, an unwonted excitement of feeling at finding himself giving way to the alligator so stimulated his pride, that he suddenly burst forth into genuine expressions of surprise at finding a person so entitled to the comforts and pleasures of life, thus miserably accommodated; and regret that, through the disastrous bias of early habits, the world should have been deprived of one of its fairest ornaments.

“I speak only as an Englishman,” said he.—“The regrets I venture to express are solely in the interests of my country; which I feel to have been unjustly bereft of a treasure to which it was fairly entitled.”

Sister Constanje surveyed him with as much surprise as was consistent with her habitual beatitude of serenity.—

“If I were to answer you by saying—‘Is *this* all you have to communicate?’” said she, “you would carry away with you a conviction not only of my discourtesy, but of my incapability of defending the step I have taken.—Better, therefore, frankly reply that in my present condition I have neither a sorrow, vexation, nor regret. I use my humble efforts to fulfil all the better purposes of life,—the duties of faith, hope, charity;—and the accomplishment of this suffices my utmost ambition of happiness. I have here many friends and sisters, associated with me in acts of benevolence;—in the world, I had none.—I broke through no social tie to enter the Beghynage. My father is no more;—his sister and her son hesitated to accept me as wife and daughter till I was able to secure my fortune to them; and thus was I released from a promise otherwise binding.”

“I was not pleading the cause of Sir John Honeyfield, who I believe to be wholly unworthy the great happiness at one time

awaiting him," replied Lord Buckhurst, in a tone as grave as her own; "I was advocating the interests of the community."

"Of a community," retorted Sister Constanje, with an unaltered countenance.—"Had I remained a member of the one you call the world, I should scarcely have been in more extended intercourse with my fellow-creatures than here. Do not confound the habits of this place with the peevish selfishness of a convent; for the severities and seclusion of which, I have no vocation.—Here, with the exception of wearing a peculiar habit, I am no more absorbed by the discharge of religious duties than I should be, I trust, in any other situation of life."

"Then why not exercise them in a wider and happier sphere?" exclaimed his lordship, trusting he was nearing his point.

"I have never had much faith in the virtue of the hair-shirt worn by St. Eloy, under his velvet and cloth of gold!" replied the Beghyn, unmoved by his vehemence. "The cursory glance I took of society convinced me of my own incompetence to wrestle with its temptations or support its vexations.—*Here*, these are spared me,—*here*, I am content. My humble gown, and these untapestried walls, facilitate a thousand virtues.—The richest man carries with him only a shroud into the grave.—Happy those who are content with as little amid the illusions and vanities of life."

"But apart from its vanities and illusions, life has a thousand innocent diversions—a thousand sacred ties!" cried Lord Buckhurst.

"Not that I perceived, in my short experience," said the Beghyn, mildly; "and I had, consequently, nothing to renounce, in devoting myself to my present calling.—Most of the persons with whom I was acquainted in London, were avowedly victims to *ennui*; disgusted with this life, without courage to aspire to a better.—It would not have suited me to marry.—I have opinions on the sanctity of such a tie, which no man of my own condition of life could possibly have shared; and as a single woman, the slavery of subservience to the world to which I must have been subjected,—the scorn with which female celibacy is regarded among you,—the fretful inertness into which, in my forlorn condition, I should have subsided, would have produced a very different state of mind from the fellowship I enjoy here with persons of my own persuasion and pretensions, without an apprehension, —without a care,—without an embitterment!"

Lord Buckhurst had now lost all patience. There was something in the aspect of any other selfishness than his own, that revolted him.

"And is this lukewarm self-content the purpose for which we were endowed with all the better energies and more generous impulses of human nature?" cried he.—"It seems but yesterday that the light-hearted being we used to call *Apol-blossom*, was complaining of the dulness of our London Sundays, as incom-

patible with her notions of the cheerful thankfulness of spirit due to the mercies of Providence !”

“Were you to see me in the discharge of my accustomed duties and the enjoyment of my accustomed pleasures,” replied Sister Constanje, untouched in the smallest degree by his retort, —“you would perceive that the career I have embraced is compatible with both cheerfulness and gratitude to God.—If I am at this moment graver than my wont, it is because the sight of your face recalls to my heart the few painful moments which the undeserved mercies of Heaven have assigned to my share.—Let me, therefore, express a hope,” said she, rising so as to render it indispensable for her visitor also to rise and take leave, “that should my name chance to be mentioned before you by any former associate, you will not pronounce upon the better or worse of the vocation I have adopted, from any demonstration my appearance may seem to convey.—Farewell!—We shall probably meet no more in this world.—Accept, therefore, the expression of my good wishes for your eternal welfare. May that great glory whose divergent rays attain the greatest and smallest of created things, enlighten your soul !”

Blessed out of a whitewashed *parloir* by a Beghyn, as others are bowed out of a gorgeous saloon by a minister of state ! The man of St. James’s-street had traversed half the ill-paved court of the Beghynage, before he half-recovered his breath !—He had not so much as found presence of mind to express his admiration to the self-sufficient Sister Constanje, (as Alberoni to Cellamare,) “*della sua bella parlata*.” The utmost he had been able to do was so far to repress his irritability as to retain the same quiet *insouciance* in presence of the Beghyn he had affected aforetime in presence of Apollonia Hurst.

But the reaction produced a more indignant struggle in his mind than he had ever yet experienced ; and in his utter impotence either to resist or revenge himself on the alligator, away went the man of the world to Aix-la-Chapelle,—taking care the newspapers should announce that the waters had been ordered for him by his physicians.—He did not, however, deign to acquaint the public whether the *roulette* to which he betook himself like a madman, in the absence of better entertainment, formed part of the prescription, or whether it afforded a mere refuge for petulance.

The regimen, however, was disastrous. “The fox’s skin,” quoth the Turkish proverb, “finds its way to the furriers at last ;” and the pitiful fellow who had quitted England in the hope of subtracting a rich Beghyn from her vows, in order to add a wing to Greyoke, was forced, on his return, to issue orders for a fall of timber on the estate, to the amount of five thousand pounds !

Instead of distancing Jack Honeyfield, and doing himself justice, he had been laid writhing in the dust by the alligator !—

Sister Constanje had actually addressed him as "Mr. Howardson!"—Instead of making him the idol of clay of her conventual life, (as he had fondly imagined,) she had literally never been at the trouble of asking so much about him, of Mauley or others of her English correspondents, as would have sufficed to acquaint her with his change of estate!

Audacious, hateful, hypocritical little alligator!

FLIGHT XII.

"La persistance que met le monde à s'enfoncer de plus en plus dans les joies de l'égoïsme, dans l'abrutissante ivresse de l'intérêt privé, prouve que le tort est plus haut que les individus. En attendant que la société, lasse d'être exécrable, songe à se faire moins mauvaise, je ramasse ma part des faits, et vous le livre, durs et laids comme je les ai trouvés. Médecin assez fort pour nommer les plaies, mais impuissant pour les guérir, je regarde avec épouvante les progrès de la contagion, et je vous crie d'y prendre garde."—LUCRET.

It was autumn when the disappointed man scudded back to England; and himself, the hazel-nuts, and beech-trees being alike done brown; he felt no particular inclination to hurry down to Greyoke, and encounter the scoffing glances of the stuccoed portico at his untimely fall of timber.—Nor had he any country visits in immediate prospect,—having as yet published, per *Morning Post*, no bulletin of his arrival; and his friends were not of the cordial order of people who venture into each others' houses without formal invitations of the most explicit nature, given and acknowledged.—

He resolved, therefore, to spend a contemplative fortnight in London. Having never yet abided therein between the distant periods when grouse and turkeys come into season, it presented as novel a scene to him as the dominions of Queen Pomaré.—

But though his object in sojourning in his town-house at a time of year where those free commoners of nature, the mice, are entitled to reside there unmolested, was utter seclusion for the freer consideration of his prospects and projects, he had not calculated upon the Alexander-Selkirkian solitariness to which he had consigned himself.—

To Lord Buckhurst, the west-end of London had hitherto presented a busy anthill of men, women, and equipages, hurrying and scurrying, jarring and jostling against each other, under a varnished surface of luxury and joy. He had never been at the trouble of conjecturing whether those streets were ever empty, those parks ever untrodden, or what aspect the clubs, he had always heard so garrulous and felt so stuffy, represented, when inhabited only by a superannuated waiter too gouty to take his turn out of town like the rest of his confraternity.—

He saw it all now,—and the sight was anything but refreshing! The *prestige* of London being obfuscated by the now stagnant atmosphere, everything was seen in its real proportions,—mean, dirty, ungainly.—After the picturesque cities of the

Continent, with their quaint antiquity of by-gone centuries, the long unmeaning streets, each side representing in its stupid uniformity a single house, manufactory, or infirmary,—struck him as the very acme of desolation.—

But this was not all. In the spring time of the year, the pleasures and luxuries of the season affix a factitious surface to things; shutting out their intrinsic deformities, as the line of troops formed for the passage of royalty through a crowd, excludes all view of the ragged throng constituting the mass of the people.—But now, a variety of wretchednesses and infamies started forth to view, of which he had been hitherto uncognisant.—Streets of which he had never suspected the existence, though subsisting side by side with those he constantly frequented,—miserable objects crawling forth from squalid abodes overlooked in the glare of summer-sunshine,—habits of vice and grossness, which the perpetual flitting of the motes of pleasure in the atmosphere of June, rendered unapparent,—all these attained a foul and offensive prominence, now that he was alone, before the skeleton of the mighty monster he had hitherto beheld endued with life and animation and clothed with extenuating beauty.—

The place was loathsome to him.—If he ventured into St. James's-street, he was set upon by diseased beggars eager to seize upon the only prey that had fallen for weeks within their grasp.—If he wandered further, legions of hackney-coachmen, long waiting for a fare, beset him with their importunities. The streets seemed paved with oyster-shells.—A red haze converted the very atmosphere into a grosser element.

“No standing this!”—muttered his lordship, on finding the house-dinner of his club exhibit, three days running, the same faces and the same *entrées*, (the *chef* being at Brighton for his health, and the *filets de soles* looking as if they participated in his indisposition.)—“How on earth do people manage who are compelled to spend a month in town at this time of year,—either to be couched,—or administer to a will,—or prepare their marriage settlements,—or any other domestic calamity?—I suppose I must try the theatres!”—

But even at the theatres, at that matter-of-fact epoch, he saw and heard things, hitherto unheard and unseen,—the cracking of walnuts, the popping of ginger-beer,—and the play!—Till now, the pleasant parties, or still more interesting personage he had been accustomed to accompany to the theatre, had taken care that nothing should be audible to him there, but their chattering and flirtations; nor had he been ever before conscious of the surpassing vulgarity to which the preponderance of the secondary classes in our theatres, has reduced the English stage.—Fresh from the well-rehearsed pieces of the Continent, he had not patience with the slovenly acting, dirty-dresses, and pointless dialogue of a stage where Shakspeare and Congreve once ruled the taste of the hour.—

But though he accomplished nothing by seeing, he accomplished much by being seen. One night, as he was sitting, in a style which Mrs. Trollope would have had a right to denounce had she witnessed it at Cincinnati, with his two elbows resting on the front of one of the private boxes and his chin resting on his hands,—possessed by a legion of blue devils engendered by indigestion and *ennui*,—the key of the box-keeper grated in the door, and a man made his appearance with cordial familiarity, whom Lord Buckhurst, as soon as the door was closed behind him, discovered to be Sir Thomas Mauley.—

“I saw you from an opposite box, and could scarcely believe my eyes!” cried the intruder.—“Saul among the prophets was nothing to Lord Buckhurst in London, at a time when it is populated only by men of my own ignominious profession!”

Lord Buckhurst cast his eyes vaguely towards the opposite row of private boxes.—All empty as his own heart!

“Lady Mauley and the girls are below,” said he, directing by a glance the *lorgnon* of his companion towards the public boxes, where, simply dressed, and accompanied by two gawky girls, with their long curls hanging over their shoulders, like a brace of mermaids, sat the Emma of former days, now a portly middle-aged woman, radiant with domestic happiness and a regimen of roast and boiled.—“At this time of year, I am sometimes at leisure to give them an evening’s amusement,” said the good husband and father, into whose imagination it did not enter that his family could amuse itself unsanctioned by his presence. “I like a good play for them,—such as we saw just now.”

“I came too late for it.”

“Yes, I saw you saunter in,—and could hardly believe my eyes.—Where on earth do you come from?”

“From the German baths,” equivocated the man of the world,—“which I found full of sunshine and Russians, in June;—and left, full of fogs and English, in October.”

“And so you were wise enough to return for the autumn to the perpetual sunshine of a good old English fireside!” retorted the lawyer, rubbing his hands.—“Well, so much the better! Perhaps, if you remain a few days in town, you may find a journey to Russell-square less of a penance than during the season.—When will you dine with us?”—

“To-morrow, if you will!” replied Lord Buckhurst, whose notions of friendship being those of Epicurus,—that it is a field to be cultivated for the produce it will yield, a sentiment, grounded on the possibility of mutual service,—was a fifty times warmer friend to the Attorney-general than he had ever been to Tom Mauley.

“Softly, softly!” cried the lawyer, laughing. “You don’t suppose I mean to inflict my domesticity on a gentleman of your refinement? No, no!—I should like you to meet a few of the Buckhursts among whom I live; and *this* is our Bloomsbury

Season!—At this time of year, our dining-out men are no more to be had for asking, than you, my dear lord, during the month of May. On Sunday, therefore, if you please;—a lawyer's leisure day, which he does not enjoy holidays enough in the year to admit of his sanctifying to solitude."

Lord Buckhurst, in accordance with the Algerian maxim of kissing the hand you are not strong enough to cut off, acquiesced;—though sufficiently vexed at having to endure a slap from one which, for so many years of its life, had opened and shut upon fees professional. He had scarcely patience to endure with seeming complacency the familiarity of his companion; when luckily, on the first stroke of the orchestra for the overture of the second piece, Mauley rose to hurry away,—protesting he could "never see the play to his satisfaction from a private box."

"Hottentot!"—murmured the man of the world, as the door appeared to close after him. A moment afterwards, however, the departed put in his head again, like Don Basilio, to remind his lordship that they "dined at half-past six *precisely*;" as if a Lord Buckhurst were likely to consider the clause "*precisely*" binding, in the case of a slipshod English cook!

"Pray, don't be late," observed the lawyer, as he was again about to close the door,—“for before the others come, I have a word to say to you respecting that pretty little ward of mine—poor Apollonia Hurst!”

And this time, he was gone in earnest.

Very much in earnest, too, became the man he left behind.—What could this intimation foreshew?—What possible right or title had he to the confidence of the perplexing guardian, touching his quondam charge, unless under her own sanction?—With what message or embassy had Sister Constanje charged the grave lawyer on his account?—Right thankful was he to have found so palatable a cud for his ruminations, to animate the monotony of his London loneliness; and on the Sunday in question, though beset at White's by the importunities of a whelpish lordling of the guards who fastened upon him for news with the voracity of a shark, he shook off friend and acquaintance, to rush home and dress for dinner; and, without even a relay of horses on the road, managed to be in Russell-square so "*precisely*" as the clock was striking half-past six, that, even in that punctual house, the drawing-room was solely in possession of the governess and the young ladies; all three looking as stiff as if stuffed with bran, so grievously were they oppressed by the presence of a lord who was neither King's Bench nor Woolstack.

A few minutes only had elapsed, however, before in hurried the excellent Attorney-general, smelling of lavender water and Windsor soap, like the Soho-square Bazaar; all friendliness and fuss, as when of old he used to drop in to breakfast in Halkin-street;—and lo! the two girls warmed up into a natural manner

the moment their father appeared, like the chilly earth cheered by an auspicious sunrise.

"I am heartily glad to see you;—Lady Mauley will be here directly," said he. "She appears to have reckoned too far on your proverbial unpunctuality. Between ourselves, I am not sorry for it; being most anxious to say a word to you about a new project of my eccentric little friend, which, but for your influence in the affair, I should be apt to tax as the most extravagant of the many strange steps she has taken. For I cannot doubt, my dear lord," continued the lawyer, glancing cautiously first at his daughters and then at his guest, "that, however demurely you assign the German Spas as the aim and end of your recent tour, you have visited this wrong-headed young woman by the way?—How, otherwise, am I to account for the sudden rekindling of an enthusiasm—to call it by no tenderer name—so long dormant?"

Lord Buckhurst was vexed to find himself growing excessively nervous. He managed, however, to reply with tolerable self-possession,—“As I was passing through Ghent, I certainly presented myself at the Beghynage.”

"I guessed as much!—I could have sworn it!" muttered Mauley. "Bless my soul! what heaps of flax are even the soberest of these wilful creatures.—After spending her whole life, too, in a convent!—Well, perhaps that may be the reason. Certain I am that one of my—a-hem!—You saw our little Apolblossom then?—And how was the poor dear girl looking?"

"I saw Sister Constanje the Beghyn, in whom I should have been much puzzled to trace a single lineament of your former ward," replied Lord Buckhurst, looking as dull and dry as the plaster-cast of a philosopher covered with dust, at the top of a book-case.

"And yet so little altered in reality," cried Mauley, "that, after all her experience of your indifference, or rather of your devotion to another, she has actually empowered me to draw out a deed of gift, and secure a portion of her estate to the value of sixty thousand pounds, in order to——"

"Mr. Rouseham!"—announced the pursy butler, throwing open the door for the admission of a little consequential atom of a man, who looked like a Lilliputian strayed into Brobdignag.

"One of the first men of the day,—an intelligence of very superior order," whispered Mauley, in a tone of solemn confidence, to his guest, hastening forward to meet the new-comer; who, insignificant as he was, affected to step down from a pedestal to the level of the company.

Lord Buckhurst heartily wished him upon it again,—in Westminster Abbey,—or the Tribune of Florence,—no matter where it might be his ambition to be set up;—so eager was he to be taken off the tenter-hooks on which his inexplicit friend had suspended him.—There was no hope, however!—A Mr. Higgin-

bottom now arrived, whom Mauley whispered aside to Lord Buckhurst to be a mirror of Atticism,—the finest scholar of the day;—and a minute afterwards, an individual shouldered his way into the room, who, from his uncouth, ungainly appearance, seemed to have been made by the carpenter. From his saturnine air, the experienced man of the world decided this to be the wag of the party. Nor was he mistaken.—Mr. Sylvanus Cox was the great original of half the stereotyped jokes of lesser London.

Lady Mauley, too, now occupied her fitting position on the sofa, instantly producing a fusion in the little circle, such as the emollient presence of a woman never fails to create. No chance, therefore, of another confidential word from his host, already deep in oriental politics with Mr. Rouseham, who denounced in such a menacing tone the faultiness of our foreign policy in general, and that of the east in particular, that small as he was, all present seemed to feel it lucky for Downing-street that a parish or two intervened between it and Russell-square.

After the turbulent exposition of the little great man's opinions, or rather delivery of his judgment, Lord Buckhurst, however pre-engrossed by his personal interests, could not refrain from a smile at the little thread of a voice in which the prodigious Mr. Higginbottom piped forth his prolix rejoinder, which sounded as though it proceeded from a linnet perched on his own colossal shoulder. It was like the tenth century pretending to argue with the twentieth; so thoroughly was Rouseham a man of the future, and Higginbottom of the past;—the head of the former being stuffed as full of impracticable theories, as the head of the latter with theories thoroughly exploded. Both were human anachronisms;—the Attic from being behind-hand with the century, the Fourierite from being in advance of it.—The intelligence of the one was an effort of memory; of the other, of conjecture.—The one abided in the tombs; the other in the clouds. Higginbottom still adhered to the Aristotelian philosophy; while Rouseham was a human touchstone, on whose credulity had been successively assayed all the bran new opathies and ologies of speculative Europe.

Sylvanus Cox, regarding the happy pair as two of the most advantageous butts of his acquaintance, was overjoyed at the prospect of shewing off their absurdities for the amusement of a fashionable lord;—while the host, the soundest-headed and soundest-hearted man of the party, prevented only by the simplicity of his heart and a certain want of tact arising from the limited nature of his circulation in the world from appearing in society as clever a man as he was an excellent lawyer, extracted what amusement or information he could from all or any of them, as the wise man is ever content to light his candle at that of a fool.

On the sociable table round which the half-dozen persons constituting the party now took their places, an excellent plain

dinner was served,—with an abundance of the best of those generous wines in which the lukewarm English take comfort under the afflictions of their climate;—Lord Buckhurst and the wit being placed on either side the lady of the house, and the political and literary pedants on either side their host.—

Thwarted in his hopes of obtaining fuller intelligence concerning the fair Beghyn, Lord Buckhurst took his revenge in surly silence; assuming much the abhorrent air that Louis XIV. must have worn when, in a fit of gallant condescension, one day at Neuilly, he permitted the Princesse de Conti and the Duchesse de Bourbon to send to the guard-house for pipes and tobacco, to try their skill at smoking; and, with his well-known hatred of unsavoury odours, sat by, in his royal pomp, inhaling the fumes of pigtail *dernière qualité*.—The wit of Sidney Smith or Rogers, would not have spurred him to a retort.—

Rouseham, who was one of the education-mad, had already opened his batteries in defence of his system.

“For my part,” Higginbottom ventured to observe, in reply to one of the petulant outbursts of the little enurgumen, his rival, “I confess it creates only a feeling of weariness and anxiety in my mind, when forced to contemplate the passing time as a field to be planted exclusively with oaks and alocs, to flourish a hundred years hence!—How is a man to find leisure for the cultivation of his own intellects, while perpetually busying himself about those of his great grand-children?”—

“Pho, pho, pho!”—interposed Sylvanus Cox. “The intellects of *some* men require *no* cultivation! Rouseham, for instance, was born F.R.S.,—like Minerva starting armed *cap-à-pie* from the brain of Jupiter!—Rouseham can afford to busy himself with the endowments of an auxiliary London university at Hong Kong.”

“An humbler man than myself may be permitted to fling his pebble on the cairn of Ignorance, upon whose summit is about to be erected the grand Temple of Universal Civilization,” observed Rouseham, fancying the scoffer in earnest.—“Let each of us do as much, and the grand pyramid will be accomplished. It was only yesterday, sirs, I received the thanks of my learned friend Dr. Anacharsis Squashimus, of New York, for the aid I have been able to lend in London to the promulgation of his admirable new system for the gradual emblanchment of the various coloured races of mankind; by the institution of model villages on the coasts of Africa with premiums for parti-coloured marriages, and annual prizes for the production of mulatto children in the first generation, quadroons in the second; and so forth. According to Dr. Anacharsis Squashimus’s comprehensive calculations, it would require only one hundred and fifty years to extinguish the negro creation from the surface of the globe!”—

“Scouring out the blacks like blots from a careless copy!”

cried Sylvanus Cox.—“Bravissimo!—Dr. Squashimus’s system reminds me of the theory of beatitudes of a French novelist,—who believes in a succession of spheres; and that in the nearest next world to this, the happy couples of our own will be absorbed into one, which, finding a sympathetic self, in the following sphere, will become again absorbed; so that by the time each of us attains the sixth sphere, he will have become the sixty-fourth part of an angel; and so forth,—till the apex of the absorbent pyramid attains the feet of the divinity!—Think of the ineffable joys of the sphere of spheres, where one subsides into the infinitesimal portion of a sentient entity!”—

This was merely a tub thrown out for the benefit of that great whale, Hicroglyphic Rouseham.—But Lady Mauley looked grave, and the discussion re-subsided to earth.—

“It strikes me,” resumed the mild-voiced Patagonian, while the speculative philosopher was gravely ruminating on the Coxian theory of absorption, “that so far from deriving any present amelioration or aggrandizement from the far-sighted wisdom of the century, we are sensibly retrograding, in all that concerns letters and the arts.—The roaring of the furnace and bubbling of the crucible, seem to have superseded politer sounds; and in our zeal for Science, we reduce ourselves to the condition of the Cyclops.”—

Mr. Sylvanus Cox muttered some allusion to his eye, not intended to reach articulately so far as his noble opposite neighbour.

“I can scarcely imagine, my dear Higginbottom, what you would have!”—observed the lawyer, who was now carving a saddle of mutton with a degree of dexterity which a royal seneschal or the head waiter of a *table d’hôte* might have envied.—“We have singing for the million,—we have schools of design for the million,—we have new universities,—academies,—associations,—art-unions,—all for the million!”—

“The very thing I complain of!”—piped Higginbottom, peevishly.—“The field is over-cultivated.—As the influence of religion is observed to decline under the ascendancy of its priestly establishments, art is becoming extinguished under the false excitements created by predominant institutions.—The old masters painted and composed nobly, without the aid of any such stimulants; and while we perpetually belabour our contemporaries with the phrase of ‘working for posterity,’ I am convinced that one of the great correctives of the grander schools, was that they thought only of working for their contemporaries. There was not a painting extant in Raphael’s or Titian’s time, capable of inspiring them with a hope of commanding at the end of four centuries, twice the admiration they commanded in their born days. But the immediate return of fame and reward excited their genius to the utmost; whereas posterity is an equivocal tribunal, whose decrees must always be

conjectural, and whose applause the vanity of human nature fancies itself to have bespoken."—

"A man must be fool-hardy, indeed, who, now-a-days, so abuses himself!" cried Rousham. "*Who* can anticipate, even for a year, the virescence of his laurels?—At the prodigious rate of progress the Intelligence of Man has attained, a discovery of to-morrow, sir, may supersede the finest discovery of to-day.—Who now despairs of reaching the antipodes,—or the moon,—or the depths of the ocean?—Marvels quite as wondrous have been accomplished in our times."—

✱ "Aërial carriages, tunnels, and diving-bells have certainly conveyed us the first stage!"—said Mauley, with a smile.—"I say nothing of balloons, which seem to have subsided into an old-fashioned invention of the last century. But it strikes me that, in its progress up hill, a vehicle is sometimes in want of a pike-staff to rest upon!"—

"If these new inventions had any moral purpose," observed the classic Higginbottom, "I could be content to see the world close its books and shut up its study as determinedly as it has done, in order to betake itself to the laboratory and the experimental. But all is whim-wham, and the pit is bottomless. We are not the better or the wiser for travelling thirty miles an hour; nor have all the Professors' chairs ever instituted brought us two crops a-year, or so much as lowered the price of potatoes! What *I* call a valuable effort of the human mind is that which either ameliorates the condition of our fellow-creatures, or inspires them with philosophy to support it."

"A truism worthy of the portico!" cried Sylvanus Cox, gravely.

"But the fact is," resumed Higginbottom, "all these struggles after discovery are the result of rapacity. Though not the golden age, this an age of gold. If we do not waste our lives in searching after the philosopher's stone, the labours of modern literature, art, and science have no other aim or object than the acquirement of means to maintain a place among the flutterers of the day, and vie with the ennobled Jews, who are the viceroyes of modern Europe. The painter produces such pictures as will *sell*,—the sculptor such statues as will *sell*,—the horticulturist such flowers as will *sell*;—nay, the man of letters,—the poet,—the dramatist,—is intent only upon works that will *SELL*! While indulging in the dream of working for posterity, we study only the whims of the vulgar Millionaires, whom the golden speculations created by our colonial resources are constantly stranding like whales upon our shores."

"*Very* like a whale!" muttered Sylvanus Cox, perceiving that, throughout the discussion, Lord Buckhurst had been engaged in conversation with Lady Mauley.

"And what effect do these saleable prettinesses, I ask you, produce upon the popular mind?" piped Higginbottom. "Fritter

its tastes to a still lower standard of degradation! After contemplating one of the grand designs of Caravaggio or Guercino, our notions of human nature become amplified. Whereas all these namby-pambyisms of annuals and vignettes,—all this squandering of intellect upon periodical literature——”

“ Mere arabesques, sir,—mere meaningless embellishments of the grander objects and pursuits of the century!” interrupted Rouseham, galled out of all patience by the prolixity of his antagonist. “ The age we live in, sir, has projects in hand which do not admit of that idolatry of art which can exist only in the inert and enervate condition of a country.”

“ Nevertheless, the great masters of Italy lived in stirring times!” interposed Mauley.

“ For my part, I look upon the fine arts and the vices of society as the product of the same luxurious idleness,” cried Rouseham. “ Were the same powers of mind that produce an historical picture applied to any available purpose, Hans Holbein might have been a Fust,—Rubens, a Copernicus,—Kneller, a Newton,—Sir Joshua, a Watt,—and Wilkie, a Davy! But, thank Heaven, the misapplication of talent is nearly at an end! Machinery, sir—machinery will soon supersede all such waste of intellect. Wood is already admirably carved by mechanism; marble will follow. Photographic portraits and Daguerreotypes are beginning to content the aldermen’s wives; and now that the million can sing for their own amusement, they are becoming less frantic after concerts and oratorios. Mechanical organs are adopted in all but cathedral towns, in place of organists; and very soon, everything of that kind will be accomplished by wheels and cylinders!”

“ Even arguments!”—added Sylvanus Cox, gravely, who, towards the close of the little man’s noisy harangue, had observed, *sotto voce*, for the benefit of Lord Buckhurst, as Diogenes used to observe under similar circumstances—“ γῆν ὥρᾳ ”—“ I sec land.” “ I do not despair of beholding a high-pressure debate carried on in parliament, while the honourable members are more than usually fast asleep on their benches!”

Lord Buckhurst, who, to conceal his utter want of sympathy with the disputants, had devoted himself throughout dinner to the amusement of Lady Mauley, with a sedulousness that would have been a virtue in a party of twenty but was a vice in a party of six, felt strangely relieved when, during the placing of dessert upon table, seats were ominously interposed between those of the host and hostess and their guests, for the use of the only cherubs to whom seats are available; and he perceived that a savage custom he had read of in books prevailed in the house of Mauley, of serving up the children with the ice and Savoy cakes. It was a choice of evils. But any species of prattle was preferable to the rigmarole of the modern mystics around him; which, as “ true no meaning puzzles more than wit,” he did not even trouble

himself to unravel. In his capacity of the kindest and most indulgent of fathers, Mauley assumed a far nobler position in his eyes than as the Mæcenas of the St. Pancras philosophers.

On the other hand, by a gracious administration of dried cherries to one of the bright-eyed mermaids he had observed at the play, and a question or two to the other concerning the piece they had been supposed to see together, Lord Buckhurst not only obtained his pardon from both parents for his apathy during dinner, but determined Mauley to qualify the remarks he had premeditated concerning the infatuation of Apollonia.

"On second thoughts," said he, when, as they were taking coffee together, his noble guest reverted to the subject, "I do not feel justified in betraying the poor girl's weakness without her further sanction. Clearly discerning *her* object in the donation, I frankly own that I have written to remonstrate; representing to her that her intentions savour more of the flightiness of a Lady Rachel Lawrance than of a self-controlling Christian. For, after all, how can she be assured that an increase of fortune would promote the happiness of poor Gatty?—My wife, whose intentions are better than her judgment in such matters, probably created such an impression on her mind. At all events, the kindness being intended towards yourself, it was to yourself it had better have been secured."

"However," added Sir Thomas, interrupting himself on seeing Sylvanus Cox shouldering his way towards them, charged to the muzzle with a joke, "I have made up my mind not to disclose the secret even to Emma, till I receive a reply from our poor dear Beghyn; and must therefore not only decline answering further questions, but exact the same discretion, my dear lord, of yourself."

The following day, Lord Buckhurst was on his road into Wilts. —He was in hopes of having stolen a march upon the alligator!

STANZAS.

BY MISS SKELTON.

"*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!*"

THEY ask if I remember *thee*!—
Thou, who wast more than life to me—
Thou, whose dark locks and eyes of light
Are still before my waking sight—
Thou, whose soft voice and accents deep
Still haunt me in mine hours of sleep!

Not mine the tears that quickly flow,
Nor mine the voice of ready woe,
But deep within my silent breast
It burns, and feeds its own unrest,
Shadowing with its profound despair,
All things that should be bright and fair.

Within this world of many woes,
One flower for me in beauty rose—

One star of tender radiance shone—
That flower is crush'd, that light is gone;
All others beam in vain for me—
In darkness I remember thee.

Love never can be mine again,
But mem'ry I must still retain;
She brings me back thy face so fair—
Those laughing eyes, that waving hair—
And breathes in my delighted ear,
Tones that I never more shall hear.

Yet is my heart too high and proud
To bare itself before the crowd—
The world hath taught me to conceal
What thou alone couldst bid me feel;
And nothing it could give can be
Dear as these memories of *thee*!

A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

It is recorded that when Sir Walter Scott was a lad of fifteen, he saw Burns. "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*," are his own words. Much more fortunate was Andrew Horner, who spent an evening in the poet's company, and—must I tell it?—then and there imbibed so much liquid, rather stronger than spring-water, that his head ached sorely the next morning.

Between fifty and sixty years ago, there flourished a worthy, in the city of Carlisle, who—bless the mark!—was smitten with the desire of fame; and not content with the dim and distant prospect of obtaining it by his humble occupation as a vendor of linen, adventurously fixed his glance on no less a mark than that pedestal whereon, "with a pencil of light," Renown has inscribed the names of the illustrious who have written themselves into earthly immortality.

Andrew Horner was the name of the wight who (in his own estimation) was worthy to break a lance with those proud heirs of fame who have gained the world's admiration. It is for antiquaries to ascertain what relation he bore to the renowned hero of the nursery-rhymes—he who eat his Christmas pie snugly "in a corner," and, (lucky dog!) had the good fortune to "pull out a plum" every now and then.

Leaving that question to the research of the Dryasdusts, let us continue our story.—Andrew Horner had reached the sage age of threescore, ere he had fully made up his mind in what manner he should astonish the public. He determined, at last, to "witch the world with noble"—*not* horsemanship, but rhymes. Like many men, before, in, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the wish for the power to write. Thus do we constantly see practical illustrations of the frog trying to swell to the size of the lordly bison, and thus have we been afflicted with manifold imitations of the better brethren of the quill—the Scotts, the Bulwers, the Levers, the Ainsworths, the Dickensses, the Jameses,—in which, like the Chinese artists, the copyists give every defect with remarkable fidelity, but invariably contrive *not* to give the grace, the expression, and the freshness which breathe life into the originals!

Sundry quires of what he courteously and complacently called poetry, were written by Mr. Horner. These he read to such of his customers as he could prevail upon to listen. When he lacked this "audience, fit though few," he was wont to read his effusions aloud, *ore rotundo*, for his own edification; and, if he was in a particularly pleasant and placid vein, he would send for a neighbour, who had brightened his intellect by making the tour of England—as candle-snuffer and bill-sticker for sundry theatrical and erratic companies—and bribe him, with a gill of whisky or a mutchin of ale, to listen to the mellifluous rhymes which their author monotonously poured out—like a child pouring a thin stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel. Andrew Horner's *amour propre* would be gratified, ever and anon (between gulps), with such interjectional remarks, as "Gude—vera gude!"—"Real fine rhymes!"—"Excellent!—ma faith, Shakspeare

ne'er wrote sick po'try as that!" But, by the time the fluids were disposed of, the listener usually fell into a calm sleep. Whatever other merits or demerits they possessed, it was pretty obvious that Mr. Andrew Horner's rhymes were of a *composing* nature;—the art of writing such has not died with him.

The proverb which tells us that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is equally true when applied to poets. The good people of Carlisle have never been *too* discerning, and, indeed, it is rather a recommendation than otherwise for a man, among them, to be somewhat of a dullard. They were as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are in 1843, or as they have been in any year of grace since Paley cast too much light upon their mental obscurity. Is it wonderful, then, that Horner shared the common doom?—that he gained, at best, the dubious distinction of being sneered at as a half-witted rhymester, or positively condemned for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses?

How could a soul like his be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the dull city of Carlisle? What more natural than that,

"Aspiring upwards—like a star,"

it should seek a more extended range—a wider sphere of action. What more obvious than that this should be gained by the then important, but now common step—publication!

Andrew Horner read his own poems for the thousandth time,—worked himself once more, and for ever, *out* of his lingering doubts and *into* the heart of his old conviction, that they were truly exquisite, and then magnanimously resolved to—print them.

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of the time, that Henri the Fourth of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the mayor and corporation, with a right loyal address—that is, an address in which the reigning monarch is told, even as his predecessors were told, in the most sycophantic terms, that he is all but a God upon earth; "next door to a cherubim," in short, like Master Wackford Squeers. "May it please your most august and sacred majesty," added the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we would have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons:—the first is, your majesty, we have not got any cannon——" "That will do," hastily interrupted the king, as he gave spur and rein to his charger, "I excuse the remaining sixteen reasons." In like manner—oh, gentlest of all gentle readers—could we enumerate a great variety of circumstances which, unfortunately, prevented Andrew Horner's having his book printed at Carlisle. The first was that, in the year 1785, there actually was not a printing-office in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will "excuse the other sixteen reasons."

The nearest place, at that time, where he could have his book creditably brought out, was the good city of Glasgow—then, as now, famous for the punch-making and punch-bibbing powers of its worthy inhabitants.

To Glasgow, therefore, Andrew went. It was quite "the poet's pilgrimage." There he speedily learned that the expense of printing and publishing was no trifle; but, then, what was a little money—nay,

what was a great deal of it, in the balance against his immortal fame! Although not actually a Scot by birth, our friend was "too far north" to close any bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or, as he would say, "hanging betwixt and between." His mind was too enlarged to be made up, like a travelling-bag or a prescription, "at a moment's notice;" he had to consider, on his way back to Carlisle, what number of copies it would be proper to print. On the moderate calculation that there certainly must be at least *one* lover of poetry in every parish in England and Scotland, (to say nothing of that part of the kingdom called Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,) his original idea was for a small impression of—ten thousand copies. The more prudent bookseller recommended the *maximum* to be a paltry five hundred, and, when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well, perhaps, not to venture upon thousands until the sale of hundreds would furnish the means of paying expenses.

Andrew Horner—like an Indiaman from Calcutta, or Barney Rior-dan, when he met the American liner far out at sea—was "homeward bound" when he came to the principal hostelry in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Moss-giel, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this anecdote, and where, if *he* lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, and flashing stream—flowed to his pen, from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a detour to the west as Ayr—some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies, sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that oddity (copper-gilt) may be mistaken for the sterling metal of originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785, when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room of the inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass and joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, exactly "in the nick of time." Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to the inn-usage "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and, by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

We may take it for granted that, what Mr. Carlyle would call "the remarkablest" justice, was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the chairman gave "the king." It was Andrew's turn next; and, in the customary routine, he should have given "the queen and royal family;" but, much to the surprise and amusement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech "*de omnibus rebus*" (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean a rebus in an omnibus, as we once heard a blue-stocking translate it!)—branching off to London politics and Cumberland potatoes—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-minister of that day, and Lord Thurlow's gracious manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing and Irish linen; and, by a nice gradation, introducing a lengthy eulogy of the British poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.

The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant *penchant* for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than the chairman—with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but his self-satisfied and unconscious butt, intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character whose society they were then fortunately enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed “The Poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative.”

Such a toast could only be drank “with all the honours”—an infliction which invariably makes me envy a deaf man. Horner, of course, responded, as best he could. His speech would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, but that the orator had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks—the unusual excitement having much augmented his natural infirmity—and though he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like Chateaubriand, Buckingham, Francis Ainsworth, or any other traveller to far climes—it went a great way.

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted, Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire), and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts from what he loved to call his “poetic poems.” Much mock applause followed this exhibition, and more than ever did he believe that *he* was predestined to revive fine poetry in the land.

To carry on the joke yet further, and “fool him to the top of his bent,” a critical dispute was commenced as to the relative merits of each poem which the company had heard. At last, one gentleman hinted, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a *very* mighty bard as they imagined. Horner’s mettle was up immediately, and, with as much warmth as modesty, he defended himself. His opponent affected to be yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew’s indignation by exclaiming, “Tut, mon! there’s a lad near by wha wud mak mair pomes in a day than yoursel’ cud compose, as ye call it, in a month o’ Sundays!”

Extremely indignant at this imputation on his bardship, Andrew rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic strength between Andrew Horner and this “lad near by,” who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It must be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted to our readers, in the “most private and confidential” manner imaginable—that as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as hastily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that night, as it now was waxing late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at dawn of day, and thus gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

But his companions well knew—what he, alas! did not—that the Ayr freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought was then actually in the house with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the “brethren of the mystic tie.” They called him out, briefly explained the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and had no difficulty in persuading him to enter the lists against the Carlisle bardling.

The stranger-poet entered the room, and Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man. At that time, his age was about some six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous rather than robust. He was well made, and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size; but a slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy, indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. But his face was any thing but common; in repose, it had the contemplative, melancholy look which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke, (often with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark,) there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius, in his aspect and its expression such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was particularly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke with feeling or interest. When conversation excited him, as it often did, they kindled up until they all but lightened.

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of his Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time, indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. In a short time after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced,—how did that country reward his genius!

He readily joined in the conversation, and did not allow the cup to pace the table "like a cripple," to use one of Christopher North's memorable expressions. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that, whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who achieve greatness without "the dust of the schools," making cobwebs in their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have had to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed the Ayrshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive that, either for stinging satire or touching pathos, these lyrics were inimitable.

Having sate with them for some time, he made a shew of retiring, when they insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided, by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied he was actually afraid to enter into the competition, so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger,

in the exulting tone and manner of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honour, be declined; and, with apparent and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so I mak' that the commencemen'."

He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass.

At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper, were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *vivâ voce*:—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,
The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But, shortly after, changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to be offended with its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set to for a night's revelry with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth-rug, in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymester—then, literally, a *carpet* knight—the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a great poet yet!"

Answer, O nations, whether the prediction was fulfilled? In a few months after, a volume of poems was published from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock—the author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type. But the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. His genius and his fate have become "at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland." That author was the same who, in a sportive mood, made an epigram upon poor Andrew Horner. His name was—ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE AND A LICENCE.

A Tale of Pudding-lane.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," "THE SOLITARY," ETC.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE never, since marriage was counted respectable,
 Lived a couple, to Hymen more truly delectable,
 Than were Gregory Newman and she he call'd *uxor* ;—
 In him she was blest, ma'am, and he was in luck, sir ;
 (If that line is abrupt and obscure, I indeed err
 Not to state 'tis address'd to both sexes of reader ;)
 Well, so fitted were they to each other, so pat
 In their likes and dislikes of this, t'other, and that ;
 In short, so harmonious, so complaisant, (which is,
 The Dunmow folks tell me, the way to gain fitches,)
 That domestic felicity, which had long brooding lain,
 Caught light from their fire, and pervaded all Pudding-lane.

Our Newman was wealthy ; nor need it surprise,
 That a merchant of oranges gets the supplies ;
 And when profits accrue and are duly invested,
 And trade goes on well as it e'er at the best did,
 Then will fortune, thus foster'd, comparison suit
 With the orange-tree, bearing both blossom and fruit.
 (An old image, but 'faith, I was sadly put to't,
 To see if I couldn't, by hook or crook, get tick,
 Like my betters, for being a trifle poetic.)

Now fortunes, 'tis known, may be squander'd or hoarded,
 As one man may be silly, another be sordid ;
 And when an old miser dies, very few care
 Should his cash be misspent by the profligate heir ;
 Who knows whence 'twas got ? when 'tis gone, who asks where ?
 But Newman was none of your soulless collectors
 Of money, who puzzle our moral dissectors,
 And who, when these surgeons with scalpel and canterly,
 Have slash'd every limb, and have burnt every artery,
 Skip off from the board, each base self-seeking chap, and
 Walk off to the Bank as though nothing had happen'd.

No ; Gregory Newman was one of those cits,
 Who could bear losses firmly, could chuckle o'er hits,
 Could "sell and repent," could cry "done," or cry "quits ;"
 An excellent cit, who had always been able,
 To keep a good heart, steady friends, and a table,
 Which though it might groan with haunch, baron, or sirloin—
 Had guests ever round it whose mirth nought could purloin ;
 Wherefore, if he got rich, 'twas by fair honest dealing,
 Left and right hand as true as the floor to the ceiling ;
 By a liberal conduct in every relation ;—
 And his wealth—not to make any more botheration—
 Which he'd gain'd in the lane that runs down towards the water,
 He intended to leave to Miss Harriot his daughter.

Miss Harriot—I'm sorry I can't wield the pencil
 To give you a sketch of her—was in no sense ill-
 Regarded by those, who best knew, from long seeing,
 The head and heart points of her rational being.
 By these she was said to be clever, and this stress
 I must lay, she'd had a most worthy schoolmistress,
 Who taught her to twirl round the globe called celestial,
 'Till she learn'd that the great bear was not really bestial ;

Urged her on in geography, coursing through maps,
 Till she knew (how that study attention entraps!)
 That the Isle of Wight Newport, was not Newport Pagnell;
 These, with wading through Murray, and Pinnock, and Magnall,
 Music, dancing, and *Telemaque*, written by Fenelon,
 Form'd a girl with resources to cheer her up when alone.

Is this all I can say of her? No; there's much more
 Had I space, but my limits forbid; yet, encore—
 (Encore with "the gods," and ye high powers, I duck to ye,
 Means not "that song again," but "another, good luck to ye;")
 So, once more—our young Harriet could sew like the "Missis"
 Of that cunning old Greek, whom she thought gloomy Dis's
 Long before he came home, and whose name was Ulysses.
 She was lovely as Tasso's Erminia, (tame girl in Hoole!)
 Could paint roses on velvet, and work cats in Berlin wool;
 Could dress with some taste, knit a purse to a rarity;
 And, what's better, could open it freely to charity;
 Had an aspect a painter were troubled to limn,
 With a bright eye which, tearful, was tenderly dim;
 Vain a *leelle*—not proud—had some art, but more nature,—
 In short, was a very good loveable creature.

'Tis sad—but the thing is so commonly done,
 That reflection upon it 's as well let alone—
 When a father, in all other matters affectionate,
 Thinks his daughter must love, or at his cool direction hate,
 Just the man he points out; and if Miss raise an—"O, papa!"
 She's told with a base roar, she'll soon find she's no papa;
 And can no more be heard, while fierce lightning his eye shoots,
 Than a linnnet would be in that grim scene of Freischutz.
 'Tis sad, did I say, and our thoughts must eschew it—
 'Tis atrocious; and he who would callously do it,
 Is a wretch; but my feelings aroused I'm afraid of—
 But I'd like to ask Buckland what clay that man's made of?

For who, though a parent, dare make sure of Hickson,
 When his daughter has set heart and soul upon Dixon?
 Or insist upon close-fisted Bainbridge or Metcalfe,
 If the girl loves a prodigal great as e'er ate calf?
 No; just in the ratio a daughter is beautiful,
 Is she in love-matters averse from the dutiful.
 'Tis in vain the old gentleman cries up stiff suitors,
 Who've been brought up so well that they look like their tutors;
 Young rigid disciples of Gresham and Cocker,
 With faces that frighten, and speeches that shock her;
 Expounders of "main chance," of prudence upholders;
 In brief, those "nice" youths with old heads on young shoulders.
 Miss endures not the bean, should he chance "take her out,"
 Whose old head condemns what his heels are about;
 Who at play, or at party, of pleasure would rob her—viz.,
 By constantly shaking that plaguy wise nob of his;
 Still less can she bear this prim thing of formalities,
 If she loves some one else, though without his good qualities—
 Some handsome young fellow who, when he first sees her,
 Makes known that her eye to his heart is a teaser;
 Who, at every fresh meeting looks paler and paler,
 With a face grown as long as the bill of his tailor.
 What though he be poor, (vulgo, hasn't the "tin,")
 Just look at "the tip" on his classical chin;
 Though ten times his income, as sure as Old Scratch he owes,
 Yet, what eyes! what a figure! what loves of mustachios!

Thus, love, wise or not, thinks its own is the true man;
 And this brings us back to our worthy friend Newman,

Who, though not the dad whom above we've been trouncing,
 Was yet very partial to prose and pronouncing ;
 Talk'd of "men to his mind," "a fair match," and the rest ;
 Thought—but wasn't quite sure, that he ought to know best ;
 Hinted Dykes—his high qualities, prospects, and then,
 Bade his daughter obey, and consult Mrs. N.,
 Whereas, Smith—poor dear Smith ! but she wish'd not to marry yet,
 So she said, (what a fib !) was the man for our Harriet.

Mr. Priminheere Dykes—the sole son of his father,
 Was a very good youth, and was good-looking, rather ;
 But so tall and so thin, that bold girls oft would slaughter
 His feelings, (O, shame on each Billingsgate daughter !)
 By likening him unto a "yard of pump-water."
 And, inspired by the comic muse, boys in a high key,
 Would remark, "there's a lamp-post a toddlin', oh, crikey !"
 These scoffs, hard to bear by the best and the wisest,
 As we've hinted, he did not enjoy with a high zest.
 No ; they superinduced such devotion to business,
 That, if ever solemnity harbour'd in phiz, in his
 It dwelt, and with such a grave sadness, that people
 Thought they saw at once in him a parson and steeple.
 But business he did not permit to engross
 His whole time, to his mind and his intellect's loss.
 No ; twice a week Prudence cried out to him, "hie hence
 To the Pallas—that hall of *belles lettres* and science ;
 There, rising superior to ignorant asses,
 Learn the gift of the gab, and the nature of gases ;
 Pry into retorts and cylindrical glasses,
 And enlist yourself pupil in each of the classes ;
 Hear the learned professor, whose hair's so well curl'd,
 That 'twould not stand on end at an end to the world,
 With a shirt snowy white, to be soil'd by a speck loth,
 And a stiff stand-up collar, and well got-up neckcloth.
 Hear him hold forth, I say," (so said Prudence,) "and profit ;"
 And he did so—I wish him the benefit of it.

Nor was this all : his mind and his soul to recruit,
 He made his occasional solace his flute ;
 But not much at a sitting—his lungs were too tender ;
 For Shakspeare was wrong—"Flute" is no "bellows-mender ;"
 And sometimes dropt in upon Newman, (who hail'd him
 As a listener, whose pow'r of endurance ne'er fail'd him,)
 There to utter at intervals, not loud but deep sighs,
 And out of a calf's head, as Swift says, cast sheeps' eyes ;
 There to drink draughts of love, and to nourish his body
 With draughts of his host's super-excellent toddy,
 Till sometimes he felt as though, raised by these stocks o' gin,
 A learned professor had fill'd him with oxygen.

What a pity it was (yet, confusion betide him !
 'Twas in part his own fault) Harriet couldn't abide him.
 He was really a good-natured fellow, inclined
 To make any girl happy he found of a mind
 To take him for better, for worse, goods and chattels ;
 (How good Mrs. Ellis of men like these prattles !)
 But young Dykes was at all times, though topics were plenty,
 "*Egregia mortalem altique silenti ;*"
 Like one on each subject compell'd to stand neuter,
 Or a mute from a door brought up-stairs to be muter,
 The very worst fault can pertain to a suitor.
 And 'twas fatal to Priminheere Dykes's cause, *sith*
 No Trappist was gay Maximilian Smith.
 A good-looking young fellow, as ever with stalk,
 Paraded high heels on the Custom House walk ;

As ever with whisper, so secret and dear,
 Just flutter'd the curl at a young lady's ear;
 As e'er with assurance, which some call audacity,
 Made love perfectly clear to the meanest capacity.
 He was poor (and the fact he was often remarking)
 As the poorest church mouse within All-hallows, Barking;
 But the temple of Hymen, he ventured to hint,
 Was a building by no means attach'd to the mint,
 Nor was love a vile cad of the omnibus rank,
 Bawling out through life's thoroughfare nought but "Bank! Bank!"

This was all very well; but Smith just as well knew,
 Though the daughter might say, "to be sure," "that's quite true,"
 With her father such reasoning by no means would do;
 So, though Newman's acquaintance might be vastly pleasant,
 'Twas a pleasure he thought fit to waive for the present.
 Avoiding the chance of a fatherly *skrimmage*,
 He contented himself by impressing his image,
 On the heart of Miss Harriet at meetings clandestine,
 Array'd in such garb as he thought he look'd best in.

Moons on moons roll'd away (I'm not certain, but there are,
 I think, words like these in the poem of "Lara");
 During which, in a manner that no one much likes,
 When the theme doesn't please, Newman spoke of young Dykes;
 And so often his merits and virtues ran o'er,
 That he made himself really a bit of a bore.

Stifling every objection with "Fiddle-de-dee, Miss;
 "You *shall* have him;" "I *will* be obey'd;" "Don't tell *me*, Miss;"
 Till Harriet's hopes were at last *in extremis*;
 And she hated poor Priminheere, grimmest of grim men!
 With a bitterness passing the hatred of women,
 And care and disease lodged her once rosy cheek in,
 And her mother discover'd the dear child was "peaking,"
 Took her husband to task (though she really liked Priminheere),
 And said, "Newman, you must not attempt to bring him in here,
 If he makes the girl ill; and I wonder you can see
 So much in the lad—it is merely your fancy.
 And you, really—now, Gregory, don't be pigheaded—
 You really quite tease her about being wedded;
 And she's ill, as it is—a fine thing, when one is sick,
 For Tomkins—that man does *so* throw in the physic."
 This, and much more she urged, with a proper infusion
 Of "dears" and "come now's," though a startling allusion
 Escaped the good wife, when she said, in conclusion
 (And this was well-timed his best feelings to call up),
 "That the girl, on Death's pale horse, would be off at full gallop,
 If he didn't his own furious hobby-horse baffle,
 By riding the obstinate beast with a snaffle."

All this had its effect, though 'twas first "Pshaw!" and "Stuff!"
 Yet soon he saw reason to cry, "True enough!"
 Threw his arms round his helpmate, and "murder'd her ruff."
 (I mean,—not to quote from our sweet swan of Avon,—
 He "tumbled" the kerchief his wife chanced to have on;)
 Swore by powers mysterious (such as "jingo" and "goles,")
 That he loved his girl's happiness dear as his soul's;
 That she should not have Prim (so they call'd him for brevity),
 Though the lad was a rare one, without that vile levity,
 Which disgraces the young men "of these times" and "this age,"
 If her heart was not won by his virtues and visage.

THE TOMBS OF THE EAST.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE social attentions paid by the multitude to the graves of their relatives or friends, as portrayed in the more humble tombs characteristic of a country, as well as the respect or gratitude of a nation ambitiously manifested in those gorgeous structures, which more generally attract the attention of travellers, are equally worthy of philosophical contemplation, whether as indicative of the state of art, or of the direction of thought, among people differing in modes of feeling and action from what we are familiar with.

Viewed simply as to their architectural merits, the tombs of the Mohammedans are not only inferior to what are met with in the Christian world, but also in many respects to the more ancient pagan sepulchral monuments, which are scattered over the same countries; but, viewed in relation to the direction given to thought, in their objects and positioning, and the associations which are made as it were to invest and encompass them, they present much that is deeply interesting, and which fully entitles the country of Islamism to the distinction it has long obtained, of being the land of poetry in sepulchres. There is indeed, generally speaking, more of truth and morality, and consequently of poetry, which should always be truth and morality, in the position and associations of a tomb in the east, as well as in its faithfully observed sanctity of isolation, than in the west; and while the elementary style and forms have never assumed the development which so peculiarly belongs to Christian architecture, it is impossible not to see in that style a step in the progress of the human mind, led as it was by Muhammedanism as well as by Christianity, to the knowledge of one God, but stopping short at that imperfect revelation, and remaining like the idea itself, without ever making an additional step towards that architectural perfection which is presented to us in the consummate beauty of conception and execution of those religious structures which have been justly characterized as significant of the new hopes and aspirations that opened upon the mind with the dawn of Christianity.

The sepulchres of the Osmanli Sultans stand first among the oriental mausoleums, and yet they are rather houses of the dead than tombs, properly speaking. The original after which they are built is the common oriental Kumbet, or dome, to be described hereafter; but the supporting walls are either circularly disposed, or polyhedral, having six or eight faces, with windows and gilded frame-works. They are also lofty, well-built, and of good proportions; but the imperial, or Saracenic dome, tapering to the top, and more than usually spread out below, as we see in the great mausoleum at Delhi, is not common in Constantinople, where the forms are Byzantine, or what is now, I believe, called Roman.

These turbehs, as sepulchres of the first class are called, are chiefly within the precincts of the selatins, or royal mosques, and are generally accompanied with prostyle or court and vestibule, only that

instead of columns we have lifeless walls or railings; but the rich carpets and ottomans with which they are adorned in the interior, the colossal wax tapers and lustres suspended from the roof, the splendidly illuminated copies of the Koran on low *prie dieux* for the faithful, and the elegant canopy of silk which covers the dead, surmounted by the head-dress of the period, combine to dispel all feelings of repugnance which might otherwise be experienced in sitting or praying in the same apartment with so many mouldering corpses.

The splendid mosque, called that of Suleïman, at Constantinople, was erected by that monarch as a memorial of the grief experienced for the death of his eldest son, Muhammed. The coffin containing the remains of this prince lies by the side of that of Sultan Selim, on whose tomb is the proud epitaph—"On this day Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Suleïman." The tombs of other sultans are also attached to the various mosques which they constructed or embellished. The tombs of the earlier sultans are at their first seat of power, Brusa; but it is a disputed question if Osman, the founder of the dynasty, lies at Shugút, his first principality, or at the conquest of Orchan. The bones of the second of the dynasty lie in the mosque of Daoud Monasteri, formerly a Byzantine church in the capital of Bithynia, and Bajazet erected a mausoleum of white marble at the same place over the remains of Amurath the First. This unfortunate sultan, who also lies buried in Brusa, is said to have preserved carefully, through the whole course of his life, the dust which, in his expeditions, stuck to his clothes; and in his last hours he conjured the by-standers, with direful imprecations, to make a large brick of it, and place it in his tomb, under his right arm, instead of a cushion, adding, he always regarded the Hadiz, or inspired saying—"If any man's feet have been sprinkled with the dust in the path of the Lord, him will God preserve from hell fire."

The mausoleum of the late reforming sultan, is among the few that are without the precincts of a mosque. It has its court, garden, vestibule, and prostyle, with marble walls, and a richly gilded portal and railings. By the side of the gate are two terrestrial globes, elevated on pedestals, and intended to remind the Osmanlis that their sultan, as Commander of the Faithful, was Emperor of the World.

Passing out of Cairo to the eastward, the traveller is at once in the Desert. No trees—no cultivated fields; not a shrub, nor a blade of grass is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach is a sea of sand. There are no suburbs to this side of the town, as to the eastward of Baghdad, —the sand has extended its desolations to the gates. This dreary region, which seems to abhor vegetation and life, has been appropriately devoted to the dead; and the tombs of more than a thousand years cover this immense space, and have at the distance the appearance of a deserted town. Further in the desert are the sumptuous monuments of the Mamelukes. Quadrangles of twenty, thirty, or forty feet square, built of white marble, and surmounted by chaste and elegant cupolas or domes, or graceful columns, whose light and airy ascent is not interrupted by the weight they support. Still further on are the tombs of the Khalifs, attached, like the tombs of the sultans, to vast mosques with splendid domes and lofty elaborately-ornamented menarehs.

Many superb mosques arise over or near to the tombs of the great and holy men throughout the whole land of Islamism. Such are the mosques of Mecca and Medinah, and those of the Seljukian Sultans of Rum, at Koniych, more especially that of Sultan Ala ad din, the style and decorations of which are very beautiful, and constitute graceful and finished specimens of Saracenic architecture. Near Baghdad is the magnificent mosque of Kazimein, "the two repressors of their wrath," Husein and Ali. Its gilded cupola and tall menarehs of glazed tiles and bricks of various colours, rise above a dense grove of date trees, and, seen from the level plain around, constitute truly splendid objects. The tombs of these prophets of the Shiites or Persians, are, however, at Kerbelah and Kufah. In the tomb of Zobeide, the celebrated wife of Harun al Rashid, near the same city—with its hexagonal walls and pine-apple spire, its pointed horse-shoe arches, its rich tracery and fretwork in the most exquisite taste, beautifully ornamented with arabesques—we have a true specimen of the best forms of the Saracenic, which we find repeated in some of the tombs at Akserai, and in the Mejjid tash, or holy stone, at Changri, a monument of the time of the Eyubite Sultans, the successors of Saladin. The city of the Khalifs still boasts of seven large mosques, attached to the shrines of holy men; but the Selatin, or cathedral mosque of the Khalifs, has been destroyed, with the exception of a curious but rather clumsy menareh.

Next to the turbahs, or tombs of the first class, come the Iman Zadeh's, or sepulchral chapels, in honour of saints, which are very common around all great oriental cities. The original of both the first and second class of these edifices is the same—the simple dome common to all Islamism. There is, or can be, therefore, little architectural pretensions in such buildings. The rows of columns of the early Christian chapels are here totally wanting, and are replaced by a parallelogram of four more or less lofty walls. It is true that there is not the heavy motionless architrave of the Christian edifices, such being supplanted by the arch in its next to highest development of a dome, and thus the principles of the basilica, so frequent in the east, may be said to be reversed; the light and elegant row of columns being replaced by solid walls, while, on the other hand, the heavy architrave of the basilica is converted into a dome; but what is gained by the architrave is more than lost in the rigid, lifeless mass of wall which constitutes the mass of the building. To these imams are often attached lateral buildings, which are made the residence of a dervish, who gains his livelihood by his attendance upon his predecessor, and who will probably be entombed after death where he has been all his life-time. At times, the simple object attended to is a place of prayer, left open before the tomb. This is the most simple form of a sepulchral chapel. It may increase in size till it becomes a mesjid, or mosque, with its regular attached functionaries of mutawelli, or guardian, priest (imam), cryer (muezin), and kayim, or person who sweeps and arranges the carpets, lights the lamps, &c. Such mosques enjoy the right of calling to prayer five times a day, which, having no menarehs, is done from the side of the dome; but they have no prayers on the Friday. Such can only be said by the sheikh, or preacher, in a jami or selatin, where he is assisted by the khatib, who recites the public

profession respecting the unity and the attributes of the Supreme Being.

Generally speaking, these sepulchres and their chapels are more or less ruinous, and frequently entirely neglected and abandoned. It is only when a holy man has had the good fortune to attend to some person's supplications for worldly advantages, that the increase of votive offerings will keep up the original benefice. Many of these imams are buildings of considerable extent, and include chapel, tomb, residences of priests, guardians, and attendants, besides an imaret, or hospital, and house of reception for poor travellers, with courts, gardens, and fountains. These are generally more or less crumbling into ruin, and often half prostrate. There are neither means nor population in the east, for the support of these numerous religious edifices; although when the ladies of a city take a summer's evening walk, it is almost always to the tomb of some holy man; hence those near great cities are most frequented, and present at times a flourishing appearance. Those at a distance are made the objects of visits on particular days, and are called ziyarets, or places of pilgrimage. The tomb sacred to one sect of Muhammedans, is often abominated by an adverse sect; thus, when Timur was at Damascus, he took the opportunity of having the bones of Jezid, founder of the Jezidees, dug up, and the grave filled with manure, to express his contempt for its tenant. The tombs of Christian as well as of Muhammedan saints, are made objects of pilgrimage by the Muhammedans; thus the Mecca Itinerary, a curious guide for the faithful in their journey from Constantinople to Mecca, recommends a visit, when at Antioch, to the tomb of Hazret Simun, the well-known St. Simon, surnamed Stylites by the Byzantines, from his living immovable at the extremity of a pillar. The tombs of the Jewish prophets are universally claimed by the Muhammedans as tombs of their holy men, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac, of Jonah at Nineveh, &c.; and the tombs of many of the Christian prophets and fathers of the church are also made to belong to two creeds. The most remarkable among these monuments are those to the prophet Elias, concerning whom more traditions are current in the east than any other. The Khidr Ilyas, as they are called, are to be met with in every direction—at Angora, at Yaprakli, and in Kurdistan. These monuments are not tombs, according to the Muhammedans, but resting-places. They believe that Elijah, or Elias, never died; and that he is still on earth, where he is to remain until the coming of Jesus Christ. They call him Khidr, or “evergreen,” on account of the everlasting life which he enjoys, and by which he is kept ever in a flourishing condition, in a paradise which they say might be taken for heaven itself. The Turkish poets have many references to the same tradition; and D’Herbelot relates a curious semi-historical legend concerning the same, which we regret is too long to extract. Mr. Rich relates of his having been visited, when resident at Baghdad, by a murid (disciple) of Sultan Hassan, a celebrated dervish, who asserted his having seen and conversed with the prophet Elias, who accompanied him two days on the road.

Of all the numerous pilgrimages in the east, by far the most remarkable is the removal of the dead Persians to the Mesh-ed, or shrines of Ali and Husein. Caravans are constantly passing the Tigris on this



long journey, when the scene presented is revolting to a degree; the coffins are often merely a few planks rudely put together, and have not been able to resist the rough roads across the Persian mountains; the consequence is, that the caravan is followed by such a cloud of ravens and vultures, and so far-spreading a train of jackalls and hyenas, that he must be a hardened man who acts as muleteer to such a funereal convoy. Yet I have seen them attended even by females, with face and body alike wrapped up in mourning, and souls only alive to grief and their last duties.

The next and third class of tombs are the kumbets, or kubera, small quadrangular edifices surmounted by a dome, and the origin from whence, apparently, are derived the *imams* and *turbans*. Edifices of this kind are sometimes pierced by four opposing arches, and in this case, when the structure is lofty and well-proportioned, the effect is very pleasing; sometimes two tombs of the more simple kind are placed in *juxta-position*.

These sepulchral monuments are almost always erected with a view to publicity and picturesque effect combined. They are met with sometimes alone, with no other building of any kind in their neighbourhood, on the sands of the sea-shore; at other times, they occupy a gentle eminence on a plain; then again they are to be seen perched on a peninsula of rock advancing into a river, or on some rude promontory breasting the more turbulent ocean. They are also frequently perched on the summit of ancient tells or mounds, or on the peak of high conical hills. Such simple edifices in such positions are strictly monumental—i. e., *architectonic*—a portion of the scene, and in harmony with the site, and not a patch put upon it. The aim of the memorial is never lost under the accessories, and it may be truly considered as a single idea in stone—one, and intelligible at a look—like the simplicity of the Muhammedan faith.

In the marshes of Babylonia and Chaldea, where there exist no building materials, either of stone or wood, the monuments of the holy men are often constructed simply of reeds; and such frail structures, it may naturally be imagined, are soon so many wrecks, miserable as the country they are to be found in.

When a holy man is buried in a city, it not unfrequently happens that his coffin is placed in a detached apartment, or even in a room in an inhabited house. This is one of the most crying evils in the country. Sometimes, benefices and foundations are attached, by which a school is kept, and that often in the same room with the coffin. Even castles have their apartments for the dead: such are to be seen in the castle of Birehjik; and in one of olden time I visited in the Amans, I found a number of arrows strewn around. The Muhammedans, like the Irish, commemorate a wish or vow, by tying a bit of rag to the coffin-rails, or window-bars of sepulchral chambers, which are thus often covered with such offerings.

The Jezidees erect a monument to their holy dead simply of superstition. It is a quadrangle tapering to a point like a pyramid—a form which represents a flame of fire, and is thought to propitiate the evil spirit, from whose aggressions these remnants of the Parsees always dread more than they hope from the mercy of a benevolent deity.

After these monumental sepulchres, the most common form of tomb in burial-grounds is a simple sepulchral stone erect at the head of the grave. These are frequently two slabs of marble, one of which is surmounted by a head-dress similar to that which the man wore in his life-time. These used formerly to be solely turbans, varying with the rank and profession; and thus the turban peculiar to the janissaries, was made an object of contempt, and often struck off; now, many are surmounted by the fez of the new regime, painted red. The graves of the women are distinguished by terminating in a sculpture, in the form of a mushroom. The slab at the head is generally adorned with an inscription, the letters of which are always in relief and gilt, or painted black or red on a field of different colour. Such inscriptions commence with the *Kalimah* of Islamism: "There is no God, but one God, and Muhammed is his prophet!" this is followed by the name and profession of the deceased, with sometimes an extract from the Koran, or more generally, the sentence, "Say a fatihah for his soul." Such inscriptions are called *Telisms*, whence our talisman. The lower slab is also frequently ornamented with a rudely sculptured cypress-tree, or a vase of flowers. An additional slab also frequently advances from the foot of these monuments, in the centre of which, a slight hollow is hewn, and the rain-drops being collected in this funeral-chalice, serve to refresh the birds during the summer heats.

The erect position of the stone is considered as an emblem of the spiritual ascension of the dead. Such a position is hence, among the Muhammedans, rendered peculiar to themselves, and not permitted to the Christians, who are only allowed a flat slab, on which, besides various inscriptions and sculptured insignia of trade, are sometimes to be seen a decapitated head, held in the arms of the tenant of the grave. The Jews, however, have peculiar solid massive tombs.

Some tombs have the circumference of the grave in masonry, somewhat similar to an ancient sarcophagus, the upper part of which is without a lid, and leaves exposed the earth which covers the body, and on which flowers are often cultivated. The most simple form of tomb of this kind is when rudely formed of four slabs covered with inscriptions.

Sometimes the erect slab at the head of the tomb is supplanted by a pillow seven to eight feet high; and this, in country places, is represented by a small circular shaft, only at times flattened in the centre to receive an inscription, and barely rising two or three feet out of the ground, like the stem of a stunted plant, and bearing the usual turban on the summit. The Muhammedan is carried to his grave in his head-dress; and in life and in death, never parts with what he considers as the sacred type of his faith.

In the East, as elsewhere, the most simple form of tomb is a raised mound of earth, sometimes naked, but at others, covered with green sod, or by a few stones thrown carelessly on the spot. When a man has been murdered, or a helpless stranger has perished by the roadside, each passer-by adds a few stones, till the corpse is covered. This practice originates in a dread, common to mankind, that the spiritualized form of the deceased may haunt the spot of an early or a violent death, or a tomb unsanctified by friendship or the forms of reli-

gion.* A more or less imperious belief in the spiritual reappearance of the dead on earth, is common to all nations of men; and although undoubtedly without foundation in fact, still, what comes home to the minds of all, must have some remote origin in truth; and the belief in spirits may, philosophically considered, be not improbably the first glimpse of a sense or power, only imperfectly given to us here below, of entering into communion with spiritual existences. It is admitted that such a power is conferred upon us after death, why may not the sense of its existence be sometimes faintly shadowed forth during life-time?

The Muhammedan shews a degree of respect for the dead very unfrequent in this country; for, however poor and friendless, may be the tenant of a grave, his remains are never disturbed, nor made to give place to a new comer. It is from this circumstance, that the burial-grounds attain so vast an extent. They also, sometimes, bury on spare land, within the precincts of a town; and there are some old cities, as Eskishehr, on the Sangarius, where there are as many cemeteries as houses. The Muhammedan is always buried with his head towards Mecca, from a superstition of a little intellectual character; he also sleeps in the same position, for fear of being overtaken by death, in a posture unfavourable to his future welfare.

The claims to interest in Oriental tombs we have seen, are more frequently derived from situation, than from any meretricious ornaments. It is also a constant practice, as also obtained among the ancients, to bury the dead by the road-side, in order to procure the prayers of the passer-by. It is a mute, but eloquent appeal to the wayfarer—from the pilgrim at rest below, to the pilgrim still on his way—and which addresses itself to him in the recesses of the woods, in the solitude of the plain, and even in the wide and still expanse of the desert, and with people of so religious a cast of mind as the Muhammedans, seldom fails to awaken the feelings and prayers which it was intended to suggest.

There is, in a solitary grave, when accidentally met with in the wide expanse of a desert, a power to awaken the feelings which is quite remarkable. It is no uncommon thing to travel for the greater part of a day over the wilderness, without seeing a living being, a tent, or a tree, and suddenly to stumble upon a lone and isolated grave. There is a feeling of extreme desolation in such a sepulchre; the reproach of the children of Israel to their patriarch, "Is it because there were no graves in Egypt that thou hast taken us to die in the wilderness?" comes forcibly to mind, for there is sociality even in death; and in such a situation, lying far away from all habitations, and beyond the verge of humanity, a grave appears like the last link between the world of the living and the world of spirits.

In the same deserts, the Arab often marks the grave of his countryman by a single stick. Such, generally, support the offering of a bit of rag or cloth, and sometimes tresses of hair, which it is desecration to touch. This once happened unintentionally to myself. I visited

* Horace (i., ode 29) alludes to this, when he says the want of a small present of a little dust confines you near the shore of Matina, and prevents your admission to the Elysian fields.

a Bedwin cemetery, not far from the banks of the Euphrates, where there was a newly-made grave, and on it, the offering of a woman's head of hair. I stopped for a moment to contemplate it, when there was not a human being visible for miles around, but the next day it was gone.

So great is the veneration of the Arab of the desert for graves, that he has even consecrated unreal or imaginary sepulchres to the dead. Deserts, where the sands rise and fall like the sea, are not to be met with, except in works of a purely imaginative character, as in the Letters of Lucius Piso, from Palmyra; and moving sands are very rare. Such, however, do occur in a few particular spots—generally collections of small hillocks, constantly shifting their place and number, but remaining in the same general locality. These are objects of superstition to the Arab, who calls them the graves of the sons of Ishmael, and considers them to mark the scene of some murderous conflict.

In the march of a caravan, it is customary to bury the dead by the wayside; and I have known a poor mother, with her bosom dried up by fatigue and privation, carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loath to tell the secret, which must entail a perpetual separation.

The Turkomans, and other wandering tribes in the East, always observe sociality in their burial-places. They have no fixed places of abode, but move, with the necessity of feeding their flocks, to the mountain pastures in summer, and the low marshes in winter; but certain spots are chosen for the summer and winter burial-places. Such graves are generally adorned with bulbous plants, or the daffodil, which cover them with flowers in the early spring; as at Constantinople, an almost perpetual spring is kept up by a various show of flowers. This latter is, however, but a meretricious tribute to the dead, more emblematic of a paid solicitude than of a friend's affection; but De Lamartine was captivated by this attention of hireling dervishes, and expressed it, as the obligation of remembrance, immortal among the Mussulmen.

In more favoured spots in western Asia, where an aged Climax throws its gigantic shadows over the greensward, or where a bubbling fountain arrests the steps of the thirsty traveller, a few unadorned graves are sure to be found; they are the tombs of those who have perished there, homeless and unknown. The wide extent of the cypress-groves, which cover the burial-grounds around the metropolis, are well known. These trees are private property; and it is the sorest affliction that can visit a person to be obliged to sell them; yet so great has been the dearth that sometimes visits the capital, that it has required an imperial edict, to prevent the almost total destruction of these funeral forests. They certainly present a most impressive scene. Trees are everywhere powerful speakers, but the melancholy cypress peculiarly vies in solemnity with the grave; it shadows it in its silent speech, it tells of the dead below, and of the hand which found a mournful pleasure in planting it. Its spire-like summit rises as an emblem of immortality; and hence it is, that it has always been the living expression—beloved by Pagan, Jew, Muhammedan, and Christian alike—of an idea equally sacred to an unreal, as well as to a real faith.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?"—SHAKESPEARE.

XXVI.

HAVING still considerable leisure at his disposal, Elliston felt no inclination for an immediate return to London. The weather continued unusually fine, and autumn had descended on the romantic district of Derbyshire in that fulness of grace, which equally distinguishes this season of the year, by the richness of aspect as by the abundance of its bounty. It was just at this time, also, that Elliston had received a letter from his wife, written in that truly affectionate and sensible tone, which the present moment was so well calculated to assist, in the generosity of its purpose. Full of affection, but not unmixed by well-directed reproof, Elliston read over sundry times its unanswerable contents, till a temper of sentimentality crept over him, not unusual to such constitutions as his, which they who are subject to them, would be fain persuaded are of a very intrinsic nature. A pseudonymous self-examination took possession of him; and as he wandered this morning along the declivous paths of Dove Dale, he pondered awhile on the home-truths that had just been presented to him; and having arraigned some of those infirmities, to which we have had occasion frequently to allude, with the impartiality of Rousseau himself, and rhapsodized aloud to no inconsiderable effect, he came to the conclusion that he was about one of the most worthless fellows in his Majesty's dominions. Having done so much—though, like Jonathan Wild, there was no one by to applaud him—he considered that he had done quite enough. Confession is certainly one half of amendment; and as this half he had so liberally satisfied, the remaining took no part at all in this act of sentiment, but, like a man who had compounded with his creditors, he opened a fresh ledger and felt himself at once at liberty to run in debt at the first convenient opportunity.

Elliston arrived on the following day at Derby; and the odour of yesterday being still powerful upon him, he avoided what is called the head inn; and after a short reconnoitre, entered a smaller house of entertainment on the verge of the town, where he determined to take up his quarters for the night. Here he soon ingratiated himself with his landlord—a habit he delighted to indulge in; and having despatched a hasty repast, invited his new-found friend to partake the bottle which had been just set before him. The said landlord was nearly as bulky as the tun of Heidelberg; and as it would require consequently about as much to fill him, Elliston conceived he might have made too unremunerating a bargain; but as this personage was really a merry fellow, and a bit of a wag, Elliston did not despair of his own capacity, at least, in a bibulous acceptance. He soon discovered, however, the poor man had more

wives than he knew what to do with; for although, not to perplex the reader, he had but one, yet was she one too many, so that the present moment was in fact the first he had had for many a day, for the manifestation of that thorough good humour so natural to him. Though in the presence of his landlord, Elliston soon found he had calculated without his host; for the good man's volubility was of that extent, that he fairly chattered our hero dumb, who had as much chance with him in the race, as sound with light. But as our traveller could not consent entirely to renounce the hero, he at least took the lead in the bottle—a part which his landlord, for many reasons, was not displeased in resigning to him, for the liquor, though passing under the denomination noticed at the door, “Neat Wines,” was, in fact, a compound greatly in circulation at this period of the war—namely, a composition of gin, treacle, blacking, and tobacco, or, in politer words, “old crusted port.” On producing a second and even a third bottle of this delectable electuary, the landlord was not unnaturally beguiled into the joint praise of the qualities of his cordial and the judgment of his guest, declaring that the squire on the hill never drank any other when he met the judges of assize, exultingly displaying not only the bee's-wing, but the very bees themselves, who, in community with sundry smaller flies, had been carefully corked in at the bottling of this remarkable vintage. But society will sweeten the coarsest fare; and as our traveller was, in truth, greatly diverted with his new acquaintance, the sitting was still prolonged, when the shrill notes of the landlady suddenly recalled her husband to fresh duties, in the arrival of other customers at the “Red Cow.” Left to himself and the greater part of the third bottle of the *old crusted port*, Elliston took refuge in his sentimentality of yesterday; and drawing his wife's letter from his pocket, moistened sentence after sentence with the remaining bumpers, so that, at length, heart, head, and stomach being in one common state of insurrection, he retired—widely from his custom—to an early bed.

And now, spirit of time-honoured Radcliffe—shade of “wonder-working Lewis,” descend upon our humble efforts in the “new scenes and changes” of our homely history, which we fear must else be most unworthily recorded.

A deep sleep was the immediate consequence of the “drugged posset” so liberally indulged in by our graceless wanderer, when about the chime of midnight, as nearly as he could guess, he was awakened by a sharp click at the lock of his apartment, followed immediately by a long-drawn creak of hinge, which left but little doubt in respect of some intruder. The moon was shining fully on the casement, which was directly opposite the foot of his bed; but a large folding screen had been placed nearly midway of the room, for the purpose, no doubt, of obscuring the morning sun, for the apartment was entirely destitute of hangings, and between this screen and the window was the door. The creaking from behind was presently repeated, at those abrupt intervals, denoting the stealthy action of approach. Elliston listened—sleep had sobered him, and some little fear, perhaps, added quickness to his faculties. He listened, and distinctly heard the whispering of two persons, whose shadow the moon's fulness threw strongly on the side wall. Still in breathless attention, Elliston remained motionless; the whispering was resumed, and he now caught the very words which were passing.

"Afraid! What folly! He's asleep, I tell you; go—go!"

"I cannot!" was the reply.

Elliston felt convinced the second voice was that of a woman, and being at once impressed their object was no less than to cut his throat, (for no one contemplates simple robbery in the dead of night, without this *adagio* accompaniment,) he was hesitating whether his pacific course were the wisest he could pursue, when again he heard—

"He sleeps! I tell you again, he sleeps! Why, he drank two bottles, they say. Come—come, 'tis soon done!"

"Oh, I cannot!" again responded the female; "I should die if he were to awake."

"And I shall die, whether or no," sighed the terrified comedian.

"Come—come!" still urged the man from behind; "why, he snores—hark!" at which moment, Elliston raised his eyes from the bed-clothes, and saw clearly the figures of the speakers. They were in the instantaneous act of stepping forward, when by an involuntary impulse, Elliston sprang from his bed, and rushing to the spot, clasped, with a mingled shout of terror and triumph, the waist of the advancing female, who uttering a shriek which might have awakened the occupiers of a cemetery, fell on her knees before him.

The clattering *bouleversement* thus suddenly produced (for other articles had been overthrown besides the lady), the clamour of the parties engaged, at once raised the whole establishment of the "Red Cow." Elliston, with no other attire than that which usage has deemed sufficient to the tenant of a pair of sheets, was still holding in convulsive exultation, his fainting victim, when the fat landlord, scarcely in a more producible state, ("with his rib by his side," whose voluminous nightcap almost buried her vixen visage,) tumbled into the apartment.

Here let the *contretems* be elucidated—here let that strong circumstantial evidence be disentangled, by which, in the absence of proof positive, it is set down that we may legally convict innocent parties of most abominable offences. The event which had so inopportunately broken up the *tête-à-tête* of Elliston and his landlord over their crusted port, on the previous afternoon, was the arrival of a commercial traveller and his lady, whose purpose it was to remain that night at the inn. These new guests, who had been previously apprised of their dormitory, having well supped, at the hour of midnight, were about to retire. Unfortunately, however, the room occupied by Elliston, was one through which it was necessary to proceed, before reaching the other in question, and he having retired, as we have already noticed, at an early hour, was consequently at this time in bed. The unforeseen dismay which now assailed the commercial gentleman's good lady, whose nerves at all times were subject to great excitation, at passing through an apartment in which there was a man positively abed, had given rise to the whole of this common-law evidence of criminal intent, which could leave no doubt on the minds of any highly respectable jury, and which had so unwittingly exposed our hero in a situation in which we blush ever to have discovered him. But having now hurried him back again to his disordered couch, in which we trust he will bury his shameless countenance from the light of day, and carried the half expiring lady in safety to the inner sanctuary, we will drop the curtain on the scene altogether, in the hope that either shame will induce him for ever after to avoid her sight, or that he will prepare him-

self, by the crowing of the cock, with one of those fine speeches, by which he has ever been so distinguished, in making the *amende honorable*.

[Albina Jane Martyn Elliston, born 10th of March, 1808, in Stratford Place : godmothers, Albina Countess of Buckinghamshire and Lady Jane Aston.]

XXVII.

Scarcely had Elliston resumed his duties at Drury Lane, when he involved himself in a war of words with the proprietors of his ancient ally, "The Mirror," but more particularly with all the world's acquaintance, the late Tom Hill. "The Mirror" (if we may be pardoned a common-place joke) had presumed to cast reflections on Elliston's tragedy, which the self-esteem of the aggrieved party, of course, set down as *scandalum magnatum*. In fact, this journal had travelled a little out of the direct path of criticism, by indulging in a few tart personalities affecting the actor. As Dryden's criticism, it was no longer "the majesty of a queen, but as Rymer's, the ferocity of a tyrant."* Among other things, it had stated that Elliston had of late acquired a habit of stretching his mouth from ear to ear, resembling one of those Dutch toys, denominated nut-crackers, and it had also gone so far as to question our hero's terms of intimacy with the Latin tongue, by the imputation of a false quantity in the word "marital," &c. &c. In respect of the former, all the nuts, of course, fell to the share of the public, who mightily enjoyed the absurd sensitiveness of the man who could "quarrel with another for cracking nuts only because he himself had hazel eyes"—and in respect of the latter, the "marital" *quantity*, the actor might have been content to take his correction, in good part, from the critics, as in the marital *quality*, he had lately been so signally chastened by his exemplary wife.

We will not here trouble our readers with any part of the epistolary matter on either side—suffice to say, as may well be imagined, the player got the worst of it, by the simple fact of being laughed at for his pains, whilst he afforded the literary loomsman, Thomas Hill, a stock of the raw tattle material, which, with an industry so peculiar to him, he manufactured into a very marketable commodity, and was moreover himself raised, for the first time, on the pedestal of a hero.†

On the 26th of May (1808), the admired Miss Pope made her farewell curtsy on Drury Lane stage, after a service of fifty-two years, during which, with the single interruption of the season 1775, owing to some difference with Garrick, she had never acted at any other theatre. For her final benefit she selected the part of my *Lady Duberly*, in Colman's comedy of "The Heir at Law;" the receipts of the house being 482*l*.

* An expression of Malone.

† Mr. Thomas Hill was born at Lancaster on the 2nd of May, 1760, and died, at his chambers in the Adelphi, on the 20th of December, 1840. As several biographical notices of this gentleman have so lately appeared in the public prints, it will be unnecessary to append any in this place. The uncertainty as to the period of his birth, and his still "immortal youth" had been a long hackneyed joke amongst his immediate friends, so that like the bard of England, he might be said to have been "not of an age, but for all time."

In 1756, Garrick produced a piece entitled "*Lilliput*," which was acted by children, with the exception certainly of *Gulliver* himself, which was performed by the full grown Mr. Bransby, a gentleman whose athletic form was well calculated to produce a striking contrast to the inhabitants of "*Millicendo*." Mr. Pope, the father of our heroine, who kept a hair-dresser's shop, adjoining the "Ben Jonson's Head," in Little Russell-street, was barber in ordinary to the theatre, and had introduced his daughter Jane, then twelve years of age, to the notice of Mr. Garrick, who was so pleased by the few specimens she gave of dramatic ability, that he immediately assigned to the little demoiselle the part of *Lady Flimnap*, and, moreover, entrusted her with a sparkling epilogue written for the occasion. Three years after, when only fifteen, Miss Pope was announced for *Corinna*, in "*The Confederacy*," as "a young gentlewoman, her first appearance." Her reception was highly encouraging, and her acting well nigh merited that abundant applause which the generosity of the public so liberally bestowed. She had very early attracted the attention of that celebrated actress Mrs. Clive, whose friendship and regard speedily followed, and with whom she lived on the most intimate terms until that lady's death, which took place in 1785.*

On the morning after our debutante's appearance in the part of *Corinna*, she received the following from her esteemed companion and adviser:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I saw you last night. You acted with great and deserved approbation; but should you to-morrow night exceed your first endeavour, be not disappointed should you meet with less encouragement. Remember all, last night, were friends ready-made—to-morrow you are to commence forming new ones amongst strangers, who though I sincerely hope will ultimately become as warm as those from whom you have just parted, yet they will see you and approve you before they offer you a direct testimony of their favour. Be not disheartened, for I should regret that such merits as yours were not put to the test at once;—but be not disheartened, nor fancy the comparative coldness with which you will be met, proceeds from ill will, but that it is rather attention to your acting, with the view of testifying the truth of all that your friends have said of you. Many a young actor has been destroyed by this precise ordeal, because having previously ran away with the idea that their friends alone had any judgment in the matter, have fancied the reception* they had subsequently met with from strangers, had been the effect of malice and ill-nature. With this caution, I trust that in a month you will be safely landed on the shores of public favour.—I am sure if you do justice to your merits, you will, and this act of justice is near at hand. My little assistance shall not be wanting in any way which may be servicable to you; and I shall contrive to be at Drury Lane when you repeat the character. Believe me, my dear young friend, I wish you every success, and a long life to enjoy it. I am too old to be

* Miss Pope was executrix and residuary legatee under the will of Mrs. Clive, Mr. Raftor (Mrs. Clive's brother) having a life interest in the property. Mrs. Clive passed her latter days at Little Strawberry Hill, near the villa of Horace Walpole.

Cibber wrote his comedy of the "*Refusal*," at Strawberry Hill, then a small place, which he hired of Lord Bradford's coachman.

jealous of you, therefore may be trusted were I liable to such frailty; but I am not without vanity, and it is the vanity of an ardent desire that all I have foretold of you may come to pass. God bless you, my dear child."

C. Clive

Success and well-earned applause were the result of Miss Pope's second appearance. Mrs. Clive seemed rendered happy for the remainder of her days, a great part of which, it may be well imagined, was devoted to the instruction of the youthful actress, who repaid her with that gratitude of heart, which we will not invidiously say is no current coin in the trade of an actor, but is in rare circulation under any denomination of society.

Miss Pope, as it is well known, became ultimately all that her friend had predicted,—a most accomplished artist. In the latter part of her career, she had been importuned by her managers to play *Mrs. Heidelberg*, a part which she had never studied in her earlier days, and felt now totally unequal to attempt. It happened that at this time (1802), Lord Harcourt, who had always been amongst the foremost of Miss Pope's admirers, dispatched to her the following note:—

"Lord Harcourt has just received the king's command to notify to Miss Pope, that his Majesty has directed the 'Clandestine Marriage' for Thursday next; and has also, by his Majesty's order, informed Mr. Kemble that it is his pleasure Miss Pope should play the character of *Mrs. Heidelberg* on that occasion."

This was enclosed in the following from his lordship.

"MADAM,—To a woman of your discernment, the contents of the enclosed note will be highly flattering, though, at the same time, possibly embarrassing. The case is this. Last night, at the Queen's house, where your theatrical talents are frequently mentioned, a wish was expressed that you should play *Mrs. Heidelberg* before their Majesties on Thursday next, to which I observed to the king, that however honoured and happy you must ever be in obeying his Majesty's pleasure, yet I believed that you had never yet studied the part, and doubted the possibility of your being ready in it by the time. The king seemed to assent; but I have just now received a letter from the Princess Elizabeth, in which her R. H. says, 'I have received the king's commands to inform you that if you can contrive that Miss Pope shall play *Mrs. Heidelberg* on Thursday, he would be delighted; and Lord Harcourt may tell her from me, observed the king, that she is the only person who *can* act it, since we have lost Mrs. Clive.'

"HARCOURT."

To which communication Miss Pope replies:—

"MY LORD,—You well know my grateful sentiments in respect of their Majesties. No subject has ever loved and honoured them more than myself; and this, alas! in my declining day, is the only instance in which I have been unable to the great delight of obeying them. The undertaking would be a tragedy, and not a comedy, for, believe

me, I should die in the attempt—my dear lord, it would kill me. My powers are scarcely equal to it at any time; but for Thursday, I tremble at the very contemplation of it. The managers have frequently of late urged me to this, with time for study; but I have taken it into my poor head, that the critics would be soured against me, and I might lose the little fame I have obtained—perhaps, in some measure, the good opinion of their Majesties. I tremble again at what I have written—I know I should not have said so much—my duty tells me, I should not; but should their Majesties graciously be pleased to see me play the part at any other time, I will make instant preparation to obey them. My memory, to say nothing of my other humble qualities, is not so lively as when I was eighteen, and my lord, I am an old woman now. If his Majesty would make me a peeress, I could not do it. Oh! my dear, dear lord, send me a pardon under the great seal, or I shall never leave home again.

“I have the honour to be, your lordship’s most humble servant,



On the 6th of May (1802) the effort was made, and Miss Pope played the part before their Majesties. She succeeded to the undivided opinion of the whole house—“never had the character been acted with better effects,” said one of the journals of the day, “not even by the regretted Mrs. Clive.” Lord Harcourt called, the following morning, on Miss Pope, to congratulate her on having so highly delighted the king, observing he had never seen his Majesty in better spirits. “Knew she could do it—knew she could do it,” repeated the monarch frequently, during the representation of the comedy. King, the original *Lord Ogleby*, quitted the stage on the 24th of the same month, and the “Clandestine Marriage” remained on the shelf for a considerable time from this period.

The suggestions of Mr. Phipps in respect of Elliston’s new abode, appear to have had but little weight with him, for he had now entered on the house in Stratford-place, which he fitted up not extravagantly, for, in fact, it never was thoroughly furnished; but the vanity of the comedian was thus far flattered, in calling so spacious a residence his own, and placing Mrs. Elliston in a position which he still pertinaciously believed would advance her professional interest with the fashionable world. These advantages, if such they might be called, fell fortunately to the share of a woman of correct feeling and due discrimination; and though it still remained a question whether Stratford-place were the fittest spot for the object of a dancing academy, yet the deportment and conduct of Mrs. Elliston acquired to her new friends, whilst no one could be more secure than herself in retaining those she had already numbered.

Elliston’s benefit in this season was a very brilliant occasion. He had chosen “*Much Ado About Nothing*,” with the popular afterpiece “*Tekeli*.” On this night he was more than usually happy in the part of *Benedict*, and Mrs. Jordan equally excelled herself in *Beatrice*.

They each acted in their best style, and scarcely ever had an audience been more delighted—so much rank and fashion had rarely before attended a benefit. Mrs. Jordan was complimented by an elegant ode, which appeared two days afterwards in the *Morning Post*.

At the close of the Drury Lane season, Elliston proceeded on an engagement to Dublin, where he found his attraction by no means equal to his expectations. In a letter to his wife, he says, "I was tossed about for twenty-six hours. On leaving the coach at Shrewsbury, being anxious immediately to proceed, I ordered a chaise, but was told they had no horses at the first post-house—at the second and third, I received similar answers. I was greatly distressed, for it was a point with me to reach Oswestry without delay. You will be amused at my expedient. Summoning a diplomatic look into my countenance, I demanded instantly to be conducted to the mayor, declaring that I had dispatches for the Duke of Richmond, and that if horses were not immediately supplied, the affair would come at once under the consideration of the secretary of state. 'Shew me to the mayor!' said I. 'He is in bed, sir,' was the reply—'seriously ill.' 'Then I shall be sure to find him at home—my business is as much of life and death as his own. Shew me to the mayor, or supply the horses.' My manner and words had the desired effect—horses were provided, and within twenty minutes, I was off again.

"I have one assurance to give you, at which I know you will be pleased. Since leaving London, I have led, in all respects, a most correct life—had you been at my elbow, I could not have behaved better—but I am now and then sadly lipped, and am not ashamed to confess, a little 'home sick.'"

Elliston's next letter was from Edinburgh.

"Last Monday," says he, "I played at Liverpool, *Panglos* and *Don Juan*; Tuesday, the *Venetian Outlaw* and the *Singles*; Wednesday, *Leon*, with 'Of Age To-morrow;' Thursday, at Preston, the *Singles* and *Silvester Daggerwood*. I then travelled two hundred miles, and acted on Saturday, at Edinburgh, *Octavian*, with 'Of Age To-morrow.' I have here made ample amends for my failure at Dublin (for I can call it no less)—my reception was quite an hurrah! I have already remitted 610*l.* to my bankers, and have still this place, Glasgow and Manchester, to pillage. But who can tell how long this tide of popularity will last—this *aura popularis*—whether tide or gale, mutation is the nature of both. If God preserve my life, and give me fortitude to pursue the purpose of my hopes, our happiest days are yet to come, though I myself may pass into comparative obscurity. Believe me I feel at greater distance from home than four hundred miles, when I think of you and my family. I do not pretend to give you any description of this romantic city—it would far exceed my limits; but I must not omit mentioning that I have been introduced to some of the Scotch professors, who have distinguished me by great kindness. The literary class of Edinburgh constitutes its aristocracy—there is no better society, nor should there be. This is highly honourable to the Scotch character.

"I suppose all are in high spirits in London at the news from Portugal—"Vimiera!" and the dispatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley. We shall have a long drama yet in that country."

When Elliston was at Glasgow, in the course of this northern trip, he dined on one occasion in the public room of an inn, in which there was an elderly Scotch gentleman, who had already taken his mid-day meal, and was quietly enjoying his tumbler of whisky-toddy. His exterior was not prepossessing. He wore a short sandy wig, which the temperature of many seasons, and the animal caloric of the wearer, had so puckered up, that it came scarce midway of his pole, which was about as red as a brick-bat. He had lost an eye, and by a singular incidence, every alternate tooth, so that his capacious jaws resembled a kind of tusky portcullis, which led to the citadel of his stomach. His cravat was narrow and loose, for his neck was of amazing dimensions. But the stranger soon discovered better qualities than a comely exterior, for he was thoroughly good-natured, and extremely communicative. In Elliston, he had met with no uncongenial spirit—they soon entered into familiar conversation; and having brought their rummers to one common table, were *tout franc* “as thick as thieves.”

Here they sat together, hob and knob, for a considerable time. Since his arrival in the north, Elliston had served a steady apprenticeship to the mountain dew, and might fairly be considered nearly out of his time; but in this, he found equally his inferiority to his present companion as to his host of the “Red Cow,” for he had already finished a pint, (a Scotch pint, be it remembered,) and was still hard at work. At length, after a hearty burst of merriment on the part of the stranger, he threw himself back into his chair, and deliberately drawing forth his watch, said,

“And so, you’re a stage-actor, you tell me. Perhaps ye’re acquainted with Harry Johnston?” To this Elliston, having made his companion assent, proceeded—

“Weel, weel; and now, Sir, I’ve to tell you one thing more. I have passed twa pleasant hours—vary pleasant hours in your society; within twanty minuits, d’ye mind, from this time, I shall be sa drunk, that wi’na be able to utter one word, and I just think it right to tak the present opportunity, while I’m noo intelligible, of telling ye who I am. My name is Scafield, and I live five gude miles awa’ from Glasgow, and I shall walk ev’ry foot on’t, this vary night, and I’ll just come and see if you’re as brave a lad as Harry Johnston, to-morrow night, for I’ll come and see ye act, and my family shall see ye act too.” Having made this speech, Mr. Scafield again betook himself to the whisky. He was verily as good as his word; within twenty minutes, he was no more, for in a last effort to keep up the fire, off went the wig, and he rolled from his chair, “taking the measure of an unmade grave.” Elliston here called aloud for the waiter; but to his surprise, Sandy seemed to take but little notice of the prostrate North Briton, only remarking, “Eh! as sure as deeth, it’s na’ but Mr. Scafield—he’ll walk hame to-night, I warrnt ye; but you’d better let him bide—he’s used to it, and we’re all used to it here.”

On the following night, Elliston acted *Belcour*. His friend Scafield was in this instance, also, as good as his word. There he was in the theatre amongst the earliest comers—his polished scone, like a half-peeled orange—there he was, and about him, two fine strapping lasses, his daughters, and the gude wife, Mrs. Scafield, to boot. Elliston had

no opportunity of again meeting his eccentric companion, as he quitted Glasgow within three days from this occurrence.

Not to mention the days when kings themselves condescended to turn playwrights—when Charles the Second altered an incident in the plot of Dryden's "*Aurungzebe*," it is enough that, at this period of our history, by the liberal patronage of George the Third, theatricals were in a flourishing state, and particularly in the provinces—not merely in those considerable cities and towns, to which we have had occasion to allude, but in obscurer country places, many of which, either in barn or booth, contrived to have their circuit-going comedians, while in London it was still the fashion "to go to the play;" so that at this time, the words of the critic in the days of Garrick and Macklin, were in equal force—namely, that England had four estates, the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the *Players*.

Of strollers, there is a curious anecdote, relating to the remote period of 1587, not generally known:—when the Spanish Armada was hovering on the coast, a company of vagrant actors were performing a piece, called "*Sampson*," in a booth, at Penryn; and the enemy having silently landed a body of men, were making their way, at night, to burn the town, when fortunately, at that instant, the players having let Sampson loose on the Philistines, the sound of drums, trumpets, and shouts created such a tremendous hubbub, that the Spaniards fancied the whole town, with Beelzebub at their back, were pouring down upon them, and immediately turning tail, scampered off to their ships. This anecdote, will doubtless remind the reader of the amusing incident in "*Tom Jones*," where the drum of the puppet showman, so terrified poor Partridge, that he fancied the Chevalier, Jenny Cameron and all the rebels were at hand, and that his dying hour was come.

In 1733, an itinerant company of comedians proceeded even to the island of Jamaica, and actually realized a large sum of money by acting. They received 370 pistoles, the first night of "*The Beggar's Opera*," but within the space of two months, they had buried their *Polly*, *Mrs. Slammakin*, *Filch*, and two others of the gang. The gentlemen of the island, for some time, took their turns upon the stage, to keep at least the *diversion* alive; but this did not last long, for within two months more, there were but one old man, a boy and a woman of the original company, surviving. The party had died either by the distemper of the country, or the effects of rum punch, a beverage so frequently fatal to new comers. The shattered remains of the crew, with upwards of 2000 pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina, to join another company at Charlestown; but they also perished, having been cast away on the voyage!

Had Jeremy Collier lived in these days, he scarcely could have failed noticing this, as an instance of the just wrath of heaven at the sinfulness of stage plays.*

* Collier's anger, however, appears to have been directed against the abuses of the stage, for he does allow that the wit of man cannot invent more efficacious means of encouraging virtue and depressing vice, than the drama.

Erratum.—The allusion made to the "*Village of Castleton*" in the October Number of these Papers.

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

PART II.

"But, mistress, know yourself. down on your knees;
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets."—SHAKESPEARE.

DOCTORS' COMMONS is the accredited bazaar for matrimonial information of all sorts; and we really wonder, in these hard-working income-tax-taking times, no proctor, or doctor, or proctor's clerk, has been at the trouble of collating and arranging all the amounts, details, contingencies, and particulars relating to ladies' fortunes from the volumes of wills in their possession, instead of making "nice young men" take their uneasy shilling's-worth at high stands, and flounder among legal metaphor for what cannot be too plainly, simply, or specifically stated for them.

How easy it would be to draw a schedule for each county, containing a good-working outline of all the fortunes in it, the whereabouts, the histories, and particulars of each. Talk of John Murray's hand-books for foreign countries, or the "Sporting Magazine's" maps of hunting ones, what would they be compared to such valuable information as this? No man would grudge a guinea for so useful a "vade mecum;" while it would be an absolute saving of trouble and expense to the Doctors' Commons establishment in looking for and handing about books that few parties are much the wiser for reading. It would also be a cent.-per-cent. saving to nice young men, who must now either go blushing to an attorney, or smirking to St. Paul's Churchyard, undergoing the unpleasantness of supposing every body they meet looks as much as to say—"Ay, there you go, to see what Miss Wiggins has got!" The clerk, too, as he hands down the book, in return for the shilling's-worth of letter, slams it on the desk, with an air that looks very like saying—"You'll not be much wiser for *that*!"

There is an old Hebrew, Greek, or Latin saying, we don't know whether the pith of which is, that people tell^o infernal lies about girls' fortunes; we fear it has been a practice from the beginning of the world, and will continue so to the end of time.* Doctors' Commons, we grieve to say, is not infallible. We know a "nice young man" who took many a shilling's-worth there, and at last hit on a will that seemed to have^o been made on purpose for him—it was the will of Simon Gullington, of Camelford, in the county of Cornwall, Esquire, in which, after reciting that he was of sound and disposing mind, though rayther sick in body, he set to, and gave his sound and disposing mind a gallop, by disposing of two thousand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca for the term of her natural life; and all the rest, residue,

and remainder of his real and personal estate, tin mines, &c., he gave, devised, and bequeathed to his four daughters, in equal shares and proportions, with what he called "cross remainders," a term we do not exactly understand; and also directed, that after the decease of his said dear wife Rebecca, her two thousand a-year should merge into, and form part of the residue of his estate and effects, and be divided, as before directed—cross remainders, &c. Then, by a codicil, made shortly after, he recited that his said dear wife Rebecca had, in vulgar parlance, "cut her stick," therefore the daughters would have the two thousand a-year among them; and he further recited, that he wished to provide for some meritorious servants, particularly his housekeeper, to whom he left an annuity of five hundred a-year, to be paid quarterly, and five pounds to his butler, five to his footman, five to his groom, five to his keeper, two pounds ten to his coachman, and a guinea to his gardener; all sums (except the housekeeper's) insignificant in themselves, but bespeaking an establishment commensurate with wealth.

The old boy having paid the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, that some people do pay—the girls cut Camelford, and somehow or other, got scrambled to Tunbridge Wells. There, as they were enjoying the exhilarating diversion of donkey-riding on the common, Miss Serephena Gullington, who was mounted on a very unusual article at a watering-place—a donkey with some kick in it—got trundled over head just at the point where Grosvenor-road joins Ephraim-terrace and Sidney-place. Now, Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, an ensign in the 91st regiment, who was passing along in heel spurs, most providentially met, and arrested the progress of the high-spirited and impetuous animal, who was boring along, head downwards, regardless of Miss Serephena's screams, and the mess he was making of her petticoats; Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, we say, got the violent and infuriated animal stopped, and having smoothed down Miss Serephena's feathers, and found she was nothing the worse—the captain having given the sinful animal a kick—offered his arm to the lady, and ont they set on foot to regain the lost sisters—*weird* sisters we might call them, for they were almost ugly enough to stop a saw-mill or a nigger's funeral. However, Miss Serephena wasn't so frightful, at least she had a pair of goodish eyes, and her figure wasn't far amiss; but the faces of the others were dreadfully struck out, and her complexion wasn't altogether clear. The reader may judge how ugly they were, when we say they had been at Tunbridge Wells four weeks that very day, without meeting with an adventure. Though they had fairish legs of their own, devil a man had turned round to look under their bonnets. After that, we need hardly say that Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington was a regular godsend. They struck up a most voluble discourse—all "at it" together—as he escorted them home to their lodgings at Mount Pleasant. Here, a fairish-sized footman let them in, powdered, and dressed in black, with an epaulette on each shoulder, his white neckcloth was well tied, and he opened the door with an air, and held himself up like a man that knew *what was what*: he could hardly be estimated at less than thirty pounds. Now, Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, though a young man, had all his wits about him—as sharp as most old ones; and having started life with the fixed determination

of marrying an heiress, he had kept his thoughts fixedly and rigidly to that one point, never suffering himself to be led astray by blue eyes, or black eyes, or brown eyes, or any sort of eyes, or ever thinking of falling in love till he clearly ascertained what a girl had. Indeed, he had run for some very good stakes; and though he had certainly lost, it was always owing to the jostling of uncles, or the crossings of aunts; for the Ensign-Captain was a most "insinivatin' beggar," with a most mellifluous brogue of his own. What he estimated himself at, we never exactly heard; but he was always reckoned the killing man of the regiment, wherever it went. Many quarters they had been in, and many tender hearts had deplored the deficiency of fortune, and sighed at the "*rat-tat-tan*" of the drum, as the regiment marched away. It had now taken its last British march, and was lying at Chatham, preparatory to embarking for India.

Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, the admiration of all the jolly subs., was still looked up to as the last ray of hope against cholera-morbus and bad livers, and had determined on a last desperate *coup* in England, before encountering a tiger, or a *coup de soleil* at Madras or Calcutta. He had scoured Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, all the essentially vulgar greasy City places, when a thought and a hack-horse took him to Tunbridge. He had scarcely been there four-and-twenty hours, when the recorded adventure befel him. The Ensign-Captain's quick mind darted to a monetary conclusion—"Powdered footman!" A powdered footman, in his calculation, bespoke a butler also. Powder, in his mind, was a clear case of money. He had the assessed-tax table off by heart; and judged no person would throw away one pound three and sixpence a-year, to whom money was an object. They looked liked heiresses, for there was no attempt at ostentation; and though living in a large house with green Venetian blinds and mignonette boxes at the windows, they took him into their little, quiet back drawing-room, where the sun did not intrude. They chirped and talked, and gave him some gooseberry-tart; and at last he took his departure, quite convinced that they were *well* worth looking after. A pretty little maid in black, with a British lace collar, and white flowers in her cap, opened the door to let him out; and just as he got clear of the garden, a most important, respectable looking, large-stomached man in black also touched his hat, and stood by to let him pass through the gate, to whom he immediately assigned the office of butler. Altogether, he had no doubt they were what he was wanting, in fact; and he determined to do the thing as quietly as possible. "*Snug*" should be the word. Nobody should know anything about it but himself. Arrived at the "Pantiles," he fell into casual conversation with one of the "dippers," as they call the old women who shell out the nastiness for which the place is famous—talked about the water—the number of drinkers—the quantity they took—the effect it had on them, and so forth. Well, it so happened that the old woman had the honour of the place regularly at heart; and among other wonderful cures the water had wrought, she instanced that of the youngest Miss Gullington, whose face was perfectly well, while those of her sisters were wonderfully better. Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington being, as we said, a tolerably sharp chap—fit for a fox-hunter or a superintendent of police—thought *that* might be the line of his fox, and held the old

dipper's tongue on in the direction of Mount Pleasant, and very soon satisfactorily established that the water-wrought cure was on the face of his dear. Tipping the old woman a joey for her garrulity, he cheerfully repaired to the gloomy coffee-room of the "Royal Victoria and Sussex Hotel," where he managed to get through the usual variety—beef-steak, mutton-chop—mutton-chop, beef-steak, inn dinner, just as Mr. Stockdale's swell coach was starting for the metropolis. Consigning his "three-and-sixpence aside" to the care of the inn-ostler, until his return on the morrow, he mounted beside that classical coachman, whose dog-Latin he d—d every time it put him out of thinking of his spec. The Tunbridge-road is favourable to sentimental, or at all events Plutonic reflections. It is a nice, light, airy sort of road—the villages are trim and smart; and on this particular occasion, the golden laburnum flowers hung in huge bunches over the "willa" walls, emblematical, as Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington augured, of the success of his enterprise. How men speculate on occasions of this sort! Upon our life, it's enough to make demonologists of us all! We knew a youth over head and ears in love—*real love* his was—a blockhead, for the girl, though pretty, wouldn't have a dump till her tough old mother died. However, the lass had come over him somehow, and regularly smitten he was. The old mother was one of the right sort—a regular stick-at-nothing sort of old jade—and was all for sorting the suitors, just as she did the cards before she began cheating at whist. The youth's name was Jonathan—Jonathan Felt—a hatter by trade; and seeing he was sweet on the daughter at Margate, Mrs. Moneybags gave him a general invitation—the run of her cottage—Baiser Cottage—any day or any hour—whenever he liked to shew up, in short. This old lass lived "down east," near Chiselhurst, and the Ensign-Captain's journey brings the thing into our head. Well, Jonathan having coached it down, and got himself brushed over, and his hair and whiskers ended by the sporting Bromley barber, set out on foot to the object of his adoration.

- Baiser Cottage stands a little off the road out of the village of Chiselhurst; and by that species of intuition peculiar to men in such situations, Jonathan knew the cottage the moment he saw it. Nay, he almost knew Amelia's bedroom window, though he had never seen the shop before, nor heard any regular description of it. "That's Baiser Cottage!" said he to himself—"how I love it. The very chimney-pots are dear to me. I could live there for ever, and never wish for another companion but dear, lovely, angelic Amelia!" For though a hatter, Jonathan had some tenderness in his composition. In fact, he was in love with everything he saw—even the sparrows on the dusty hedge-rows. Their vulgar chirping sounded like the sweet song of nightingales to him. Having got within sight of the entrance, he gave his pocket-comb a final run through his whiskers, dusted his boots with his handkerchief, and drew on a pair of clean lavender-coloured kids; this brought him to the gate. Fastened by the bridle to the catch-post, stood a black butcher's pony, with a rat-tail, and a white hind-leg; and as Jonathan neared it, all wool-gathering and wild, the beast lay back its ears, and kicked at him—gave a regular good lash out with one leg, like a thorough-bred. In a general way, there's nothing surprising in a butcher's nag kicking—

indeed, the wonder is, when they don't; for they are generally a nasty mistetch'd, vicious, awkward lot; but Jonathan saw in this one's kicking a something that he didn't like. In his mind, it as good as said—"I am thy evil genius, Jonathan!" He stood lost in meditation. "Here am I," said he, "Jonathan Felt, of Fenchurch-street, embarking on the most perilous voyage a prosperous hatter ever set out in. Hitherto, the trade gale of fortune has blown full upon my felt—my hats have obtained an almost European reputation. Jupp himself begins to be jealous of me. If the wind now veers, and drives me against the buoy at the Nore, I shall very likely repent having come after this girl."

"She's an uncommon good 'un to *go*, sir!" said the butcher, who, unperceived by Jonathan, had come down the little curly-cue road, and was now on the other side of the gate, as Jonathan stood eying the nag with the air of a purchaser.

"Is she, indeed?" exclaimed Jonathan, delighted at the intelligence—"then *I'll have her*." And forthwith he strode through the gate; and at a turn of the road, fell in with his angel, her auburn ringlets floating on the gentle breeze, health on her cheek, and a yellow shawl, with a green border, drooping gracefully into the fall of her back, relieving the chaste sameness of an exceedingly nicely got-up white muslin frock. The deuce be in those frocks! A Portugal laurel concealed them from further view.

Jonathan had a pair of good servicable lips, and Baiser Cottage answered to its name for some time; but the indecision manifested at the gate attended him throughout his sweethearting pursuits. Like old Lord Eldon, he was always on the doubt. He doubted whether he was good enough for Amelia. He doubted whether Amelia was good enough for him. He doubted whether she would be economical. He doubted whether she would like the smell of the glue-pot. He doubted whether she would like the retail shop. He doubted whether she would like the wholesale one. He doubted whether she would let him have his nap after dinner. He doubted she would like his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins. He doubted whether his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins would like her. He doubted whether the smell of the naphtha and gas spirit would agree with her. He doubted whether she would like English spirits of wine any better. In fact, there was no end to his doubting. Many an anxious, arguing ride Jonathan had with himself between Fenchurch-street and Bromley, and back from Bromley to Fenchurch-street. The last time he alighted, he fell in with a gipsy woman, who was extremely desirous of telling him his fortune. Now, we would not say that Jonathan was a regular superstitious chap, but he was like a great many other people—a sort of man that would *rather* not spill the salt—that would *rather* not meet a funeral—that would *rather* not walk under a ladder—that would *rather* see two magpies than one; and a shilling not being matter of moment to him, he thought he would just take a quiet one, and give such credence to the produce as he thought it worth. Accordingly, he got old "red cloak" up the lane by Doctor Scott's, and the coast being clear, he produced his paw. There were many streaks in the palm that the gipsy wench couldn't readily read, till Jonathan

gave her another shilling, which completely cleared her vision; when she saw a beautiful, fair, auburn-haired lady, inheriting an immense fortune from an uncle at Burtpore, and becoming the joyful mother of sixteen beautiful children—eight boys and eight girls. Jonathan was overjoyed, for his deary had an uncle at Burtpore; and altogether, the fortune-teller's tale was exactly what he could wish. Sixpence more was added to the previous deposit; and half-skipping, half-running, whole laughing, Jonathan proceeded to Baiser Cottage. Oh, how happy he was! He would have done anything short of endorsing a bill of exchange, or sending a consignment of hats to John Chinaman, or Transatlantic Jonathan; and he felt as if he loved the world and all that therein was. The sun was bright, the sky was blue, scarce a breath of air rustled the full quiet foliage of the trees, the flowers were sweet, and all nature was calm, beneficent, and gay. Lord! how the foolish fellow loved that girl! That was quite his "love's young dream-day."

JOHNIE FAA.

A TRUE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

IN all the realm of Scotland, there was none so fair as Jean Hamilton, the daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and she was beloved by the fairest and the bravest knight that ever rode at tilt or tourney. But how seldom doth true love run smooth; and how many hearts bleed and break beneath the torment of outraged and wronged affections! And so it was with Jean and her lover; for wrong came between them—wrong that led to crime and death.

"Now, my daughter—my daughter Jean," said the stont Earl of Haddington, "think no more of this young knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, for I have chosen for thee a fitter mate—one meet for an earl's daughter—so rich in gold and lands as thou art, thou must wed the Earl of Cassilis, and think no more of Johnie Faa."

"But oh, my father!" said the Lady Jean, "I cannot break my troth to Johnie—I cannot forget my love—I cannot wed this Earl of Cassilis. I will wed my own knight—Johnie Faa; and my gold and my lands will be sufficient for both."

Sore was the contest between love and duty in the heart of Jean Hamilton, sad were her words, and many were her prayers that she might be spared this cruel fate; but 'twas all in vain. The father and the daughter parted in anger and in tears; but the tears were poured unheeded, and they robbed her heart of its love.

There was never a wedding so gay in appearance as that of Jean Hamilton and the Earl of Cassilis. All that wealth could buy was there—all the beauty of Edinburgh was gathered to the marriage; but there was none to equal that of Jean; though pale as the white roses in her hair, she moved among them all.

The Earl of Cassilis was the sixth of his title, and come of a good old stock. He was a stern covenanting, severe in aspect, plain and

short in speech; there was nought to win a lady's love in him. But he had broad lands, as well as noble name, and pure descent; and as such the Earl of Haddington chose him as his daughter's husband, for he was himself but a new-made lord, and he thought to raise his family by this great connexion. Cassilis had lands, and name, and pure descent, and noble blood—but he wanted gold; and Haddington gave his daughter a rich dowry, so that all parties were satisfied,—save the poor weeping bride, and the gallant knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who, though thus deserted, forgot not his lady-love, and thought but how to regain her.

Poor Jean went to her husband's home, where for three long years they lived in peace and quietness; for though there could be no love on her side, yet she became, in course of time, attached to him and his good qualities—his honest heart—his strong mind—his rectitude of principle—his love of truth and right—his high honour—his unblemished faith; such qualities excited her admiration, and commanded her esteem, but they could not force a warmer sentiment; and though repressing her true feelings with all her strength, yet they rose ever in her heart, pleading with ceaseless yearning for her lost first love. Three years passed, and three fair children, during that period, bloomed around the hearth of Lord and Lady Cassilis—three little lovely daughters, like rose-buds in their beauty and their similarity of appearance—each the image of its lovely mother.

Jean Hamilton began to feel what happiness was; her affection turned itself to these fair creatures, and on these she placed her hope; sighing only sometimes, as she gazed on their young faces, and thought, while she twined her fingers amid their golden tresses, and looked into their blue eyes, of *him* who, in all her early dreams of bliss, had been the chosen husband of her heart—the sharer of her future life and love.

The Earl of Cassilis is gone to the chase—for three days will he hunt the deer in the forests by Tynningham; and his lady remains at home to tend her infants, and to sing to her soft lute those witching strains which all so loved to hear—they were so wild, so sweet, so sad! The earl is gone to the hunting, with a gallant train of knights, and squires, and grooms, and hinds, and huntsmen; with hound, and horse, and well-trained falcon; with arrows, knife, and spear. They were a gallant train: their vests were Kendal green; their plumes were dancing in the breeze. The wind swept freely through the sunlit trees—swept through the bright locks of youth—over the stern brow of manhood—amid the silver hair of age, for all were gathered to the chase, young and old, and knight and noble, went forth with Cassilis and his dogs to hunt the deer in the woods of Tynningham.

The third day of the chase arose—the third sun shone over that gay assemblage, now loaded with spoil; their white plumes somewhat druggled and defaced by their chase through tangled copsewood, and beneath low-bending trees; their vests of Kendal green all stained with the blood of the quarry;—the same sun found the Lady Jean alone within her bower.

She dressed herself in snow-white robes, and bound her hair with pearl—her hair was long and golden, and the pearl became it bravely; her waist was clasped with shining gold, and pearls were in the clasps; and every finger white and taper was decked with golden rings.

She dressed her children in snow-white robes, and curled and combed their yellow tresses; her youngest babe lay sleeping in the cradle, she took the others to her side, and told them merry tales, or sang them mournful songs, to while away the time while waiting for their father.

A sound was heard approaching the house—a sound of many voices, loud laughs, and snatches of song; the trampling of feet—the clang of iron heels—the murmurs and the mingled noises of a crowd drawing near to the Tower of Cassilis. The lady and her children went to the window, to see what company was approaching. Through the long avenue came a merry troop of gipsies, their brown faces glowing in the sunlight. Up the long avenue they came, and on to the broad green lawn, and beneath the huge plane tree they gathered; they were many in number, men and women and children, singing and shouting, and dancing, with a hundred uncouth pranks and gestures. There were many bonny maidens among them, with jet black hair, white glancing teeth, and witching smiles; the dark locks braided with gay kerchiefs, scarlet, blue, and gold; the white teeth shewing with double brilliancy between lips rosy red—the smiles playing over cheeks whose soft deep brown was suffused with richest crimson. There were many fine young men with the same complexion—the same black hanging locks—the same bright cunning smile—the same eyes, so lustrous, so magnificently dark, so full of an almost preternatural light, glowing like fiery coals. Then there were aged creatures, bending beneath years and hardships, but still shewing the untameable spirit of their race. And there were little children, some young as the lady's own sleeping babe.

One among the gipsies walked silent and aloof, a head taller than the rest, with a firm martial step, and broad make of figure differing from the peculiar characteristics of the tribe. But the lady did but look once, then turned her careless eyes away. The visits of the gipsies to the Tower were too common to excite her surprise, or to occasion any interest in her mind.

The lady continued her previous occupation, amusing and quieting her children; but ere many minutes had elapsed, her old Seneschal entered the room, saying that one of the gipsies prayed earnestly to speak with her. The lady hesitated; it was not her wont to see strangers in the absence of her lord. But the Seneschal spoke so of the earnest manner of the gipsy—his gentle tongue, and humble entreaties for admittance, that she consented that he should be ushered into her presence. He came! The Seneschal opened the door for his entrance, then closed it behind him. The lady and the gipsy, saving the presence of her infants, were alone; he ascertained this ere he advanced close to her, and displacing the cloak that shrouded the lower part of his face, turned upon her the unforgettable features of her first lover—Johnie Faa!

It was, indeed, her early love! Oh, lost so long—so long unheard of—he had returned at last! No shriek burst from her lips—no cry; only one low murmur—the murmur of a heart too full for utterance—gave token of all she felt! It was himself! unchanged in all—unchanged in personal beauty, with the same dark, passionate eyes, burning upon her own—the same proud, melancholy countenance—the lips, speaking even when silent—the earnest, honest expression—

heart and soul breathing forth upon that face, unchanged in mind and spirit, as his present daring—his present attempt, after long years of absence—of desertion—of wrong—too plainly proved.

They did but gaze one moment—then rushed into each other's arms.

Poor hearts—so rudely parted! True hearts—true through so much despair, cling closely while ye may; beat—beat together;—beat with your vain delight! Ah, would that upon this moment ye might break! It *was* a moment of delight—of joy unspeakable; there was no alloying feeling mingling with that rapture. All but the bliss of meeting was forgotten; forgotten was the past anguish—the insurmountable gulf between them—the agony behind—the agony before—the coming and the gone-by despair. Only that moment then dwelt with them—all else to them was nothing.

The lady raises her head, only to gaze up into his face; silent from emotion, and yet too blest for tears. His lips move, but no words issue thence; delight hath made him dumb. The children, playing at their feet, look with unconscious wonder on the stranger—half fearful, ignorant of wrong, yet thinking of their father. The lady meets their inquiring eyes—she partly withdraws herself from the grasp of her lover.

“Ah, wherefore didst thou come?”

Long silence follows. Again, one long embrace—heart, soul, and spirit meeting at the touch.

Oh, a first love is a bond hard to break; and, oh, though she may seem weak and guilty through all that is to come, yet think what she has suffered—think what her fate hath been—think of the mighty passion suppressed so long, *now* finding outlet—think of the heart, so long held silent, *now* is that mute eloquence finding speech—think of the long uncompanioned years during which those souls have yearned for their predestined mates, *that* yearning at last satisfied, the kindred spirits met—think of all this, of all love is, of all it endures, inflicts, teaches—think of all this, and judge her gently!

The Earl of Cassilis returns from the hunting; the earl, his knights, and his squires, groom, hind and huntsman, wearied dog and wearied horse. The earl rides swiftly forward; wearied dog and wearied horse, groom, and hind, and huntsman, lag slowly home. The earl alights at his gate; his servants meet him at the door, with downcast looks they hold his bridle; they lead his steed to stall. The earl is a proud man, and seldom holdeth converse with inferiors; he asks no questions, but passes through them all, and climbs the stately stairs. Why is his babe crying in its cradle? He starts as he listens to its feeble wail! Why are his infants, subdued and silent, watching by that lonely cradle? The earl strides up the room—his children spring into his arms—his crying babe smiles as he nods his tall plume above its rest. But where is his wife?—where is their mother?—where is Lady Jean?

He asks his children, and all they say is—“She is gone!” He turns for information to the domestics; they stammer forth the truth—the Lady Jean is gone with the gipsy train, away with Johnie Faa!

The earl was a man of few words; short answer made he. But he put his children from him, and he left the room. He called his train of squires around him—fresh steeds are brought—wet, weary, chase-

stained as they are, they mount and ride away—they mount and ride in pursuit.

Not long—not far did they ride. Where the ford crosses Doon, they came upon the gipsies and their troop; and there, indeed, was Lady Jean, with her green kirtle above her snow-white robe, and a golden net holding back her golden hair; the pearls were gone—the shining clasps were gone—the rings from off her fingers were bright upon those of the gipsy-girls—the ring that wedded her to her proud earl was worn by Johnie Faa. Hand in hand with Johnie Faa, and heart to heart, the lady passed along. She thinks of nothing but her love. Her very children are for the time forgotten—all ties of habitual affection—all pride—all honour—all womanly shame—all self-respect—the purity of her unblemished name—the sanctity of the marriage-vow—everything hath passed before the overwhelming torrent of this re-awakened passion—so intense, so desolating! Desolating, indeed, it was, bringing ruin and death alike to the innocent and the guilty; for the vengeance was swift as terrible; and for those few rapturous moments came a retribution upon all connected with the actions of that day, dreadful in its prompt avenging.

The Earl of Cassilis was attended by so strong a band, that resistance was out of the question. The whole of the gipsy troop were taken prisoners. Johnie Faa defended bravely himself and his lady-love; but all in vain. They were made captive, and conveyed back to the Tower of Cassilis.

Never a word spake the earl on their homeward ride; nor did the Lady Jean say aught to him—she knew his disposition well—prayers and pleading would have been in vain; what he had resolved, that would he do. But she turned her head ever back towards where her lover came, his hands bound tightly behind him, led by two of the earl's retainers, and with his dark eyes fixed upon her form. She heeded not the presence of her husband, but continued to cheer her knight by affectionate words and gestures—the tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke, her sobs of anguish and despair rendering almost inarticulate what she strove to say.

Reaching the tower, the earl selected fifteen of the youngest and handsomest among the gipsy men, and these, with Sir John Faa, were placed beneath the great plane tree in front of the house; the rest he dismissed with blows and stripes. They fled in terror, howling and lamenting; the laughing, merry maidens weeping; the old men, the women, the children, all alike feeling that some terrible consummation was about to involve their friends, their lovers, their fathers, their companions, in one common doom. But they did not dare to ask for mercy; they knew too well the stern earl's temper—all turned in sadness and despair away.

The earl bid that the fifteen should, one by one, be hung upon the plane tree, and that, last of all, Sir John Faa should suffer the same fate. Then, with strong arm, he led his lady into the castle, spite of her wild entreaties to be allowed to perish with her lover—spite of her loud shrieking farewells!

Johnie Faa echoed her farewells, but in firmer tones, mingled with heart-spoken blessings and prayers for her happiness. He reiterated a thousand times his expressions of undying love and worship—his

thanks for the return she had made him—his acknowledgment of her affection. These two lovers, thus on the brink of separation—of death—of unknown agony, thought only of each other, and their love! To them the future seemed nothing, as the past must soon be; and all that was to come, and all their weight of guilt, and all fear of punishment in this world, or in the next, were lost in the absorbing sorrow of that parting.

The lady was dragged into the castle—the rope was around the neck of the first of the poor gipsies who was thus to die for the fault of others, when a voice, at the window of the tower facing the plane tree, was heard to exclaim—

“Yes, thou shalt see it all—see all the misery thy crime causeth—suffer as these suffer; think of the condemnation thou hast given these, then live to remember!”

All looked towards the window; there were the countess and the earl.

One by one, the gipsies were given to their death—one by one they swung upon the great plane tree? The countess strove to flee from the sight, but her lord held her fast; and all he said was, ever and anon—

“See, cruel woman!—see, what thou hast done!”

The countess writhed and struggled to be free; but strove in vain. She strove to shroud her eyes, and shut out the dreadful spectacle, but could not prevent herself from looking; every time that she opened them, she closed them instantly again with a fearful shriek; for every time some face was turned towards her own, distorted in the death-agony. At last came Johnie Faal! then the earl, leaning from the window, shouted forth, “Bring him nigh beneath, that my lady may look upon her lover.”

They followed the earl’s words; then the countess leaned forwards from the casement, her long hair streaming down; she reached her arms towards her love—she called wildly upon his name! He could not raise those fettered hands; but he answered her with tender speeches. Calm, proud, self-possessed, with no emotion visible upon that splendid countenance—save an unquenchable love for herself—save pity for her sorrow, he gazed upwards to her face. Then, murmuring a few passionate farewells, he turned towards the gallows-tree.

The shrieks of the unhappy lady made every cheek grow pale, save that of her stern husband, and her dying lover; these possessed a constancy which nothing could daunt; these shewed no fear, and no remorse.

What a terrible scene!—that miserable woman!—that dying man!—that stern husband, suffering so deeply!—inflicting so much! And those dead, ghastly witnesses, swinging slowly from the fatal tree!

This is not all. The lady lived long—lived in solitude and disgrace. She never saw more the children she had deserted—the husband she had injured. Through long—long miserable years she lingered, enduring the agony of a remembrance words could not depict—or the heart can scarce imagine.

Her husband built in her prison-house of Maybole, a stately oaken staircase, lighted by a noble window, rich with elaborate carving, and glowing with a thousand hues—the stained glass is crimson, purple, azure. Round this window, sixteen effigies of carved wood represent

the gipsies, and her lover Johnie Faa—the last somewhat larger than the rest, and faithfully shewing the proud beauty of the melancholy countenance—the earnest, honest expression of the large dark eyes.

On these the sunlight falls through the crimson and the purple panes, giving them life-like hues. On these she gazes, with eyes tears could not blind; and at last, with these terrible memories for ever round her, she closes those eyes on earth, and passes to her grave.

THE DYING FLOWER.

(From the German of Ruckert.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

HOPE! when spring returns anew,
He will find thee living still;
Autumn winds the leaves may strew,
Yet the trees sweet hope can feel.
In their buds a pow'r unheard
Makes them hope till winter's past,
Till their sap again is stirr'd,
Till their green revives at last.

"Nay, I am no stalwart tree,
Living countless summers o'er,
When the dreams of winter flee,
Weaving songs to spring once more,
I am but a flow'r to bloom,
Waken'd by the kiss of May,
Then to find a snowy tomb,
Where all trace must pass away."

Do not grieve, thou humble thing,
Though thou art a flow'r indeed;
For to all the plants that spring,
Has been given a living seed.
Death's black storm may o'er thee break,
Scatt'ring all thy beauties wide;
From the dust thou wilt awake
To a hundred multiplied.

"Yes, 'tis true, there will be seen,
Others, like me, when I'm gone,
For the universal green*
Lives;—the single dies alone.
What I have been they may be,
But 'twill be myself no more,
Now's the only time for me;
None hereafter, none before.

"Though the sun, that with its flame
Fills me, may for them be bright,
Still my fate remains the same,
Dooming me to endless night.
Sun, thou eye'st them even now
In the future as they lie,
Why for me such looks hast thou—
Cold and from a cloudy sky?

Ah, what trust in thee I placed,
When I woke, kiss'd by thy ray;
When upon thy face I gazed,
Till it stole my life away.
These few moments that I last
From thy pity shall be free,
Every leaf thus closing fast,
I will perish, shunning thee.

"Yet my pride thy pow'r must own,
And its ice in tears must run;
Take my life, when it has flown,
It is thine, eternal sun.
Ev'ry trace of grief is driven
From my soul by thy soft fire;
For the blessings thou hast given,
Take my thanks, as I expire.

"Gales, that from the summer skies,
As I trembled, o'er me glanced,
Countless swarms of butterflies
That around me ever danced;
Hearts that at my fragrance glow'd—
Eyes that at my hue were bright;—
All—yes, all to thee I owed,
Made by thee of scents and light.

"I adorn'd this world of thine,
Though an humble flow'r was I;
In the fields thou bad'st me shine,
As the stars in fields on high.
Still I breathe a parting breath,
'Tis no sigh—but speaks of love,
And I dart a glance in death,
On the world and heaven above.

"Thou, the world's bright heart of fire,
Let me die in radiance drown'd;
Heaven, my verdant charms expire,
Spread thy blue pavilion round.
Breeze of morning, be thou blest,
Welcome, spring, thy glistening skies,
Without grief I sink to rest—
Without hope again to rise."

* Ewig ist das ganze Grün
Nur das Einzle welkt geschwind.

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

PART THE FIRST.

It was on a dark, dismal, drizzly night, (I cannot for the life of me, resist following the *Radcliffe Highway* of romance,) in the month of April 18—, that (as many travellers have done before me) I prepared most reluctantly to leave the warm and comfortable coffee-room of that much-frequented caravansery, "The White Horse Cellar," not without casting a "long and lingering look" on an empty pint decanter which had contained some very drinkable wine, and into which the waiter, as my bill assured me, had ingeniously contrived to pack a bottle of port. The discomfort and misery I was doomed to encounter on leaving the hotel were of my own seeking, for heedless of our variable and treacherous climate, I had booked myself for an outside place on the Marlborough coach, in the neighbourhood of which town I had been promised some excellent trout-fishing. The zealous and attentive waiter who had done me the favour of dividing the bottle of port with me, gave me to understand, as he handed me my great-coat, shawl, and "upper Benjamin," (for Mr. Macintosh, glued camlet, and India-rubber, were unknown in the days I write of,) that it was a "dirty night" for travelling, and on reaching the street I found the prediction of this knight of the napkin fulfilled to the letter.

An English April assumes to itself as wide a thermometrical range as the other eleven months of the year put together, favouring us alternately with balmy breezes and wintry blasts, between sunrise and sunset, as fickle as the veriest coquette that ever blew hot and cold in the same breath. On this memorable evening, in addition to a thorough November climate, the atmosphere was charged with an unmistakable Middlesex mixture of fog and mist. Now, everybody knows what a mist is; but a London mist is a mist of itself—a mist "*sui generis*," the mist "*par excellence*." It stands alone, or rather hangs, a dripping sample of a slow-and-sure shower-bath, midway between a murky vapour, miscalled clouds, and the greasy, sloppy, metropolitan pavement.

Having personally seen to the safe custody of my portmanteau, rod, and fishing basket, in the hinder boot of the coach, I ventured upon a furtive peep into the interior of the vehicle; but no such good fortune rewarded my curiosity as a vacant seat, which melancholy fact was confirmed by the vigilant Jehu, who, aware of my motive for endeavouring to ascertain the exact number of his living cargo, thus unequivocally set the matter at rest—

"Full inside, sir; and you're booked for the hout."

Now, whether the first part of this announcement had reference to the interior of his own individual Falstaffian rotundity, or the crowded state of the carriage under his command, I did not inquire; although a glance at his protuberant paunch would have satisfied the most indifferent observer upon that point.

"Is the box-seat disengaged?" I inquired.

"Box is took," was the answer. But by way of comfort I was assured that I should be accommodated with some dry straw on the roof.

I had heard in my nonage of a drowning man catching at a straw, and why should not a dripping one? So, making a virtue of necessity, I elbowed my way through a phalanx of touters, vendors of sour oranges, and evening papers, rushed with a frenzied resolution to my elevated position, and, in the language of the turf, became "an outsider", backing myself at long odds to be wet through before I reached my journey's end. By the time I had comfortably (at least, if such a term can be applied under such circumstances) packed myself up in straw, and secured the centre seat, our portly knight of the whip was squatted on the box, ribbons in hand, ready for a start. The guard, however, was still occupied in depositing to the best advantage, divers boxes, cases, and trunks on the roof behind me; and ere his task was completed, our full-blown coachman inquired if "that foreign gentleman's trunks was amongst the luggage?"

"Which do you mean?" inquired the guard.

"Why, him wot we was to take up at the 'Cellar' or the 'Gloucester,' I'm blessed if I know which!" rejoined coachee.

"What do you call him?" added the guard.

"Blow me if I know; but he's got *two leaders* to his name," continued Jehu. "So you'd better look to your way-bill."

Acting upon this hint, the guard came round to the lamps, and having referred to the document in question, informed his colleague that the individual alluded to was a Mister "*Dee-lay-mott*;" that he was to be taken up at the "Gloucester," and that, moreover, "his traps was in the boot."

"All right!" said our driver—"run on to the 'Gloucester,' and tell 'em we're coming."

This first stage of our journey from the "Cellar" to the "Gloucester," as these rival houses were familiarly abbreviated by the dragsman, was soon accomplished; and as we pulled up at the corner of Berkeley-street, a tall gentleman, in an oil-skin travelling-cap, and a most capacious cloak, was seen to emerge from between those twin nuisances—a pair of swinging doors in the passage of the hotel.—(N.B. These slamming, jamming, abominations should be abolished in all well-regulated houses.)

"Is your name *Dee-lay-Mott*, sir?" inquired the guard.

"My name is Delamotte," answered the stranger. "Have you received my baggage which I sent to your coach by the porter of this hotel?" continued the embryo passenger.

"It's all right, sir!" was the rejoinder.

"Now then, if you please, sir, we're after time!" chimed in the coachman. "Plenty o' room behind *me*!" laying due emphasis on the pronoun personal.

Having seated the new customer by my side, and ascertained that "all" was "right," our well-fed "Phaeton" pulled his team together in a truly professional and workman-like manner, dropped his rein hand, sputtering forth that almost unwriteable incentive to equal progression—the well-known "*ptshisht*," "*ptshisht*," and in proof of its magical influence on the quartet of quadrupeds before us, we were trotting down Piccadilly at a merry pace, in less than no time. I had

learnt from the colloquy between the coachman and guard, that my companion on the roof was a foreigner; but the brief sentences he had spoken were so free from the usual Continental accent, that but for the accidental discovery, confirmed by the name, Monsieur Delamotte might well have passed for an Englishman. I believe I "*entamé'd*" the conversation, which was carried on to the end of our journey, by remarking that such a fog, as the one we were driving through, was seldom to be seen in Paris.

"You have been in Paris, sir?" observed my companion.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Have you travelled much on the Continent?"

"A little," was my answer.

"Do you know Brussels?"

"Yes; and some few of the towns in the Low Countries, as well as Holland," I replied.

These interrogatories led to descriptions, and descriptions to anecdotes; and by the time we arrived at Hounslow, Monsieur Delamotte and myself were on very sociable terms. While our horses were being changed, we had agreed to comfort the inward man by a glass of hot brandy and water each—a restorative by no means unacceptable on such a night. On resuming our seats, and being once more fairly "*en route*," the "*hot with*" set our tongues in motion, and we chatted very cozily for nearly the whole of the next stage.

I found my new acquaintance a gentlemanly well-informed person. He had evidently read a great deal, and to some purpose; and had treasured up an abundant store of anecdote—in short, he was an enviable companion with whom to while away the tedium attendant upon a monotonous journey.

We had scarcely reached the outskirts of the town of Slough, when Monsieur Delamotte said—

"You were speaking just now of Brussels, and the field of Waterloo; did you ever extend your tour to the Forest of Ardenne?"

I replied that on one occasion I had accompanied a friend from Brussels to its confines, on a shooting excursion, shortly after the memorable battle 1815.

"That forest," continued my companion, "was once the scene of a long succession of the most atrocious murders—crimes unparalleled in the history of heartless bloodshed. Travellers of all ages, rank, and denominations, who had occasion to pass through that thickly-wooded territory, were missed, and never heard of more. Year after year these alarming facts became of such frequent occurrence, that the attention of all France was directed to the mysterious circumstance. The emperor (for these atrocities were committed under his despotic sway) was the first to institute inquiries, offer rewards, and cause measures to be adopted for the discovery of his missing subjects, or the almost supernatural means by which they had been lost to their friends. The efforts of the police, the gendarmes, and even organized bands of the military were fruitless—not a clue could be obtained—the country was scoured for miles around the supposed spot, but without success. All was doubt, uncertainty, disappointment, and horror—the veil which shrouded the dark deeds was for the time impenetrable—strange as it must and will doubtless appear to you. I nevertheless do not hesitate to inform you, that I was the humble instrument of bringing them to light; and by the exercise of some

little presence of mind on the part of an attendant as well as myself, the miscreants were discovered and brought to justice. But I must not anticipate. I have thought it right to preface my tale by this little outline, as I conceived it possible you might have heard of the wholesale slaughter committed by the sanguinary gang which infested the neighbourhood of the Ardennes—for their marvellous exploits had excited the wonder of the whole of our continent, if not of Europe.

“ My father was a merchant in Paris, of which city he was a native, and I was likewise born in that capital. His wealth, as well as his uncompromising integrity, secured not only every worldly comfort and enjoyment, but that greatest of all consolations, the love and esteem of his fellow citizens. I was his only child, and, for a wonder, was not spoilt by an over-indulgent mother, or the caresses and adulation of my parents' friends. As I grew up, I was infected by the military mania common to the rising generation of the period, to which the unchecked successes of the greatest military commander the world ever knew contributed not a little. I longed to be a hero. Marengo and Austerlitz were magical sounds to me, and I prayed to my father that he might allow me to follow the profession of arms. He was deaf to my entreaties; and I made a vow, under the influence of disappointment, to become that most useless and miserable of human beings, an idle man, if I were not allowed to follow the bent of my inclination. My excellent father reasoned with me, but his arguments produced but little or no effect until he pictured to me in glowing colours the grief my beloved mother would be plunged in at parting with a child she doted on, if he persisted in rushing on the dangers inseparable from the life of a soldier. This latter argument prevailed; and I promised to relinquish all idea of a camp, if I might be permitted to select another profession for myself. I named the bar, but this proposition was combated by my inflexible parent, who gave me to understand most unequivocally that he had made up his mind I was to succeed him as a merchant—that the commercial line was the one he had fixed upon for me to follow, and that I must prepare myself for occupying one of the elevated stools in his counting-house. This determination staggered me; for the plodding, fugging, dry and uninteresting routine of the desk was my aversion. I gave no direct answer to my respectable father, and shut myself up in my room for some hours, to collect my thoughts, and to endeavour to act in conformity with his wishes. My better nature prevailed; for on reviewing the past kindness and affection of the best of parents, I could not bring myself to run counter to their wishes on so momentous an occasion as my establishment in life and future prospects. That same evening, at supper, (well do I remember that happy meal!) I embraced my dear mother and my father; and as I wept on the neck of the latter, I told him I was prepared to follow his wishes in every particular. At this period, I was but seventeen years of age, and about as romantic and enthusiastic a youth as ever cast up a ledger or wielded pen in a counting-house—for nearly five years I submitted to this drudgery without a murmur.

“ At length, one day my father called me into his private office, and said, ‘ Adolphe, I have every reason to be pleased with your submission to my will, as well as your attention to business, and in proof of the confidence with which you have inspired me, I am about to entrust you with a mission of importance connected with our house, for I feel

persuaded you will execute it in a manner worthy of a Delamotte. You will prepare to leave Paris to-morrow morning for the North of France. The business confided to you is not of so pressing a nature as to require you to travel post; you will ride; and you are at liberty to select the best saddle-horse from my stable.' This was joyful intelligence to a youth of ardent temperament like myself. I lost no time in making preparations for my journey, as you may suppose.

"That night, after that most sociable of family meals—supper, my provident father gave me my final instructions, interlarded with scraps of excellent advice, as to the object of my journey, and for my conduct on arriving at the place of destination."

"My principal business was to be transacted on the borders of French Flanders, and my route was by the ancient town of *Mezières*, and I found that I should either pass the outskirts, if not through, a considerable portion of the redoubtable Forest of Ardennes—but who at the age between one and two-and-twenty, ever regarded danger or knew fear? The very hazard of the enterprise gave an additional zest to my pilgrimage; and the idea of encountering some adventure *en route*, was charming in the extreme to my youthful fancy. In the morning, I was to receive my letters of recommendation and introduction, and I laid my head upon my pillow that night full of joyful anticipations, which the announcement of this unexpected expedition had given rise to.

"After an early and hurried breakfast, my kind father placed in my hands a sealed packet, containing papers relating to commercial affairs, and which I was to deliver to his correspondent; apart from this packet was a letter, which, as he delivered to me, he said was directed to his old schoolfellow and college friend, General M——. 'We have not met for many years,' continued my father—'not since you were a boy. You will be grown out of his recollection; but he is your godfather; and I promise you, *d'avance*, a cordial reception, were it only from the fact of your being a Delamotte. My old friend's chateau is situated about a league on this side of the now-dreaded Forest of Ardennes. To his care I have commended you, and may God grant you a safe and prosperous journey!'

"With tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts did my beloved and worthy parents bestow their blessing on their only child; and I left my paternal roof with feelings very different from those under which I had contemplated my departure on the preceding day.

"By the time I had passed the *Barrière St. Denis*, I had in some degree recovered my composure—the novelty of my position—the prospect before me of seeing something beyond the world of Paris—the probability of making new acquaintances, and of encountering some romantic adventure better worthy of being recorded than my boyish freaks in the metropolis—attended to buoy up my spirits, and to anticipate new pleasures on this my first emancipation from the shackles of parental thralldom.

"My horse was a stout and active grey, of Norman extraction; and in accordance with the fashion of the day, I was seated between the pyramids of a double-peaked saddle, with my valise strapped to the hinder encumbrance, and my cloak before me. My father had presented me with a brace of excellent pistols, of Lepage's best make, and these were in the holsters. What more could a young man desire on a journey, save money? and of this I had ample store.

"As I had a long distance to travel, I seldom performed more than thirty-five or forty miles in one day. On the morning of the sixth, I reached the chateau of my godfather; and presenting my card and my father's letter to one of the domestics, remained in the courtyard awaiting the result. I was not long kept in suspense, for the venerable proprietor of the equally venerable-looking mansion hastened to greet and welcome me within his walls. My reception was most gratifying; and if I had been the general's own son, I could not have experienced a more affectionate reception.

"While I was partaking of the variety of good things which my worthy host had ordered to be spread before me, I explained to him the object of my journey, and expressed my intention of proceeding to the next town as soon as my horse had rested for an hour or two. The general, however, would not listen to such an arrangement; but finding me rather more obstinate than he expected, gave me to understand that such a plan was little short of madness; for as it was nearly noon, I should not be able to get through the forest before nightfall; and by way of a climax, added, 'you well know, my young impetuous friend, that even the most hardy never venture in or near the Ardennes at such an hour; I therefore must interpose the authority of a parent, and, acting in the place of your father, insist upon your remaining under my roof for this night at least. If you are resolved upon quitting me so abruptly, you are at liberty to resume your journey at any hour, and as early in the morning as you please.' Finding resistance in vain, I remained with my hospitable godfather, and, on parting with him at night, I told him I should be off at day-break.

"As soon as it was light, I crept down stairs as quietly and stealthily as I could, and made my way to the stables. I was busily engaged in saddling my steed, when my watchful host tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You see an old soldier can be as *matinal* as yourself. I suspected you would endeavour to give me the slip. But, my young friend, you must not think of traversing this part of the Ardennes alone. An old and trustworthy servant of mine, named Pierre, shall accompany you beyond the reach of all danger. I have given him my instructions, and he is at this moment preparing some *café au lait* in the kitchen, which I recommend you to take before you start.' Acting upon this kind advice, I swallowed a jorum of the comforting beverage, by which time the attendant was ready; and having shaken the old general most cordially by the hand, Pierre and myself left the chateau, not without a hearty benediction from its owner.

"As we walked our horses down the avenue leading from the chateau, I examined the priming of my pistols, and looked to my flints. Pierre was similarly occupied, for his master had provided him with a pair of formidable-looking weapons. We soon reached the forest; and for the first half-mile or so, after we had entered it, I confess to having felt rather nervous. I endeavoured to conceal my apprehensions from my attendant, with whom I kept up an animated conversation; and as we advanced, I grew bolder, and began to suspect that the evil reports of this spot had been strangely exaggerated. We kept a sharp look out, nevertheless, and did not pass an overgrown tree or a thicket without a cocked pistol in hand. Our sombre ride, however, was not interrupted by any intruders, for we emerged from the forest with whole skins shortly after one o'clock.

THE INDIANS OF WESTERN AMERICA.

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS.

MONSIEUR VIOLET* may at this instant be walking about the streets of this magnificent Reality, called London, or he may never have had existence at all but as a fanciful traveller in the realms of fiction, the last-born creature of a rich and lively brain that has already peopled nations with its offspring. Monsieur Violet may have gone back to eat buffaloes' humps and beavers' tails, or he may be even now discussing chicken and claret with Captain Marryat here in the metropolis, (and in good sooth he might be very much worse off;) or, we repeat, he may be a shadow, a sound, a name, nothing. What matters it? In either case, we know him—know him as well as we know Catlin, or Cooper, or Irving, or even Marryat, who has introduced him to us.

The writer of these volumes asserts that the hero of them has been at his elbow while the pen was in his hand, affording him the full means of explanation and correction; and without telling us how the documents descriptive of such extraordinary travels and adventures came to hand, he disavows all responsibility with respect to an "air of romance," which assuredly does hang over the narrative. He has rather softened than heightened the tone.

We are far from doubting or disliking the work on the score of the marvellous matters it relates. If it had not been of the wonderful kind, we should have wondered indeed. There is no cause of complaint on this head. That very soon appears, and the presumption becomes certainty as we read our way into the middle of the startling series of narratives. At length, so accustomed are we to the exposition of wonders, that we feel astonishment most, when we arrive at a page in which there is little or nothing to surprise us. That there should be nothing strange is quite marvellous.

But to speak gravely, this work—interesting in itself whoever may be the real hero of it—and excellently written, to whomsoever the chief claim of authorship may belong—offers choice and novel matter for an hour or two's entertainment, as we hope here to shew.

The admirable works of Cooper, illustrative of the life, character, and behaviour of certain tribes of the American Indians, and descriptive generally of existence in the forest and prairie, have naturally predisposed many readers to feel an interest in that extraordinary race of men, broken as it is into such numerous varieties, which mere romance can seldom inspire. Love and admiration of the inimitable Leatherstocking should long keep Indian memory alive all over Europe, even if it had no claim to be preserved on its own account, and if the whole Indian race, in the rapid progress of years—which here bring, not "the philosophic mind," but the rage for a civilization more barbarous than so called barbarism—should be doomed to utter extinction.

Much knowledge has been derived from various works, not to speak of Mr. Catlin's very recent one, respecting the more northern tribes of the American Indians; but it was reserved for M. Violet

* Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B. 3 vols.

(having Capt. Marryat at his right hand when his travels and adventures were over) to paint the least known—the Western tribes. Of these, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, and the Crows, have become partially known. Washington Irving, in his “Astoria,” gives, if we remember, some particulars of the predatory movements of these remarkably pleasant persons! but the Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, Wakoes, and Shoshones, have been almost strangers to us hitherto. Now all these—herein styled the Bedouins of the Great Western Deserts—are originally descended from the Shoshones, or as they are usually called, the Snake Indians.

The incidents and descriptions, consequently the information contained in this narrative, extend not merely to these tribes, not simply into the desert prairies (little known we need not say) of central America, but we have accounts of the countries of California and Western Texas, which bring news to most readers, and are of particular interest at a time when the republic of Texas has so recently obtained recognition from the English government.

Having thus very briefly indicated the scope of the narration, we purpose to start off, here and there, to some attractive point of information or excitement, just as the hero himself appears to have rambled and run wild, without, at any turn of his changing course, pausing to explain his object—about which we confess we are somewhat in the dark.

Without stopping to inquire how young Master Violet came, while yet a boy, to herd with the wild children of the desert, and within view, at eighteen, of being a chief among the Snake Indians, let us survey him at that age just commencing his adventures in a journey to Monterey, the queen-city of California.

Nice place that Monterey, according to these notes. No muddy streets, and smoky factories; no splashing cabs, and surly policemen; no mobs of men of business hurrying to their engagements like steam-engines; but instead, a bay, blue and bottomless, with beautifully timbered shores; a prairie lawn, flower-broidered, covered with hundreds of vine-clad cottages. A convent with massive walls, a church with a graceful spire, a sky of the deepest blue, and all below looking as happy as if they were dwellers beyond it!

No wonder, after this, that “even the dogs are polite at Monterey; and the horses, which are grazing about, run up to you and appear as if they would welcome you on your arrival.” Delightful indeed! but unfortunately selfishness is at the bottom of this politeness, as it often is elsewhere; for we learn that every traveller carries a bag of salt at his saddle-bow, and these animals, as is clear by their rubbing their noses against it, “come to beg a little salt, of which they are very fond!”

We add to this a characteristic of Monterey, which seems to be recorded as a more exquisite marvel still—that the English who reside there are contented, and that the Americans are almost honest!

After this, we can afford to encounter a little of the rough; and see human nature in a light, as we see it in these pages sometimes, so horrible and revolting as to forbid us to own it as human.

Our course, however, lies not through any of those stiff and gloomy sectarian villages of the United States, of which, at this point of the narrative, we are favoured with a bird's-eye view—“A sectarian

village, with its nine banks, eighteen chapels, its one *a b c* school, and its immense stone jail, very considerably made large enough to contain its whole population!"

From the ancient city of Monterey, wherein we see the Californians to the very best advantage, with their proverbially beautiful voices, their gay amusements, their vast wealth, and uninterrupted health,—this latter being so excellent always, that they have a saying there. "He who wishes to die must leave the city;"—we follow Monsieur Violet in his path to the country of the Shoshones, of whom, as of the other tribes mentioned, very interesting accounts are furnished. The women are graceful and chaste, the men brave and trustworthy; they are fond of justice, though they love vengeance; they have stern laws, which are rigidly enforced; they prefer peace to war, and are a race worthy to rank with the humanest and best of the savage tribes. One of their characteristics is set forth in the following:—

"I have said that they are good astronomers, and I may add that their intuitive knowledge of geometry is remarkable. I once asked a young chief what he considered the height of a lofty pine. It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock. He walked to the end of the shadow thrown by the pine-tree, and fixed his arrow in the ground, measured the length of the arrow, and then the length of the shadow thrown by it; then measuring the shadow of the pine, he deducted from it in the same proportion as the difference between the length of the arrow and the length of its shadow, and gave me the result. He worked the Rule of Three without knowing it."

Among the Comanches, and one or two other of these western tribes, many great and noble virtues hold their root in spite of every corrupting and destroying influence by which purity and integrity can be assailed. They have at the same time, in the taking of scalps and other barbarous customs, the true Indian stamp upon their natures as well for evil as for good. A story here will shew the baseness to which they are often victims, and the savage cunning of their revenge. The lawless career of many who resort to the western wilderness is faintly pictured in the tale.

A wretch, known by the name of Overton, who having been employed as an English agent by the Fur Company, acquired in the cheapness of military titles the appellation of Colonel, was known, as well among the Yankee traders as among the Indians, to be a desperate and atrocious scoundrel—cheating, plundering, and betraying all parties who employed him to preside over their barter, and murdering whenever it suited his interests. He at last rendered his name so notorious by villanies practised in every direction, that each party in turn doomed him to death;—the Indians were to scalp him, the English to hang him, and the Yankees to put him to torture. Even the Mexicans, who for their own purposes had long protected him, at last put a price upon his head. But he disappeared—became invisible, for two years; when a party of Comanches returning from an expedition encountered their pale-faced plunderer, and gave the old enemy chase. Away they flew—Overton, nobly mounted, cleared the broken ground fast, without getting out of view of his pursuers, whose horrible yell rang ever in his ears. Reaching a ground covered with pine trees he deemed himself safe, for beyond was a level valley, miles long, in which he had a chance of distancing the Indians; when to his horror and amazement he found between him and the valley a chasm broad and deep, over which no horse however fresh could possibly have leapt. The voices

of the pursuers were in his ears; he dismounted, led his horse to the brink, and pricked him with his knife; the noble animal took the leap, and fell from pointed crag to crag into the abyss below. A long hollow log lay by the edge of the precipice—beneath this the fugitive crawled.

Indian cunning, and the instinct of refined cruelty, here peep out. "He has leapt over," said one, as the wild party arrived; "it was the full jump of a panther." They agreed to repose for a time, and entered into conversation—*feigning ignorance* of the near neighbourhood of the trembling fugitive. They discussed and compared ideas of the torture to which they would have subjected him—no torments were left undescribed—and they were dwelt upon at length, in order to prolong the miserable hearer's agony. At last, a proposal is made to camp and make a fire upon the spot—and the log is quietly mentioned.

"Overton now perceived that he was lost. From under the log he cast a glance around him: there stood the grim warriors, bow in hand, and ready to kill him at his first movement. He understood that the savages had been cruelly playing with him, and enjoying his state of horrible suspense. Though a scoundrel, Overton was brave, and had too much of the red blood within him not to wish to disappoint his foes—he resolved to allow himself to be burnt, and thus frustrate the anticipated pleasure of his cruel persecutors. To die game to the last is an Indian's glory, and under the most excruciating tortures, few savages will ever give way to their bodily sufferings. Leaves and dried sticks soon surrounded and covered the log—fire was applied, and the barbarians watched in silence. But Overton had reckoned too much upon his fortitude. His blood, after all, was but half Indian, and when the flames caught his clothes, he could bear no more. He burst out from under the fire, and ran twice round within the circle of his tormentors. They were still as the grave; not a weapon was aimed at him, when, of a sudden, with all the energy of despair, Overton sprang through the circle, and took the fearful leap across the chasm. Incredible as it may appear, he cleared it by more than two feet; a cry of admiration burst from the savages; but Overton was exhausted, and he fell slowly backwards. They crouched upon their breasts to look down—for the depth was so awful as to giddy the brain—and saw their victim, his clothes still in flames, rolling down from rock to rock till all was darkness."

The malignant cunning of the Indian nature is finely set off sometimes by magnanimity of feeling. The Indians in this case would have scorned to use their arrows, even against a wretch like Overton, if he could have kept his footing on the other side of the chasm. The grandeur of the leap would have saved him. There is a chivalrous spirit in these rangers of the Western wilds, not to be exceeded in history, and elevating them assuredly in humanity, and an honourable feeling both as foes and friends, above the tribes of the East.

How is it then that among a people so disposed, the name of the "white man" is now considered to be a term of reproach—that the pale-faces have come to be spoken of by Indians as dogs, and are often hung or shot when fallen in with. If there be truth, as to all appearance there is, in these accounts, this deplorable enmity is attributable to the disgraceful conduct of the Texians towards the Indians. The evil inflicted by thus raising up implacable foes in men who cannot distinguish between an American and a Texian is incalculable. But to understand Texian aggression, and to survey the people who live under this republic which we have just recognised, we must turn to the book.

The population was, at the period of the independence, estimated at forty thousand—they now call themselves seventy-five thousand: a fearful number, if we consider what the people are. "Texas," says

M. Violet, "has been from the commencement the resort of every vagabond and scoundrel who could not venture to remain in the United States; and unfortunately the Texian character was fixed and established, as a community wholly destitute of principle or probity before the emigration of more respectable settlers commenced." The decent emigrants appear to have passed over into Mexico or the Southern United States; and in good season, when drunkards, thieves, and murderers are as numerous almost as citizens. That we may have a due idea of the security of life and property in Texas, it is stated that "there are numerous bands of robbers continually on the look out to rifle and murder the travellers," and that "it is of frequent occurrence" for a house to be plundered, and every individual murdered, "by miscreants who, to escape detection, *dress and paint themselves as Indians.*"

Some statements are given, relative to the causes of Mexican defeat, and the battle that decided the separation of Texas, which are of importance as shewing that impressions in England, as well as in other countries, are extremely erroneous on these points, and that the grossest misrepresentations have tended to neutralize that sympathy for the Mexicans which should have been exerted powerfully in their favour. The specimens of newspaper lies given by M. Violet portray the very foulest features of human nature, and prompt a wish that Texas were blotted for ever from the map of humanity.

A bare list of the treacheries and murders committed at the expense both of the white and red men, by monsters here countenanced, would fill a volume. Take as a specimen this. Our traveller was out with a hunting-party of young Comanches, when they met two companies of Texian rangers and spies, commanded by a Capt. Hunt, who forthwith shewed them where a settlement of twenty or thirty families had been attacked by savages said to be Comanches, who had carried off cattle and horses, and murdered sixty or seventy men, women, and children. The bodies were shockingly mangled and scalped; Violet, on viewing them, was at once positive that the deed had been committed by white men. The Comanche chief indignantly shewed this to be the case; Indians never scalped children and women as had been done here—never were known to expose them before death to a brutality which it was plain these had suffered. The Comanches started off on their tracks, and soon brought in three white wretches disguised as Indians, who were at once identified as of the murdering gang. But Captain Hunt refused to punish them, under the plea that he had received orders to act against *Indian* depredators but not against *white men*! Hanged, however, they were, by the decree of no civilized tribunal; and the Captain himself is found soon afterwards experiencing as disastrous a fate.

The Indians interpret the word "Texas" as the "land of plenty;" but it would seem that there was no law or lawyer in the land, when murderers steeped to the lips in blood were thus let loose by the government authorities. But on the contrary, the place is full of lawyers. We quote the second volume:—"The lawyers discovered that on a moderate computation there were not less than *ten thousand attorneys* in Texas, who had emigrated from the Eastern states; the president, the secretaries, constables, tavern-keepers, generals, privates, sailors, porters, and horse-stealers were all of them originally lawyers

or had been brought up to that profession!" After this, there are people living who will be less disposed to discredit the surpassing roguery of the Texians; as they will not wonder at the impunity allowed to rascals, when they are told that one, who would otherwise have been sent to prison, was allowed to go, "for it so happened that the jail was not built for such vagabonds, but for the government officers, who had their sleeping apartments in it."

And when the forms of law happen to be gone through, what is the manner and what the result? We will abridge a description of a scene witnessed in Boston—that is to say, in Texian Boston. Arrived at the courthouse, the party found the judge seated on a chair which he was "whittling" so earnestly as to have forgotten where he was, while on each side of him were half a dozen jurymen similarly practising on square blocks. Each (judge included) had his cigar in his mouth, and a flask of liquor, to which they occasionally appealed, was before them. The attorney who was addressing the court, was also smoking—so were the plaintiff and defendant—so, too, were the witnesses, and also the public in general. So much for the court, now for the case.

The defendant was the postmaster and general merchant of the country, and he was on his trial for murder. A man who had purchased goods of him, had received from him a counterfeit fifty dollar note; with which, on its being refused elsewhere, he went back, and sought to change it for a good one. This was refused, the young man declared that he had been swindled, and the honest merchant killed him on the spot by flinging at him a nine-pound iron weight. The argument now was, that this was accidental, and designed only to frighten away a turbulent customer; but not a word was said about the *note*, though every body knew that the defendant had wilfully defrauded the deceased, and that it was part of his trade to pass off forged notes upon the inexperienced. At last, when the proceedings were far advanced, one of the jurymen approached the defendant, and addressed him in so low a voice that no word escaped, but his parting words were audible, "All's right!" His example was followed by another jurymen, and his again by a third; and, in short, all the jury in succession stepped up "to have a little private conversation with the prisoner." At length, the judge himself, with an independence and a manly scorn of concealment that put the whispering jurymen to shame—the judge left his seat, went up to the prisoner, and said openly—"Any good saddles, Fielding? mine looks rather shabby!" "Yes, by jingo, a fine one, bound with blue cloth and silver nails, Philadelphia made, prime cost sixty dollars." "That will do!" answered the judge, as he walked back to his seat.

Need we proceed? is not the tale already finished? Who could fail to foresee an acquittal—that is, a verdict of manslaughter—the prisoner being humanely considered by the judge "sufficiently punished by the affliction which such an accident must produce to a generous mind!" The court of criminal law in Texian Boston broke up with three cheers, and judge and jury quitted the scene to enjoy a "treat," as agreed upon, at the cost of the acquitted! That night, the merchant's dwelling was burnt down, he himself killed, and the judge wounded in the midst of his carousal. This was a work of

revenge—the agent was the father of the young man, whose murder had been the subject of this horrible mock-trial.

Assuredly, according to these picturesque pages, we do not find ourselves warmed by love and admiration of our fellow creatures, in proportion as we quit the prairie and approach the city. As our traveller entered the white settlements of the Sabine river, he found in fact, that far from arriving at civilization, he was receding from it. The farms of the Wakoos, a superior Indian tribe, and the well-cultivated fields of the Pawnee Picts, their numerous cattle and comfortable dwellings, were a strong contrast to miserable twelve-foot square mud and log cabins. Every farmer was a scarecrow, every woman would have been the same if she had had rags enough upon her. Where, then, it may well be asked, was the boasted superiority of Texians over Indians?

“Upon inquiry, we discovered that these frontier men were all, more or less, eminent members of the Texian Republic—one being a general, another a colonel; some speakers of the House of Representatives; and many of them members of Congress, judges, and magistrates. Notwithstanding their high official appointments, we did not think it prudent to stop among them, but pushed on briskly, with our rifles across the pommels of our saddles; indeed, from the covetous eyes which these magistrates and big men occasionally cast upon our horses and saddlebags, we expected at every moment that we should be attacked.”

Let us peep, not into an Indian wigwam, but at an American *table-d'hôte* for a vision of refinement. The scene is the “city” before-mentioned:—

“The dinner bell rang a short time after our arrival, and for the first time in my life I found myself at an American *table-d'hôte*. I was astonished, as an Indian well might be. Before my companions and self had had time to sit down and make choice of any particular dish, all was disappearing like a dream. A general opposite to me took hold of a fowl, and, in the twinkling of an eye, severed the wings and legs. I thought it was polite of him to carve for others as well as himself, and was waiting for him to pass over the dish after he had helped himself, when, to my surprise, he retained all he had cut off, and pushed the carcass of the bird away from him. Before I had recovered from my astonishment, his plate was empty. Another seized a plate of cranberries, a fruit I was partial to, and I waited for him to help himself first and then pass the dish over to me; but he proved to be more greedy than the general, for, with an enormous horn spoon, he swallowed the whole. The table was now deserted by all except by me and my companions, who, with doleful faces, endeavoured to appease our hunger with some stray potatoes. We called the landlord, and asked him for something to eat; it was with much difficulty that we could get half-a-dozen of eggs and as many slices of salt pork. This lesson was not thrown away upon me; and afterwards, when travelling in the States, I always helped myself before I was seated, caring nothing for my neighbours. Politeness at meals may be, and is practised in Europe, or among the Indians, but among the Americans it would be attended with starvation.”

Though the Indians drop gradually out of being when surrounded and demoralized by the whites, this work asserts the important fact that the increase of the Indian population is considerable among the great uncontrolled nations; such as the Chippewas and Dahcotahs of the north United States, the Comanches and the Pawnees on the boundaries of Texas, the Shoshones (snakes) on the southern limits of the Oregon, and the Apaches of Sonora, “those bold Bedouins of the Mexican deserts, who constantly on horseback wander in immense phalanxes from the eastern shores of the Gulf of California to the very waters of the Rio Grande.” And with them grows too, a deeply-

rooted and invincible hatred towards the American—a feeling common to them all, as wrongs more or less are common; and they have but to think of recent and of still-continued acts of tyranny and faithlessness, of heartless disregard of rights, and shameful violation of solemn treaties, to burn in silence for the coming day of retaliation and revenge. The spread of Mormonism, and its probable influence upon this susceptible mass of stern Indian feelings, under the cunning agency of the Mormon leader, and of course to the vital injury of America, offers a ground for grave reflection.

But on this, not a word here; and only one can we spare, to express the excited feelings with which we have perused Captain Mariyat's vivid descriptions of the various Watertonian encounters with wild animals, and of the scenes presented when the vast prairie is on fire, and the flames drive before them countless herds of frightened wolves, panthers, and buffaloes, with myriads of smaller fugitives trampling on each other in their flight.

SENTENCES ON SIMILES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale.

POL. Very like a whale.

Hamlet.

IN estimating the merits of a portrait, there is one condition more essential than the rest—it must be *like*. Truth of likeness is the first point of excellence. So in the affair of a simile, however employed—whether in an epic poem or in ordinary table-talk—there must be a likeness in the case; some positive point of resemblance between two objects, to warrant the introduction of the ominous word “like.”

Portrait-painters, however, in defiance of the imperativeness of the condition specified, often give a preference to an imaginary past likeness over the present, and assume some features of resemblance which probably never existed. Again, in as many instances, they persist in looking forward to a period of similitude, anticipating a likeness to be hereafter recognised. “

“Oh, sir,” said the disappointed mother, when the artist had finished her child's portrait, “you have done it beautifully indeed, only it is not in the least like my little boy.”

“My dear madam,” said the far-seeing R.A., “he will *grow like it*, astonishingly like.”

But the makers of similes, by pen and speech, often proceed upon a plan far more unrestricted than this, which seems nevertheless to have no limit, as it includes with the present the past and future. Their plan appears to be to look for the likeness not merely where it is not, but where it never was and never will be.

Poets, of course, are privileged people; and though not allowed to

invent resemblances non-existent and impossible, have a licence to detect in things inward and remote a lurking and most unlikely similarity. Their similes may either imply a likeness immediate, exact, and undeniable, or an analogy existing only in feeling, in sympathy, in the dimness of association, in the impalpable depths of the obscure. Of the two kinds, the latter is the more poetical; and, strange to say, that in this respect swarms of plain prosy people are in their hourly household discourse poetical exceedingly.

Where can one turn for an hour's chat, east or west of the city—on what topic can we hold a ten minutes' gossip either with the busy or the idle, the rough or the refined, the matter-of-fact or the imaginative—and not find a passion for seeking resemblances, for pursuing similes under difficulties—breaking out at every second sentence of the conversation! Why, the habit of hunting up similitudes is universal. These are the likes that beget likes.

Some matter-of-fact man took the pains once, it is said, to count up the number of similes scattered by Moore over the "Life of Sheridan;" but did the cunning critic skilled in Cocker, though probably blessing his stars as he read over his own naked prose, that he was no poet, ever tax his arithmetic so far as to count up the number of similes and no similes he himself might be heard to let drop, in the course of one day's disjointed discursive talk upon the hundreds of common-places that are continually arising! Why, it is a faculty which the highest and the lowest have in common; and it would doubtless happen, if we were to leave out the consideration of excellence and beauty, and confine ourselves to numbers alone, that the very dullest of Mr. Moore's commentators would perpetrate in a day more similes than he would.

In what degree the organ of comparison is ordinarily developed on the heads we see about us, phrenology best knows; but if there be any external token, corresponding in dimensions with the excess and constancy of the habit, some of our acquaintances ought to find it impossible to get their hats on.

Not one in a hundred, of the ten thousand who having something to say for themselves, are pretty sure to say it if you give them the opportunity, but cultivates the practice—often unconsciously, it is true, but always finding in it some relief or convenience, as children do in the pictures that embellish their story-books. They are both helps and ornaments. Whatever the image in the speaker's mind, to think of something like it, not merely assists his description, and presents it more vividly, but it helps him to define it more clearly to himself, and to comprehend all its bearings more completely.

When he has found this out, the faculty gets more frequently into play, and similes come to him of their own accord. He finds one in a case of perplexity a wonderful interpreter of his unexpressed meanings. When his object is not clear, whether for want of clear thoughts or plain words, the simile is held up like a mirror, and displays the doubtful object with distinctness. It is like the good luck of happening to think "of a church of the same name" when you cannot recollect how your new acquaintance is called, Nokes or Styles. The use of a simile is as convenient for clearing up, as the production of a miniature in the final act of a play, when a general consanguinity among the characters is the author's last card.

Where such effects are producible, no wonder that the habit becomes

catching, and that every idea begets another, the instant it is born, to image and represent it; as the swan that floats double on St. Mary's Lake, is imaged by its shadow in the water. Thus people who, as some would inconsiderately suppose, are unblessed with one single idea, are in reality possessed of a pair; the one having no sooner taken its first peep into existence, than you find it is "like" something else, so dissimilar and remote, that it would never by any possible chance have entered into your imagination to conceive it. Actual likeness soon, of course, comes to be little thought of, and similes are naturally adopted quite at random.

But even an entire want of appropriateness is not found to destroy the efficacy of the simile; though it should at last turn out to be as complete a mystification as that native of Ireland of whom his countrymen said, that "he was like nothing in the world but himself, and not much of that."

There is a capital pair of similes in one of the Falstaff scenes; the first as illustrative of exactness and appropriateness, as the second is illustrative (in appearance) of that total inapplicability, and that innocence of all resemblance in the things compared, of which we have been speaking.

"The rogue," saith Sir John, panting at the mere idea of a running-match, "the rogue fled from me *like quicksilver*."

"I'faith," cries Doll, "and thou followedst him *like a church*!"

This last is wonderfully like the similes current in general company, and now in hourly use; but in reality it is a very counterpart of its companion for exactness and for truth. A running dodging fellow would naturally enough awaken in Falstaff's mind the idea of quicksilver; while of fat Jack's running after him, the young lady had the same idea as of the lively movements, the unassisted velocity, of a church. Doll could have done nothing whatever in the way of description of Falstaff's hopeless incapacity for following the fugitive, like producing the picture of immovability conveyed by that extraordinary simile.

The necessity of resorting to the simile in all such desperate cases, is felt even from earliest boyhood. Even in schooldays, when events so fall out that it is difficult at the moment to call to mind anything like them, they yet must be likened to something or other; and accordingly we hear how "Thwaites has been a punching Wiglins's head *like anything*!" Like *what*, it were impossible to say; but anything is better than nothing, and the sentence could not be terminated without a comparison.

It is on this principle, found out so early in life, and in the consciousness of this want which accompanies us all through it, that certain phrases have been invented and dispersed through the world, as legitimate and recognised substitutes for this too general and indefinite simile, "*like anything*." It was felt in the process of time, to be more dignified to mention explicitly some one object of comparison, no matter for its absolute and notorious non-resemblance in the particular case; and hence by a happy social fiction, profound as some of the fictions for which the law is famous, the ingenious expression, "*like bricks*," rose into popularity.

To hear of ministers putting on taxes like bricks, or of public

meetings assembling like bricks—of Snaggs drinking pale ale like bricks, and of Braggs smoking mild Havannahs like bricks—of one talking like bricks, and another bolting like bricks—in short, of men universally, reading, writing, toiling, and begging like bricks—paying their debts, and cheating their creditors like bricks—soon became quite a matter of course. The admirable invention seemed to be universally applicable, because it nowhere applied; it was even said of persons who have a passion for erecting new tenements by the thousand, in every lime-besprinkled suburb of London, that they were building houses like bricks, the houses being in reality like lath.

A slight variation, equally avoiding the chances of applicability, was now suggested by a sense of universal convenience,—and “like blazes,” broke frequently on the gratified ear. The tide was said to be running up like blazes, or tectotalism getting on like blazes, or trade being opened like blazes. The appositeness of the simile was everywhere recognised; and, as in the case of bricks, it saved trouble in particularizing, and left all to the imagination.

Similar advantages were discoverable in the use of the term “winkin;” and looking like winkin, riding like winkin, and spending money like winkin, equally testified to the value set upon a stock phrase, by which a mysterious likeness to something not admitting of a definition was clearly implied.

How much better is it, since similes in conversation can no more be dispensed with than syllables, to have in this way a standard image, whatever it may be—bricks or winkin—set up as it were by proclamation and national consent, to which all other images as soon as they arise in the mind must instinctively conform. Better, surely, than to be beating about for similitudes, stopping and stammering in the hurry of discourse to pick out an exact object of comparison; and after all, perhaps, succeeding only in suggesting, that the lady cried like the muffin-man, while her lover went and shot himself like a partridge. Better, again we say, than to be brought to a dead standstill, with a simile sticking in one’s throat — “For all the world like—like—like—” and no, nothing in all the world can one think of like it, because one has all the world to seek a comparison in, “where to choose.”

Everybody in turn, however apt at finding resemblances, and of however busy an imagination, has been on some interesting occasion in this predicament;—the organ of comparison is tuned, but the bellows will not work.

“Why, ma’am, little Jessie, who is but eight months old, would no more mind it than, than—nothing at all.” •

“Don’t ask me, pray don’t ask me to play at cards—I could just as soon play whist as—just—as the—sa—Thames.”

“Strange kind of people—very strange, as you properly observe, my dear sir. I stayed with them six weeks; and yet I declare I know no more about any one of them, than—than—than I could fly!”

My old tutor, venerable Jacob Wright, was the first person singular that ever drew my attention to the common practice of simile-making. He was a master-hand at it—with him it was a grand art, and he would create a simile under the ribs of death. Well remembered to this day is the summer morning, when, having a holiday from breakfast-time,

he came into school at seven to give as a single hour's attendance. Dressed ready for departure, his ordinary brown-black was cast aside, and we were dazzled by the shining sable of his suit.

We proceeded with our lessons as usual, when a point for explanation arose, and Jacob, whose thoughts till then had evidently not wandered far from his new array and the approaching hours of pleasure and liberty, began to expound to us some novel passage.

"A passage," said he, in his gayest tones, "which has little of the peculiar character of this author, and which indeed has been said by some critics to be in the manner of Theocritus; though it is no more like Theocritus—" (here his glances wandered over the ceiling and floor, and then round the walls of the school, till it rested complacently on his own knees as he sat)—"no more like Theocritus, than it is like *my black satin breeches!*"

Whereat, there was a rush of many eyes, all in one direction; and all, with one admiring, devouring gaze, settled on the glossy novelties, which were of black satin, indeed! Jacob, the simplest, wisest of old men, was a vain old idiot that sunny morning. Breeches would have ruined him if he could have got them often. Black satin would have turned him into a peacock.

But this was doubtless quite an involuntary turn. What good Jacob Wright was famous for, was his sheer inventions and sham-similes, thrown out to set one wondering and inquiring. Many a dull boy brightened his wits, by reflection and investigation, while looking for an analogy where none existed. But this sport he practised only on the older heads, and so grave was his manner that heads aged as his own might be taken in.

Harmless almost always, the jest generally tended to set us reading or meditating; but it admitted of a rather mischievous imitation sometimes, and L., one of the most mischief-loving as well as humorous of our set, was often on the watch to catch victims by catching Jacob's style.

He would be heard speaking seriously enough concerning some object, of which, when he had drawn towards him the listeners he wanted, he would declare that it possessed the most contradictory properties; adding carelessly, as if the fact were indisputable—

"It is like an ebony ruler, which, though so hard a substance when applied to anything else, has, as is perfectly well known, no power to break glass."

Leaving this fact to fix itself in the wondering minds of youthful experimentalists, he would wait quietly until the morning, to count the boys who were to be flogged for breaking windows.

Among the conscientious, however, who are for formal exactness and literal truth in their similes, no plan can be so safe as that on which we observe people now and then acting—that of comparing a thing, not to something else, but to itself. Thus they will inform you, that a terrier in a rabid state, bit a soldier, and ran off like a mad dog; that the soldier flung after him a stone like a brick; swearing all the time like a trooper; that the surgeon applied his knife to the wound like a bit of cold steel; that the patient bore it like a Trojan; while a certain pretty lass leaned over him, the tears running out of her eyes like—water.

Our Library Table.

THE POOR-LAW SYSTEM.

Jessie Phillips ; a tale of the present day. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols.—*Jessie Phillips* is a charming, cheerful, melancholy, kind-hearted work—telling hard truths, and leaving no soft sweet feeling of our nature unvisited and unmoved. We are greatly disappointed—and most agreeably. The first announcements led us to anticipate a romantic treatise on the poor-laws—necessarily disagreeable in itself, and comparatively useless as a critical commentary on the working of the Amendment Act, because bearing the form of a fiction; unpleasant therefore as a novel, and intolerable as a long pamphlet. We expected a sort of work that might have been entitled, “Somerset-house; or, the tyrant-triumvirate,” in three volumes, one to be levelled, as a knock-down blow, at each of the poor-law commissioners. We made a wrong guess, and perhaps ought to have known the powers of the writer better. We have read the book with a fully-atoning enjoyment—a feeling of painfulness, of something extremely repulsive, obtruding strongly in parts, especially in the third volume—but not, on the whole, preponderating—certainly not.

Of the design, first, which the writer had in the choice of subject, and of the “political economy” of her tale of the present day. The work is so constructed, as to illustrate by its characters and chief incidents the spirit and the working of the present poor-law system. (Let no gentle anti-political admirer of the soft humanities and cheerful inspirations of romance, be wrought upon thereby to forego the reading of it—but of this anon.) Mrs. Trollope tells us in the last page of her story that the course of it would have wandered less widely from what she at first intended, had she not received during its progress a multitude of communications urging various and contradictory modes of treating the subject. This begat a perplexity that rendered her fearful of dealing too closely with a theme which would inevitably be presented to public judgment under a variety of aspects. We quote what follows :

“The result of the information which has been earnestly sought for by the author and eagerly given by many appears to be that a new poor-law differing essentially from the old one was absolutely necessary to save the country from the rapidly-corroding process which was eating like a canker into her strength; but, that the remedy which has been applied lacks practical wisdom, and is deficient in legislative morality, inasmuch as expediency has, on many points, been very obviously preferred to what the Christian law teaches us to believe right. Nevertheless, it appears evident that much of the misery so justly complained of might be remedied, were the patient and truly tolerating spirit at work in all quarters on the subject.”

The last sentence is unquestionably true; and we are happy to see so able a pen as Mrs. Trollope’s zealously working with a view to the promotion of so excellent a purpose. We and others may be allowed to think the “obvious” inconsistency of the principles of the law with the law of Christianity (for to this Mrs. Trollope’s condemnation of it extends) somewhat more questionable; and at all events less certain than the fact, which is frequently lost sight of, that whatever may be the errors of the new system, the old one was crushing, ruinous, and detestable. The great evil is deposed; and it is probable that the grievances consequent upon change, the many heavy hardships and cruel mistakes attendant upon the working of “amendment,” in such a law as that for administering to the relief of the poor of England, would have been gradually lessened ere now, had some of the opponents of the act been more moderate in their denunciations and more suggestive of practical relaxations.

No charge can be brought, upon this point, against the present writer. In the conduct of her story, she has illustrated, by a very natural and indeed

every-day course of action, the fullest rigours of the existing system, but in no unfair spirit; and there is nothing in the tone of the few reflections and speculations which are interspersed through her chapters, that should offend the strictest stickler for the severity of the new poor-law principle. It may occur to some readers as an objection, that she has not given the advocates of the law, among her characters, fair play. We have a hard-minded literal lawyer, and a coarse, vulgar, and ignorant upstart, in favour of the act; while opposed to its philosophy, we have a set of the most intelligent, humane, respectable, and ingratiating people that ever crowded about one in a novel! It is also a defect in the story, that a person of whom we hear much, and of whom much is made when he first appears on the scene,—an assistant poor-law commissioner,—dwindles, or rather sinks at once into a nobody, and does nothing. He was ushered in as a hero—the great agent of the story; but we know little more of him than what we are gratuitously told of his doings when the tale is quite closed:

“As for our very amiable Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, he remained in superintendence of the district, of which Deepbrook made a part but a short time; for, in consequence of increasing intimacy with several persons thoroughly well acquainted with the state of the poor around them, and with what might and what might not be done for them with advantage, he not only became deeply interested in their welfare, but decided on several occasions, where his judgment and arbitration were appealed to upon no principle whatever but that of doing the most good that the circumstances permitted. This was, unfortunately, on more occasions than one, reported at head quarters, where it was, as a matter of course, considered as extremely unphilosophical, to say the best of it; and once, when it was very clearly evident that, by advancing the sum of two pounds five and sixpence, he had actually kept a family of seven persons from coming to the parish at all, he had been officially declared, though with great civility, to have been altogether wrong. As his general conduct, however, was not such as exactly to justify dismissal, he was permitted to retain his appointment; but all objectionable consequences which might have resulted from this were very ably and effectually guarded against by constantly setting his judgment aside, whenever it appeared to lean towards common sense, in preference to the principles of the bill; and by removing him from one place to another with more than usual rapidity, which, in a very satisfactory degree, prevented the possibility of his being useful anywhere.”

Having quoted the severest passage of the work, we shall have deterred no reader, possessed with a horror of politics, from seeking the gratification which this tale can hardly fail to produce. The plot of it is extremely simple, but highly tragic—very painful, and full of such associations of real positive crime and misery, and legislative cruelty and ignorance constantly working around us in the actual world, as seem little compatible with the charm wherewith a work of fiction should be read; but yet, though painful, and perhaps somewhat protracted in its details of suffering and horror in the more advanced scenes, there is a sentiment inculcated, and a purpose visible, which redeem and elevate it. It is written with great energy and freedom, relieved by numerous graces of feeling and expression.

The characters are excellently drawn and sustained. Several of them have no particular stamp upon them, and yet we recognise them after a time with all the certainty and distinctness that belong to the crowds of common-place people seen every day. They become quite real, and we soon know them all. But the characters least connected with the poor-law part of the plot, and the touching incidents which have no essential relation with the union workhouse and the board of guardians—these are the things in this tale with which we are enchanted. Ellen Dalton (what homage we are offering her in saying so!) calls up to recollection some of Miss Austin's heroines; and, indeed, without any exact feature of resemblance, there is something in the characters or in the positions of Ellen, her grand lover, her humorous confidential father, and her homely nobody-at-all of a mother, that awaken remembrance of the Bennetts and Mr. Darcy—pleasant remembrance always. Ellen Dalton is very charming, and at past three-and-twenty beats every young lady in the book; though

her nine sisters are a delightfully gay group, with a host of pretty acquaintances; while Miss Maxwell—but we must quote a passage explanatory of her:

“Martha Maxwell, with very little in appearance that might distinguish her from a multitude of other tolerably well-looking, tolerably well-taught, and tolerably sharp-witted young females, had, nevertheless, a talent so very peculiarly her own, that very few, if any other, under circumstances not more favourable to its development than those in which she was placed, ever possessed it in equal perfection. This gift consisted of a shrewdness of observation into character, which, like that of a practised fortune-telling gipsy, often seemed to give her something wonderfully like a power of divination. If this power had been somewhat less acute, and perhaps somewhat less minute also, it would have made much more *show* as a talent, for her observations might then have had the effect of brilliant hits and lively sallies. But Martha Maxwell had a shy sort of consciousness, that the process by which she looked into the hearts and souls of her fellow-creatures was not such as the generality could understand or appreciate, and this made her keep her speculations pretty much to herself.”

It is easy to perceive with what power and effect Mrs. Trollope would employ an agent of this kind; and the fair Martha has indeed her share in the spells that are worked. But this character, acutely as it is imagined, and consistently as it is employed, is but one of many realities, which, in this work as in others, establish Mrs. Trollope's reputation as a powerful expositor of the thinkings and feelings of actual life; delineated often, no doubt, with coarseness and exaggeration—but not so here.

IRELAND.

Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829. During the summer months we have borne testimony to the excellence of more than one work upon Ireland; but the subject is astonishingly prolific, and a volume is here laid before us which it would be unfair to pass by.

It is, though a stout book enough, described on the title-page as “Part the First;” and discusses public affairs, from the date of the year of Emancipation until the close of the late sitting of Parliament. What “Part the Second” may discuss, whenever it shall make its appearance, who can guess! but assuredly there is at present in the deeply-interesting, the fearfully critical position of Ireland, sufficient to make the calculation an agitating one to the nerves, and to draw to any impartial account of political, social, and religious parties in that distracted country, a more than ordinary curiosity.

Ireland, indeed, is at this period, to all men concerned in the lasting welfare of the United Kingdom, the one point of deepest and most absorbing interest on the face of the globe; and an author, therefore, is sure of his audience, if he have but powers of edifying or amusing them. * The author of the present work is not destitute of such powers. He glances in an easy, off-hand way at all the public questions that have excited attention in that country of late years, estimates their importance fairly, traces with clearness both causes and consequences, and shews how both government and people have been employed.

No one, therefore, can require to be told, that the work gives a consistent and connected account of the conduct of Mr. O'Connell during the years over which its review extends, and that this constitutes its principal feature. It is executed on the whole impartially, and the sketch of the great agitator's earlier life, as well as of his more strictly professional career as a barrister, will have attractions for numbers to whom little is known of him but his later political campaigns. The account of the Doneraile Conspiracy, and the famous fight between Solicitor-General Doherty and O'Connell, exhibits a scene picturesque in the highest degree, and Irish all over.

Many, indeed most of our leading men, who have had any recent connexion with, or influence over, Ireland, are also sketched and criticised—never with ill-nature, often with acuteness—but not, we think, invariably with judgment.

There are signs of an over-rating as well as an under-rating spirit. Mr. F. O'Connor's powers might have been more cautiously measured, while Mr. Sheil's brilliant talents are, in several incidental remarks, flippantly disparaged. But who can please all—especially when the subject is Ireland. The book is a brisk and readable one.

The Home Treasury is a contribution to the juvenile library that continues to prosper. Cundall of Bond-street is preparing to be to babes of this age what Newberry of St. Paul's Churchyard was to their grandpapas and great ditto. But with what an elegant modernized superior west-end air these picture-books come out! Here we have Bible histories illustrated after Holbein in the most faithful manner; and an excellent version of immortal Red Riding Hood's history, embellished, not by apprentices in art, but by masters, and the colourist has given to them all the effect of drawings. A beautiful little edition of *Beauty and the Beast* has just been added to the collection; the designs are evidently by the hands of men accustomed to administer to the higher tastes of the public; and they are so tastefully and delicately coloured, as to have all the effect of the drawings they represent.

Ruins and Old Trees associated with the memorable events in English History is the title of a little volume that will serve a very useful purpose, by planting in the minds of young readers a remembrance of some of the most romantic and beautiful incidents in our history. We have here brief memorials of the circumstances under which became famous the oak of Chertsey, Glendower's oak; the oak of Ellerslie, Wallace's oak; the nut-tree of Rosamond's grave; Hatfield oak; and several others. The historical accompaniments are appropriately written, and the wood-engravings of a superior kind.

OLD REMEMBRANCE.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

With song the wood was ringing	We dwell in places crowded,
When first of love we talk'd;	But yet we live alone;
One wild bird 'midst his singing	The more our thoughts are shrouded,
Seem'd listening while we walk'd;	The more are they our own.
All May-like was the weather,	The worldly path is steeper
Though gold was on the grain,	That tempts the bold and vain;
As our hearts first drew together	But our hearts for pleasures deeper,
In the old green lane.	Seek the old green lane.
That spring-light still is round us,	From youth to age unchilling
That bird attends our way;	Thus onward will we stroll,
The chain in which love bound us,	Our earthly course fulfilling,
It clanks not as we stray.	As soul were link'd to soul.
In gay haunts now abiding	And still at last, late sinking,
We falter not, nor feign,	Shall we, 'midst wind and rain,
For still we seem but gliding	Find shelter most when thinking
Through the old green lane.	Of the old green lane.

This song has been set to music.

A DEED DONE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK."

CHAP. I.

POVERTY AND TEMPTATION.

By the side of one of those innumerable roads which intersect each other like veins of marble, and cross in every direction the vast tract of country comprised under the name of Salisbury Plain, there still stands, as there stood in the year 1773, the date of this true story, a small, low pothouse, apparently less especially designed for the accommodation of decent people, than for those whom Sterne describes as unfortunate travellers; men whose own feet constitute the only mode of transition from place to place with which fortune has favoured them; and whose own backs, in like manner, are the only backs in the world which they enjoy the privilege of loading with a mortal burden.

One warm evening in July of the above-named year, a man named Jacob Fearn might have been seen sitting on a block of granite brought from Stonehenge, by way of chair, at the door of that identical house, smoking a short and dirty pipe, which, for the sake of economy, he had begged of the landlord, and sipping a pot of brown ale, for which he had expended the last few halfpence in the world that he could call his own.

Jacob was a native of Salisbury, where he resided in utter obscurity with his aged mother, and a sister of eighteen—a sensible, handsome creature, whom Jacob much loved,—and upon the exertions of whom in various feminine employments he now temporarily depended for the barest means of subsistence; he himself being, at the time of which we speak, unable to obtain any employment whereby to win the bread of life.

When a man has descended so far down the steep of poverty that it is wellnigh impossible he can sink any lower, he commonly sits down as it were at the bottom of the hill, and looks upwards upon all the world above him with an eye of envy and hatred, as though ever meditating ill. And thus it was with poor Jacob. The liquid representative of his last penny was fast evaporating from before him, while there he sat, in the very recklessness of despair, ragged, self-abandoned, and ferocious,—a strong man, whose strength was useless on the earth,—a figure which nature had cast in one of her fairest-proportioned moulds, made gaunt and angular and grim by lack of sufficient sustenance from year to year; and presenting altogether that most painful of sights which civilized society can offer,—power without utility, capabilities perverted to evil ends,—a human being apparently disregarded by himself, and uncared for by any other human being in the world.

And as Jacob sat thus, looking silently on the road that lay before the public-house door, he saw the team-driver go by, singing as he went in the happiness of employment and plenty, and envied him: he thought it was better to work even for nothing, than for a man to sit idle until he felt himself a mere excrescence on society and fit only to be lopped away. And then the lordly carriage rolled by, whirling

to new scenes people who sat in them seemingly as idle, and, it might be, no more deserving than himself; while behind, perhaps, appeared some plump-fed, well-clothed footman, or lackadaisical lady's maid;—people who, in Jacob's opinion, made idleness itself a business, and throve better upon it than nineteen-twentieths of those whose worthy business it was to supply with unceasing labour all the wants and necessities of mankind. And out of all this he drew reflections which we shall not repeat, but which rendered uneasiness still more uneasy, and dissatisfaction doubly dissatisfied.

By and by, a foot-soldier, with a small bundle slung at the end of a stick, and carried across his shoulder, came up to the door. Heated by the sun, his face was scarcely less red than his jacket; and his feet were thickly covered with the dust of summer travel.

"Well, comrade!" he exclaimed, espying Jacob, and making a full stop, as he wiped the hot drops of moisture from his forehead—"the world and you seem to agree very well together."

"True, true!" replied Jacob—"we can't quarrel because we hold no dealings with each other. I sit idle while the world does all the work:—she won't let me have a bit of it."

"Nor a bit of the profits either, I suppose?" rejoined the other, with a sarcastic glance at Jacob's miserable figure, which secretly turned the idle man's heart into bitterness.

"No, nor the profits either," replied Jacob.

"Then turn soldier, man!" added he in the red jacket, "it's worth twenty ragged lives like yours. You'll live well, wear well, save a little money, and get a holiday now and then to go and see your sweetheart, if you have one, as I do."

"Oh! you are on furlough, are you?" asked Jacob—an inquiry to which his companion gave answer in the affirmative; and, during their subsequent conversation, the soldier furthermore informed him, that about three years previously, he had been quartered in Salisbury, where he fell in love with a young creature of fifteen, that he had corresponded with her in the meantime unknown to her friends, and that he was determined now to marry her; for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries to which important ceremony he was now on a visit to her, carrying nearly fifty pounds in his pocket, which he had contrived to save during the period of his service in the army.

Fifty pounds! That revelation was fatal to poor Jacob.

Actuated by those feelings of generosity which commonly inhabit free young bosoms, the happy soldier invited Jacob to share his can throughout the evening; and as conversation induced drink, and drink yet more and more conversation, the twain sat at the table until late in the cool of night, when both set out together, not in a state of the greatest sobriety, on their way to Salisbury.

Quarrelsome as some individuals are rendered by being under the influence of drink, with others again its effect is directly the contrary; and not unfrequently may two persons so situated be observed rolling home in company, now rubbing their shoulders forcibly together, and anon flying at a tangent three or four yards apart, yet all the while vowing deep affection, friendship, and service to each other; by the next dawn of light, perhaps, to forget it all, or to remember only with an unpleasant sense of foolishness and shame.

How the two characters of our story sped in this particular, the reader may conjecture for himself:—be it enough for us to say,—

It so fell out that Jacob Fearn did not reach his home that night, and did not ever see his mother and pretty sister again. Neither did the young soldier with fifty pounds in his pocket, who was going to Salisbury to be married, ever again meet his expectant intended bride.

CHAP. II.

THE HEAP BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

SINCE the events of the day described above, nineteen years have elapsed. It is now the year 1792. Having taken the advice of the soldier on Salisbury Plain, Jacob Fearn has now been nineteen years in the army. The reader will be pleased to suppose him serving in Holland, and that he has never, during the whole of those years we have named, once written to inform his friends of his destination, or whether indeed he be in the land of the living.

One dark evening, Jacob mounted guard about eight o'clock on the ramparts of the city of ——. Like as on that night when Hamlet's father appeared to him, it was "a nipping and an eager air." As he stepped out to his box, Jacob cast his eye quickly round; nobody was abroad; nor could anything be seen, save the black platform of broad wall on which he stood, a black, cold sky beyond, and a deep gulf on one side below him, in which the town lay, studded with numberless little lights, like the reflection of a clear midnight sky. Yet Jacob felt as though something was about him. A sense of the dread presence of some being, he knew not what, was heavily upon him; and he felt more fear than a soldier ought to feel, or than even a woman would whose hands were un-crime-stained. He trod his round with trembling footsteps, and back again to his temporary shelter. He sat down and looked out on the broad wall with dread. The light shadow as of a woman's figure, like a film floating in the summer air, hovered before his eyes. What could it be? He had made no assignation there; he had ruined no innocence; sent no confiding woman to the grave before her time, that thus her image should haunt him reproachfully in his time of solitude. What else had he done?

"Yes, yes!" cried Jacob, involuntarily—"but THAT was not a woman. I say it was not a woman, and I have done no woman wrong. Begone, devil; away—away!"

But as he spoke, the figure grew more distinct to him. It seemed to be on a road that he knew when young—a road he had last traversed at night, some nineteen years ago. There lay the vast dark plain on either side it, and three blighted pine-trees stood on the left, and at their foot lay *the heap by the road-side*, which he knew again too well. And though it was but a heap of stones and dirt, overgrown with grass and nettles, it made him quake, and turn deadly cold; for beneath that heap lay what should accuse him at the day of doom; and from the steaming of the blood which soddened that earth had a witness gone up before God and pointed the finger of eternal justice towards Jacob's soul. As he leaned against the rampart for support, the figure he had seen appeared to settle and bend over the heap by the road-side. It raised up its face, and Jacob saw his sister. It then appeared to disperse the earth with its hands, and to bring out something red, and some decaying bones. A cry was heard, or seemed to be heard—the figure fell as dead upon the ground, and Jacob saw no more.

When his comrade came to relieve guard, Jacob was found lying along the wall insensible. He was carried off, and with some difficulty restored. The cause of his indisposition he would not tell; and only requested that he might buy himself out of the regiment or be discharged; adding that he should never be fit for a soldier again, and was only worthy of one fate. *That* fate neither would he explain. But as both his appearance and his health bore ample testimony that some strange and incurable infirmity had befallen him, he very shortly afterwards received his discharge.

CHAP. III.

THE PLAIN, AND WHAT WAS ON IT.

THE giant shadows of those solitary giant stones which stand on Salisbury Plain, a record written in mysterious character of an age and a people else scarcely known, stretched far to the eastward in broken and irregular shapes, as the sun sunk redly beyond the hills which lie to the west of Wiltshire, and caught in brilliant patches each rising ground, each Druid's stone, and aged tumulus, with which the downs of that part of the country are so abundantly covered. Not a breath stirred, so that the dull sound of the sheep-bell could be heard at a distance inconceivable to any person who has not stood in the midst of those tracts, as a single mariner at sea, and listened to their tinkling miles away. A gray old shepherd or two, looking small as gnats upon so vast a visible surface, were moving homewards in the now gathering twilight, when a solitary soldier was observed advancing, foot-sore, and in pain, down one of the roads leading from Salisbury, across the Plain. Shortly, he overtook a shepherd who was walking the same road, and he and the way-worn soldier entered into friendly conversation. Whenever the inhabitants of peculiar localities chance to fall into discourse with strangers, whatever may be the subject of their first conversation, the former invariably evince and exercise a peculiar tact in diverting both their own and their hearer's attention to those immediate objects of home interest with which they are themselves most particularly acquainted. Thus it was with the old shepherd and the soldier:—there might, too, exist some mysterious affinity between the red jacket and the story which lay upon the shepherd's tongue, since one assisted, very materially in calling up the other. The shepherd soon began to inform his companion how, some nineteen or twenty years ago, as a soldier like himself was passing down that very road, he was robbed and murdered, but by whom, nobody knew.

"It was supposed," said he, "to be near those three fir-trees; for under a heap of dirt close to them they found the body."

The shepherd started, for his companion stood still, as though afraid to move.

"Come, come along; don't be frightened. Why, I have come this way all hours of day and night in lambing time."

"Tell that soldier," muttered the frightened man, as he pointed forwards down the road,— "bid him for God's sake walk along and let me pass!"

"There is no soldier here except yourself," replied the shepherd.

"And my sister, too!" continued the soldier, for he was Jacob Fearn. "They are both there."

Thinking his companion out of his mind, the old shepherd grew afraid; and refusing to walk with him any longer, for fear of danger, hurried away, and left him to pursue his course alone.

CHAP. IV.

THE POTHOUSE.

It was nearly dark outside the same little public-house, which we particularly pointed out at the commencement of this story, though within blazed a heaped-up fire that rendered other light needless, when the soldier, Jacob Fearn, entered falteringly, exhausted, and with a countenance of ashes. He threw himself almost with the weight of a corpse into the chimney-nook, and mustered just voice enough to ask for a pot of ale. The kind host of the house, seeing his condition, and pitying his weariness, hastened with all speed to place the needful stimulus before him. The soldier took it up, but he could not drink:—*another* mouth was at the brim—the face of that very man who had treated him so generously twenty years ago. The landlord looked amazed at the soldier, while the soldier looked earnestly at him. At length the latter spoke.

“Landlord!” said he, “did you keep this house twenty years ago?”

“No, soldier,” replied the host; “my father kept it at that time, and I was but about thirteen or fourteen years old.”

“Then I must ask you another question,” rejoined the soldier. “Look at me,—straight at me,—in my eyes,—all over. Now,” after a pause, “can you remember a face that you saw twenty years ago? Or is it grown too haggard to look human yet?”

“Why, you are not the soldier that was said to be murdered from this house twenty years ago, are you?”

“No, not I!” replied Jacob, with a bitter smile. “Would that I had been! Now, look at me again. Look hard, man; and do not be afraid nor ashamed, for I shall not hurt you. No, I shall never kill a single living thing again! I am not that soldier; but I *AM* the man that killed that soldier! I am the man that sat in *that* seat with him, twenty years ago; that drank the ale he gave me; that talked with him; that went out late with him, and that murdered him! I am the man! Believe me, I tell no lies; and have walked through England here to surrender myself. Fetch somebody to take me to jail, for the gallows is better than the life I have led ever since. Nay, do not hesitate. I would not kill a mote, nor tell a lie again in this world, for all the world has in it.”

The bewildered tavern-keeper knew not what to do but to comply. The constable arrived, and Jacob Fearn was conveyed to Salisbury jail. On his own confession, which was repeated and persisted in, he was eventually hanged, and afterwards gibbeted, on the very spot where the remains of his sister’s lover were found under the heap by the road-side.

As for the fate of that sister herself, when she found that her lover never returned, as he had promised, she sickened and pined; but when the discovery of his bones was made known to her, she rushed frantically to the spot, and died in a frenzy upon his unhallowed grave; while her old mother, overcome by these troubles, soon followed to the same everlasting rest. Neither of them, happily, lived to witness the ignominious end of Jacob Fearn.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

- WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUKSHANK.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUSPICIONS CREEPING AMONG THE SAINTLY.—THE GREAT MERCHANT
CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

"I wish I came across him," quoth Robin Shuckleborough, "and I'd lodge such a fellow as that in the stocks. The old punishment of slitting the tongue of vagabonds like that was the best."

"No," said Manesty, "Robin, the best way is to let them speak on. But where has he told this story?"

"In general, among the shipping along the quays; but he made his way to Seal-street, where, having contrived to get into the committee-room, he told eight or ten of the membership there met, that he had sailed with thee for four months, during the past and current year; that he was close by thee when that scar on thy forehead was given; that he has known thee on and off upon the seas for twenty years; and that, in the African bark, 'Juno,' now for sale or charter, lying at Gravesend, there are fifty people that could say the same."

"And this tale was believed?" said Manesty, with a contemptuous sneer.

"If it was," broke in Robin Shuckleborough, "the elders of Seal-street, begging your pardons, Mr. Manesty and Mr. Rheinenberger, I was born and reared church of England, and church of England, if God gives me grace, will I die, so I do not think much of talking my mind out about the dissenters, — I say, if they believe any such a cock-and-bull trumpery as this, they are asses fitter to bray over a thistle in a field, than to preach over a Bible in the pulpit. This is now Sunday, October the 16th, 1764—new style—and it is certainly true, that my honoured master, young Mr. John, as I shall always call him, if he and I live on together till he is threescore and ten, left Gravesend on the 15th of June, 1761, bound for Kingston, on board the 'Bonny Jane,' 120 tons register, Moses Mugg, master; arrived in Liverpool, on the 19th of January, 1761, per the 'Lightning' coach, after a three days' rapid journey; sailed from Ilfracombe, by Bristol, on the 2nd of January, 1762, by the American sloop, 'Clipper,' bound for Barbadoes, 95 tons register, Jonadab Sackbag, mate, acting as commander; that——"

"Pr'ythee, Robin," said Manesty, smiling, "spare this minute chronology of my voyages."

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the zealous bookkeeper, "but I can prove from our books, that you have been absent just eight months in '60, '61, seven months in '62, ten months in '63, '64; and does not our letter-book minutely state to a day, or almost, what you were doing during the time? Dick Hoskins, indeed! I'd have Dick Hoskinsed him, if he dropped across my path."

"Nay, Robin," said his master, "do not be so warm. I believe



George Cruikshank.

The visit of John Manesty to Annio

a better answer to this piece of absurd nonsense, will be found in the fact, from the year '39, when I returned from an unhappy errand to the plantations, with poor little Hugh, then about two years old, until the date in 1761, which you remember with an accuracy I cannot rival——"

"It was the 16th of October, between six and seven in the morning——"

"So be it; from the middle of '39, to the close of '61—two-and-twenty years. I was, let me see, absent from Liverpool, once in '43, when I had to go to London, about the bankruptcy of 'Ing, Tring, and Co.,' where I remained precisely a fortnight, in '46, when the Woolsterholme affairs were going to perdition; and I went with a vain hope of saving something for my poor sister's boy, and I stayed there then——"

"Eight days and six hours," supplied Robin, "from the moment we alighted at the 'Bull,' in Holborn, to the moment we started from the same. I was with you, sir, if you recollect."

"I had forgotten it," replied his master; "again, in '52, with a deputation from the corporation, on some nonsense now not worth remembering; and, in '57, on that troublesome business with which you, Ozias, were somewhat connected, you recollect——"

Ozias did not blush—for it would have been impossible that his body could have mustered a sufficiency of blood for such a phenomenon—but he looked somewhat confused. This visit of '57 was, in fact, connected with some serious embarrassments of his own, and Manesty had rescued him from bankruptcy.

"Manchester, or Bolton, or Rochdale, or some other of our neighbouring marts," continued Manesty, "are the ordinary limits of my travels; except my visit of a week, for some few years past, to breathe the fresh air at Woolsterholme Place, or whatever else you may have been pleased to call it——"

"Amounting on a rough calculation, which will, however, be found pretty near the truth," said Robin, pencil in hand, "to two-and-thirty days in London; say six visits per ann. to the towns about, setting them down at three days each, which is over the mark, eighteen days a-year, for one-and-twenty years, three hundred and seventy-eight days; fresh air excursions to the Yorkshire border for twelve summers, a week a-piece, seventy-two days; the sum, Mr. Rheinenberger, is four hundred and eighty-four days in all (errors excepted), during twenty-one years, being on an average, twenty-three days per ann., with a slight fraction over; and——"

"Thou needst not continue in thy calculations, friend Robin," replied Ozias, "all Liverpool will be witness that every hour of John Manesty could be accounted for during the years you mention. And as for the voyages of the three last years——"

"Cannot they be accounted for too," said Manesty. "They can as surely be told hour by hour, as those which have given employment to the arithmetic of Robin. But the thing is too ridiculous. Hoskins has been a pest upon the waters since the year '38—the year before I left America—perhaps longer; not a year has elapsed without our hearing of his depredations; and here have I—to say nothing of my character, or standing—here have I, during all the time, been as it were chained to my desk in Pool-lane, and because business of a

kind, in which, as Robin there well knows, I was most reluctant to engage——”

“I can vouch for it well, sir,” interposed Robin. “I remember your saying to me, as well as if it was yesterday——”

“Never mind; because I am miserably against my will dragged across the Atlantic, there are found men with whom I ‘ate of the same bread, and drank of the same cup,’ are ready to give ear, if not credence, to the hiccuping of a drunken sailor, confounding me, perhaps, from some fancied personal resemblance, with an atrocious pirate, who was committing murders and robberies upon the ocean, while I was sleeping quietly on my pillow, or toiling peacefully over my ledger.”

This was a burst of unusual length and earnestness from such a speaker, and Ozias made no reply. He had never heard of the French proverb, “*Qui s’excuse, s’accuse*,” but its principle flashed strongly upon his mind. The silence was broken by Manesty.

“And who in Scal-street gave heed to this drunken mariner?”

“None,” said Ozias, “that I know of, gave heed; but none, also, could refuse to give ear. To avoid scandal to us and trouble to you, we got the man away with much difficulty, and placed him in safety at the ‘Blackamoor’s Head,’ in ——, where he has been staying since last night. He is now in a drunken slumber, from which he will not arouse himself for several hours, and then Habakkuk Habergam——”

“Habakkuk Habergam!” cried Manesty, with evident displeasure, looking significantly at Robin, “what did he say?”

“Nothing more,” said Ozias, “than that in the morning it would be well to visit him while he was sober, and so put an end to the noise, or bring the man to condign punishment.”

“Habergam,” said Robin, in deep indignation, “is as black-mouthed a bankrupt hound——”

“Do not indulge in invectives, Robin,” remarked Manesty, mildly, but still looking at his clerk, in a manner not to be misunderstood; “to-morrow morning, turn to his account as early as maybe, and have it adjusted as speedily as possible. A man who is so anxious to institute investigation into the business of other people, where he has no concern, cannot object to inquiries being made into the state of his own, where he has.”

“I can pretty well guess,” said Robin, “how the matter stands, and I’ll cut out work enough for Humbug Habakkuk to occupy him to-morrow, without pining after what is saying or doing by the blackguards of the ‘Blackamoor’s Arms.’ Such a thief as that——”

Ozias looked hard at Manesty, who understood the look to signify that he wished them to be alone. It was no great difficulty to get rid of Robin, who left the room in deep dudgeon against the brotherhood of Scal-street, whom he consigned to the spiritual bondage of Satan, and against Habakkuk Habergam in particular, whom he doomed in thought to the temporal bondage of Lancaster Castle. His prayers were more efficacious—at least, more immediately so, in the latter than in the former case—for though we may charitably hope that the congregated independents escaped the fiery fate anticipated by Robin, it is certain that two days did not elapse before, through his exertions, and those of his attorney, the stronghold of the Dukes of Lancaster contained the corpus of the hapless Habakkuk.

CHAPTER XV.

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS.—MANESTY'S CONSCIENTIOUS PERPLEXITIES.—HE VISITS
AMINADAB THE ANCIENT.

OZIAS waited until the noisy slamming of the hall door announced the angry exit of Shuckleborough.

"I have heard," he then commenced at once, "all that thy zealous clerk, and all thyself hath said; and I am well aware that this tale of the man calling himself Blazes must be wholly untrue, but it is not to be put down by violence and anger, such as that which Robert threatened and manifested. But I should be unworthy of the friendship which thou hast ever shewn—of the religious union in which we have so long lived—if I did not tell thee that, since thine acceptance of the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, thy brethren in the Lord have been anxious for thy soul's estate."

"I accepted it, as you well know, Ozias, much against my will; and after consulting the most famous lights of religion burning around."

"Thou didst not consult thine own conscience, John, which is a light more precious than that of the seven golden candlesticks burning before the altar."

"Of that," replied Manesty, solemnly, "you nor any other man can be a judge. You know not, nor will any one know, until the great day of the unveiling of secrets how my conscience balanced its account."

"Be it so, then; but this, I know, and all Liverpool knows it, too, that though it has suited thee to describe this West Indian estate as all but bankrupt, thy prosperity hath been of late yearly on the increase, far beyond the bounds of what thine ordinary business could afford any ground for warranting—and that during the last three or four years we know that the transactions in which thou hast engaged must be supported by funds far more ample and extended than any which thy regular trade could have supplied."

"If those persons," said Manesty, "who take the trouble of calculating what ought to be the gains of a man who understands his business, would expend a portion of their time on learning what business really is, we should have fewer entries in the Gazette. I am yet to learn that men who lose money in trade, are qualified to judge of the courses pursued by men who make it."

"It is not exactly by such that the observation was made—but be it so," said the meek Moravian.

"Say it out, then, at once!" was the answer of Manesty to the implied charge. "You think, then, that I am, what this fellow, Blazes, as you call him, has told you, the pirate Hoskins?"

"I think nothing of the kind!" said Ozias; "and I know it to be impossible, but many of thy friends fear that thou hast, in some underhand manner, which they are loth to trace, lent thyself to traffic with men as wild and as wicked as he, and shared in their ungodly gains. This may not have come to thine ears before, but it hath been long talked of in Liverpool, and especially since thy recent voyages. And here comes this man who swears he saw thee on the West coast of Africa—there known by the name of a bloodthirsty pirate."

"I can scarcely keep patience," said Manesty, "to hear this flagrant nonsense. Have you not known this man upon the sea for more than twenty years?"

"I have!" replied Ozias; "and therefore I believe nothing of this part of the story, which I set down as the mere ravings of an intoxicated fool; but the other suspicion hath been much heightened by his production of a scrap of paper, addressed, as he says, to himself, ordering a long boat to be ready with early tide, and the live stock to be discharged as soon as possible. The paper is very greasy and dirty, smelling strongly of tobacco and spirits, but if the hand-writing be not thine, John Manesty, never did two persons write characters more resembling each other than the writer of that paper and thou."

"It is very possibly mine," said Manesty. "Some order to bring Irish cattle here on shore, which this fellow has picked up."

"It is hardly that," answered the Moravian—"but be it so. The paper is not like that which thou wouldst have used here. Perhaps its begrimed state may account for that, and be it so; but he says that he has many others—and particularly some dozens of letters and communications which were found on the person of a desperate pirate, named Tristram Fiennes, killed in a drunken fray on the coast of Florida, about four years ago, which are of the same handwriting; and it is the purpose of the select committee of elders to have before them this man, Blazes, to-morrow, and procure from him all that he knows or possesses. It was this that brought me here, for I would not have thee taken at advantage. The idle story of this sailor I cast to the winds. May God have strengthened thee to resist methods of piling up wealth scarcely less contaminating of sin to the soul than the open violences of those whom the world calls outcast. If thou hast fallen into the pit, may God be a light to thy feet to see thy way out of it—and under all circumstances, whether to support thee, O my brother, under the injury of falsehood and calumny, or the deeper sadness of thine own consciousness of having done what thy soul cannot justify unto thyself, if my aid can be anything of value, remember how strong is thy claim on the gratitude of Ozias Rheinenberger."

He ceased. The tear, mantling in his small grey eye, kindled it into dignity—and a strong emotion lit up all his plain features, inexpressive now no longer. The habitual meekness of his face was exalted into a hallowed look of devout compassion which no hypocrite could assume. He fixed it for an instant on Manesty—who for some moments had remained profoundly silent, not attending to what was said, as if stricken with a sudden blow—and then rushed from the presence of his unheeding companion, heavy of heart.

Manesty remained in the same position for nearly half-an-hour after the departure of Ozias.

"He's a kind-hearted fellow, that!" was his first exclamation; "but he suspects that there is some shadow or foundation of truth in this story, impossible as he feels it to be on the whole. Others may come to the same conclusion without the same charitable feelings towards me. Success in any pursuit is enough to raise up hosts of enemies; and the very testimony I have borne against this trade, in which I am thus accused of participating, will render their venom more rancorous. This must be met—met at once—met like a man. Why cling those fancies to my brain? Am I not, by the world in which I live, and by the world in which it is scarcely suspected that I have lived, looked up to as a man of sound sense, of solid judgment, and firm decision? Is not my opinion daily, hourly, consulted on those matters which come home most to the business and bosoms of men?—and why not decide

in a case which so nearly concerns myself. Alas, I know that I have decided, and only desire that my decision should be ratified by the voice of another—that from another man's tongue I may hear loudly pronounced that counsel which I dare not whisper to myself. It is now two o'clock, and I shall have ample time to return by sunset. Yes—I will go—the ride of itself will be of use in bracing my nerves, and recruiting my jaded spirits."

In a few minutes, after leaving word with Hczekiah to tell Mr. Hugh that he was suddenly called away, and would not, in all probability, return till night, he was urging his mare onward with hasty pace on the road that led to the marshes of Ulverstone—the journey he had to perform was about thirty miles, and it was completed in two hours and a half. The summer sun was beginning to decline, when he found himself at the door of a solitary house of small dimensions, situated by the side of a desolate mere. It was the lonely dwelling of Aminadab the ancient, and he it was whose counsel Manesty had ridden forth to seek. As he approached, he heard the old man's voice loudly reading the Bible, and expounding its texts, as it would seem by his tone, with angry comment, though, except a very young girl, who was in the kitchen, and out of reach of exhortation, for which, if she had heard, she would not have felt the slightest respect, no one but himself was in the house.

No lock or latch secured its outer door, and Manesty, having tied up his horse, entered without any ceremony. The old man, bent over his Bible, did not perceive his entrance, but continued his fierce denunciations of the foes of the Lord in a furious commentary on the sixty-eighth Psalm. He had reached the twenty-third verse, when Manesty arrived, and was repeating with intense emphasis—"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." Something either in tone or text made the new comer start, and he hastily broke off the coming exposition by laying a gentle pressure of his finger on the old man's sleeve.

Aminadab closed his Bible, and immediately rose to greet his visitor.

"Is it thou, John," said he—"thou, John, my son? I expected thee not, but welcome are thy feet upon the mountains, or wherever else my lot may be cast. Thou lookest jaded and worn. The fare I can offer thee is coarse compared with that which thine own mansion affords—but such as it is, who can be more welcome to share it than thou."

"I have no need," said Manesty, "of your hospitality, Aminadab, which I have known of old would be cheerfully given—I want thine advice. Not food carnal, but food spiritual, do I lack; and to whom could I come for a goodly supply of things sustaining to the soul with such surety as to thee?"

"Ninety years and one," said the old man, "have passed over this hoary head, and to the sound of flattery mine ears are clogged as with wax. Ask what thou wilt, John, and according to the light vouchsafed to me will I speak. Speak otherwise I could not, wert thou Balah the son of Zippor, offering me, by the hands of the princes of Moab, houses of silver and of gold."

Manesty was, however, in no haste to speak—something seemed to choke his utterance. The question which came at last did not seem anything formidable to a practised controversialist. It was one of

those questions of dogmatic theology a thousand times asked in ages by-past, and a thousand times to be asked in ages to come.

"Can the elect," said he, "fall from a state of grace?"

He had not long to wait for an answer.

"It is with grief I hear the question propounded," said Aminadab, "from the lips of one who was all but reared at my feet, as Saul at those of Gamaliel. Thon shouldst have been not a disciple to inquire, but a master in Israel to answer. They cannot."

"Those, then, that were once in a state of grace are ever in a state of grace?"

"For ever."

"And they cannot by any means fall into sin?"

"Never."

"And their salvation is always sure?"

"Always. But why, John Manesty, my son," said the old man, looking somewhat amazed—"why dost thou come to ask me of things which could be answered by babes and sucklings? Are not these the first plain rudiments of the most ordinary theology? Before the foundations of the world were laid, the names were written in the book of life of those who were chosen to inherit salvation. Not to obtain salvation, but to receive as a gift—to take it as the heritage bequeathed to them by their father, a garnered treasure not won by themselves. How, then, is it that you ask whether they can so sin as to bring upon themselves damnation?"

"They seem to sin, at least, Aminadab," said Manesty, doubtingly, though this supralapsarian doctrine was the favourite of his heart, and now sounded agreeably upon his ear.

"They may so seem," said the unbending theologian, "but of what moment is their seeming? Nay, they *do* sin, if we look upon their actions with the eyes and pronounce upon them with the tongue of the world. But can the acts of man control the decrees of God? Are we to set up the works of the created against the laws of the Creator? What is written is written—it is written by the finger of God. Can the weak and wayward wanderings of frail man blot it out again? Is He in his ways to be guided by the merits or demerits of man? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? To talk calmly, can these newly devised instruments control the steam? Can the spinning-jenny say unto the engine, 'My will is not thy will, thy might is less than my might?'"

"It is well," said Manesty; "such I knew was thy doctrine. But still, as we live in the world, while we pass through it, what the word of the world and the lay of the world says must be attended to."

"Of a truth," said Aminadab, "we are here in carnal vesture, doing carnal things. We must eat, we must drink, we must sleep—things in no respect connected with the business of salvation—and we must proceed onward in our way allotted to be trodden. These are the things which are called indifferent."

"Of these good fame, in what people term society, is one?" asked Manesty.

"Surely. The poor things of this poor world we may not care for, but we may not do without, and without repute they are not to be attained."

"If, then," said Manesty—"I beg your pardon, Aminadab; I shall alter my mind. I declined your proposed refreshment just

now, but a faintness has come over me. Have you any wine in the house?

"None, my son," said the old man—"but I have some bottles of the brandy and some of the ale which thou hast sent me as oil to the flickering lamp of my waning life."

Manesty chose the ale, which the slip-shod girl speedily placed before him. He drank a copious draught.

"If, then," he said, wiping a perspiration which had rapidly formed on his forehead—"if, then, a saint is so stricken in his good fame in the world as to render his usefulness questionable, or perhaps to destroy it altogether, is it justifiable that he should resist the slanderer with weapons of strength?"

"It is so. It is granted to us to use such weapons to defend our lives, and even when life is not attacked, to wield the spear and draw the sword to maintain the cause of the Lord. In like case, then, when that which may cost us our lives, or that which we hold dearer than our lives—then, too, may we uplift instruments of punishment or vengeance. When Shimei, the son of Giza, a Benjamite of Bahurim, cursed David with a grievous curse in the day when he went to Mahaim, did not the man of God lay it upon Solomon as a dying commandment—on him to whom he said, 'Thou art a wise young man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do—to bring down his hoary head to the grave with blood? Did not Elisha, as he went from Jericho to Beth-el, call forth two she-bears out of the wood, who tare the two-and-forty children of the city who mocked him by the way? Yea, the whole scripture is full of wrath against the railing tongue which scorns the saints—as to thee, no doubt, John Manesty, is known."

"Have we, then, warrant," asked Manesty, "to do as was done in these old days?"

"No days," said Aminadab, "are old. To us there seems to be time, and year to follow year in the constant rolling of the sun. But he who made the sun hath no measure of time. What he permitted in the days of David—in the days of Elisha—in the days when Jeremiah changed the name of Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, to Magar-Missabib, making him a terror to himself and all his friends, because he smote the prophet on the cheek—that doth he permit now. This do I speak carnally, as to carnal men. But if I spoke in the language befitting a testifier of the truth, then should I dismiss from my mouth the vain and sinful words of what we were permitted to do. We are not permitted to do anything. What is done is ordained. As well mightest thou think, with thy feeble palm, to stop the waters of the Mersey, when they come raging to and fro down in murky flood, over its swallowing sands, by the boisterous east wind, or by thy will or by thy deed to check the careering wheels of the cherubim seen by Ezekiel by the river of Chebar. Shall the axe boast of itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up; or as if the staff should lift itself as if it were no wood."

"The elect, then, unto salvation," said Manesty, with great and earnest solemnity, "who are assailed by the reprobate unto eternal death, may by any means remove those reprobates from the earth without peril."

"Peril of temporal things, if, then, there be peril," said Aminadab,

"is to be thought upon with such care as may be—of that the Magistrate, who beareth not the sword in vain, must be the judge. He will see with such blinking lights as the dry bones of the law afford to his bleary-eyed vision. But," said the old man, rising and grasping a long staff—

The sun in its most western slope was bestowing its parting beams upon Ulverstone Mere, and the old man so sate in his parlour as to catch the fast diminishing of its declining ray. As he rose it covered him all over with a yellow light, gilding his hoary head, and giving fiercer expression to the eye, which still, when aroused to the joy which controversialists feel when they confute, or fancy they are confuting, antagonists worthy of their skill, gleamed, or rather glittered with fire supplied from the ever-burning furnace within; his figure became erect, and he leant upon his staff not as a stay to his feet, but a sceptre to his hand.

"But," said he, "as for the decrees of the Lord, there is in them no heeding of the laws of man. They who think they make these laws—they who put them into effect—are but vessels in the hand of the potter—vessels of no more value or power, than those whom they, from the ermined bench, send to the squalid dungeon."

He struck his staff vigorously on the floor.

"Whatever thou purposest to do, John Manesty, do thou, and that quickly. It was revealed to me in the visions of the night that thou shouldst come, and I was spoken with to say that the work to which thou wert appointed was wending its way to the end. The doctrine I preach is sure; sure as—nay, far surer—than the granite foundations of the earth. Go thou on thy way rejoicing, and to rejoice."

He ceased for a while.

"But I shall never see thee again, John Manesty,—never again in this cobweb world. Go, however, secure of purpose and undoubting of salvation. ~~Go~~ to thy work, but go undoubtingly, for if Samuel was not merely justified, but commanded to hew Agag the Amalekite in pieces before the Lord, in Gilgal, because the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen offended the ears of holiness, how much more worthy of being destroyed is the man that bleateth mischief and loweth unrighteousness."

The brows of the old man were knit with a savage frenzy, and his eyes shot forth a more burning flame.

"Truth fast, is my doctrine—truth fast as truth itself—which is, after all, but an idle word to keep us the further away from him who is truth. The blessing of Jehovah-Jireh be upon thee! Thou hast now heard, my son, the last words which thou ever wilt hear from the lips of him, who, in the days of his vanity, was known as Sir Ranulph de Braburn—for more than two generations testifying as Aminadab Smith, which lengthened years have changed into the title of Aminadab the Ancient. Go and speed."

He cast his staff aside and grasped the hand of his excited visitor, who fervently returned the fervent pressure. Other words beside those which had been just spoken were now exchanged. The old man sank into his chair, and Manesty mounted his horse to ride hastily homeward.

MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT XIII.

*Πόνου μεταβολή εἶδος ἔστιν ἀναπαύσεως.*

When a pursuit fatiguing grows,
A change is equal to repose.

(Translation for the Country Gentlemen.)

THE modern epicurean never exhibits his philosophy in a better light than by accommodating himself to circumstances. Stoical as a toad which "under a cold stone, days and nights doth, thirty-one," endure without sunshine or sustenance, his passionless heart readily accepts conditions not absolutely revolting. Before Lord Buckhurst had reached the sleeping stage of his journey, he had accordingly convinced himself that a man who has attained his grand climacteric, who enjoys a doze in his chair after his claret more than the most sprightly conversation, and esteems the dinner-hour the pleasantest of the twenty-four, has only to covet, for the partner of his remaining days, a lady-like, quiet, well-informed companion, who will not only relieve him from all cares of householding, but by the contribution of a handsome fortune, improve its quality.

"I am seldom many months free from the gout," mused he; "and even the intervals are beginning to be influenced by the progress of years and complication of infirmity. If half that Mauley and his wife have told me of the faithful attachment of Gatty Montresor be true, I have only to thank my stars which have prevented my entangling myself elsewhere in the interim of our coolness; for at *my* age, a woman fondly devoted to me, with seventy or eighty thousand pounds, (for she got twenty by the death of her mother,) is a better thing than the Venus of Praxiteles educated by Mrs. Trimmer.—Poor little Apol!—She was quite right!—She *could* not have given me a more judicious proof of regard than by placing it in my power to do justice to my early predilections."

On this point, Lord Buckhurst did not decide blindly.—Within a few years he had twice seen Miss Montresor, and noted with mortification that the tranquil years of her well-spent life had left fewer traces on her cheek than were produced by the fluttering of the rose-leaves in his own Sybarite existence, so carefully guarded round from the vulgar wear and tear of life.—

Her father and mother were no more; and with her handsome spinster independence of fifteen hundred a year, she commanded universal respect in the neighbourhood of her ancestral home, now in the possession of a distant cousin, of whom she rented a pleasant residence on the banks of the Stour, which, in his lifetime, Sir Henry had often pointed out to her, and delighted to embellish, as one where her latter years might pass cheerfully, in the midst of the friends of her childhood, and adherents of her house.

"Poor Gatty!—It will be, indeed, an unexpected joy for her to find, at the eleventh hour, her youthful visions realized!" mused the traveller, as he approached the post-town, within ten minutes' walk of which Alderwood was situated. "With her present income, indeed, I should not have been justified in encumbering my limited estate with a wife. But knowing all I do, and with the satisfactory prospect that at *her* age I shall be unafflicted with the plague of a family, I think I may venture! Poor Gatty!—So unexpected a reverse will be too much for her! I vow I have scarcely courage to hazard the scene in store for me.—But anything rather than a committal in writing."

It was the end of October, and as bright and burnished an October as could well be desired. All the sunshine denied to London, seemed to have found its way to the country; and when Lord Buckhurst, after duly refreshing himself at the inn, took his way along a well-fenced, well-kept private road, the finger-post of which pointed the way "To Alderwood," he quite forgot to wonder at finding himself on foot in a Wiltshire lane, so cheering was the weather, and so almost summer-like the gleams brightening the hedges, clothed with fuzzy tufts of the wild clematis; nor was it till the gate-keeper of the little Gothic lodge informed him that Miss Montresor was at home, that certain qualms of uneasiness reminded him he was about to enter, uninvited, the castle of the fair lady to whom he had proved so recreant a knight; the woman whose happiness in life had been sacrificed to him,—and whose unequalled attachment he had rewarded with baseness equally matchless.—His recent experience, however, of the inconsistency of female nature, as demonstrated in the sudden relenting of Apol-blossom after the chilling reception bestowed upon him by Sister Constanje, determined him on the present occasion to persevere, even if the once devoted Gertrude should in the first instance exhibit tokens of coldness or resentment. The Rubicon was passed, and he had only to push forward with all the audacity of Caesar, to complete his triumphs.

Lord Buckhurst was informed by the grave, out-of-livery servant, who answered the hall-bell, and whose face he fancied he could remember at the hall, that "Miss Montresor was in her garden." The butler offered, however, if the gentleman would please to step into the drawing-room and give his name, to apprise her of the visit.

The gentleman of course replied, that he would apprise her himself; not a little relieved on finding that the awkwardness of the interview would be partly dissipated by taking place in the open air. In another minute he had traversed the house, and following the direction pointed out to him, entered the neat gravel-walk of a shrubbery of ever-greens, to which the decaying tints of a few deciduous shrubs imparted, by force of contrast, peculiar snugness. Clumps of arbutus and fuchsia, defying the progress of the season, brightened here and there the uniformity of the foliage, while the fragrance of the heliotropes and mignonette, still spared by the frost, embalmed the sunny atmosphere.

A sudden turn of the shrubbery brought Lord Buckhurst so unexpectedly into the presence of its liege lady, as almost to startle him.—His nervousness at the prospect of a tête-à-tête was, however, gratuitous; for Miss Montresor was inspecting her gardener affixing labels to the various plants of a dahlia-bed, set apart for seedlings, accompanied by a staid, middle-aged man, fully as qualified for a chaperon as the superiress of a Beghynage.—For a moment, Lord Buckhurst was not quite certain but that he might have preferred finding her alone; and he was conscious of a slight tremour in his voice while addressing to his once-loved Gatty a plausible account of his unwillingness to pass through the neighbourhood in the course of a tour he was making, without inquiring after her health.

But if surprised at his own want of self-possession, he was fifty times more so at the easy and hospitable frankness with which he was immediately welcomed by Miss Montresor. She seemed ashamed neither of her gardening gloves, her strong shoes, nor her quizzical companion; nor could she have shewn a more cheerful spirit in inviting her unexpected guest to accompany her back to the house, if he had been the most indifferent of the neighbouring squires.—It was cruelly mortifying!—Twice within the last two months, instead of producing the heart-rending emotions it had been once his painful province to call into existence, he had been hailed by two of his supposed victims with the serene deference due to their grandfather!—All this, he felt convinced, was as the gout would have it; but he was beginning also to think it as the devil would have it, too.

Prepared to reassure, as he had found it urgent to do at one of their former encounters, the sinking spirits of poor Gatty, he bit his lips for rage to find himself civilly invited to the luncheon-table, and calmly interrogated concerning their common friends, the Mauleys.—It was something, in concealment of his disgust, to be able to say that he had dined with the Attorney-general a few days before; and to talk fluently of the children of Emma, as resembling her, and affording a mutual subject of interest.

As he alluded to their beauty, a slight suffusion certainly traversed the usually pale cheeks of Miss Montresor. A moment

later, and he fancied he could even discern an auspicious swimming of the eyes!

"The natural regret of a woman in reverting to the progeny of a contemporary, and contemplating her own disconsolate old age!" mused Lord Buckhurst. But he was instantly undeceived.

"I often reflect," said his mild hostess, "what joy it would have afforded my poor father's friends the Dean and Mrs. Clifton, could they have lived to witness Emma's domestic happiness, and the realization of all Dr. Clifton's prophecies concerning the professional advancement of his favourite pupil. He always used to foretell, if you remember, that Tom Mauley would reach the woolseck!—It is true the Attorney-general used to prophesy, in his turn, that his old master would die a Bishop."

"And so he would, in all probability, had he lived a few years longer!" interposed her grave companion. And on hazarding a glance towards Miss Montresor, Lord Buckhurst perceived that as he spoke, a rainbow was shining through her glimmering tears;—that a smile had brightened her gentle countenance.

It was very strange. Between these two women who had loved and lost him,—the young Béguine and the mature spinster,—there appeared to be a certain affinity of mind and manners, as though the character of the one had been modelled on that of the other;—or as if a specific idiosyncrasy were indispensable to entertain a due sense of his merits.

"It was unfortunately impossible to secure the happiness of both these devoted creatures!" was his secret commentary.—"Be it some atonement that I shall render poor Gatty the happiest of her sex; uniting in my regard for *her* the tribute so justly due to both."

The conversation, thanks to a pretty view of the river which the lady of the house was able to point out from the windows, as enthusiastically as if she had not enlarged upon its objects ten thousand times before, now became general; and Lord Buckhurst was charmed to perceive that five and twenty years spent in the country, had, without rusticizing her manners or appearance, enlarged the experience of Gatty in rural economy and knowledge of the country world, so as to promise a charming mistress to Greyoke.—He was now of an age to think it of consequence that *his* wife should know something beyond her sketch-books, music-books, or any other books.—The worst of it was, that Miss Montresor had no more hesitation in talking about his place than though^d it had been the seat of Lord Langley, instead of that of the lover of her youth!

Her questions, however, evinced at least how thoroughly she was acquainted, agriculturally and horticulturally, with the capabilities of the place. In those long solitary years, Greyoke had evidently been the frequent subject of her reveries and inquiries; and Lord Buckhurst felt as much gratified as he was capable of

feeling, to think that he was on the point of rewarding such unexampled self-abnegation.

To his still greater surprise, moreover, on making some allusion to his recent tour, with reference to a newly-discovered Spa, (tribes of which are beginning to start up in the Rhenish provinces, like mushrooms, under the fertilizing *fumier* of the gold scattered by English travellers,) Miss Montresor appeared as perfectly apprised of his route, as though she had officiated as his courier!

"You must be in very close correspondence with our friend Lady Mauley?" cried he, suffering his amazement to become apparent.—"Yet, now I think of it, even to her husband, I never indulged in much detail of my journey. I am convinced that I never bored any living being with a syllable of the particulars of my autumn on the Rhine."

"That you may not suspect me of witchcraft," observed Miss Montresor, with a gentle smile,—"I may as well avow that we have other mutual friends, than Emma Mauley.—A very dear, —a very *valued* correspondent of mine, whom you saw in your journey through Flanders, informed me, in a letter I lately received from her, not only that she had seen you, but that she had heard much of your proceedings in your subsequent tour."

"Sister Constanje!"—ejaculated Lord Buckhurst, scarcely knowing whether to be pleased or annoyed at this discovery of the espionage practised upon him; or of the probability that Gatty might be already forewarned of the generous intentions in her favour of the lovely fanatic; and he accordingly diverted the conversation in all haste to the agriculture of Flanders, the fertility of the Walloon country, and the loyalty of the Luxembourgcois; who, on the recent visit of King Leopold to St. Hubert, passed public resolutions to enter into an association for the purpose of rearing and preserving wolves, to afford sport to his majesty!

To his great indignation, the middle-aged gentleman, who, from his suit of rusty black, he had decided to be the parson of the parish, (his deferential deportment towards Miss Montresor implying, moreover, that the living was a poor one,) presumed to have an opinion of his own on these subjects; the unparsonic opinion of a fox-hunter, as regarded the preservation of wolves; and the impertinent opinion of a landed proprietor, as regarded Walloon farming. In his reply, Lord Buckhurst could scarcely refrain from the ironical impertinence which used formerly to tincture his parliamentary rejoinders. It was only in deprecation of the displeasure of the future Lady Buckhurst, that he commanded his insolence.

At length, however, a half-repressed sarcasm escaped his lips, which so clearly marked his estimation of the quality and calling of the man he was addressing, that Miss Montresor, in mercy to

him rather than her guest, judged it better (while adhering to the English rule of non-introduction) to name the stranger pointedly to Lord Buckhurst, as "my cousin Sir Clifford Montresor."

"I might have guessed it!"—thought the Baron of Greyoke.—"The very cut of what the cant of English courtesy invariably dubs a—'worthy Baronet!'"

He set about doing the civil towards his future cousin, however, by veering gently round towards his opinion concerning green crops and barley. It occurred to him that perhaps, as Alderwood lay so "convenient" to the Hall, his cousinly presence there might afford an excuse to poor Gertrude for inviting him to return to dinner; or that the "worthy Baronet," perceiving how matters stood between them, might have sense enough to engage them both to dine with *him*, at his own residence.—Nevertheless, though his lordship stayed on and on, hoping the cousin would at all events have the good breeding to retire, leaving the field clear to the last comer, Sir Clifford evinced as great a partiality for the comfortable morning-room of his quiet simple-minded cousin, as Lord Buckhurst of Greyoke.

"Decidedly," mused his lordship, thoroughly out of sorts, "when we are married, this dull, square-toed, inapprehensive fellow shall never be invited into the house!—Never was I in company with such a quiz, since I left old Clifton's!"

Meanwhile, perceiving with the tact of a woman long accustomed to presidency over a country house, that neither of her visitors had the least idea of giving her the remainder of the afternoon to herself, Miss Montresor proposed to them to try a new billiard-table in the adjoining room, offering her services as marker; and notwithstanding the years of double discretion she had attained, and the sober deportment which did them justice, Lord Buckhurst felt almost shocked at the ease with which she seemed to find herself thus perfectly at home with two persons of the opposite sex. He had scarcely patience to see the future lady of Greyoke contributing to the amusement even of her own cousin.

At length, in the fractiousness of his soul, not daring to quarrel with Sir Clifford, he began to find fault with the table. "He trusted Miss Montresor would excuse his frankness.—Ladies were not expected to be particularly good judges in such matters.—He hoped, therefore, she would pardon him for saying that in the purchase of that table, she had been scandalously imposed upon.—It was one of the *very* worst he had ever played on in his life!"

"I am glad to find you of my opinion," said Sir Clifford, coolly. "I was telling Gatty, yesterday, that it was scarcely worth house-room!"

"It is at least in nobody's way," was her smiling reply.—"I wrote word to General Laffan's agent when he engaged Alder-

wood from Christmas, that my new tenant was quite welcome to send down a few articles of furniture which he complained of having upon his hands, on my altering my original intention of giving up the house at Michaelmas. I think myself lucky, indeed, that they have encumbered me with nothing worse than a billiard-table, a grand piano, and a weighing-machine !”

“Are you going, then, to quit Alderwood?”—inquired Lord Buckhurst, with some surprise; “after making it so comfortable, after adapting it so thoroughly to your habits and tastes?”

Miss Montresor smiled; and one of those peculiar smiles which look as if they ought to be accompanied by a blush. Nay, Sir Clifford smiled, too; and they glanced at each other across the billiard-table, in a manner that plainly implied, “had we not better enlighten the mind of this unhappy man, who is shooting so completely beside the mark?”

But his mind was already enlightened! That single glance had spoken volumes to him,—volumes equal in number and information to those of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*!—He saw all,—he felt all,—he understood all!—Gatty was about to re-transfer herself to Montresor Hall!—The cousin in the rusty black coat was a single man, and about to become what novelists call, “the happiest of men;”—that is, he was about to marry a very handsome fortune, with a not very ugly woman appertaining to it. It was for *him*,—it was for this detestable “*worthy* baronet,” that the misguided little *Béguine* was stripping herself of her last consolation,—her fortune, in order to confirm to the autumn of Gertrude Montresor the happiness denied to her blighted spring!

“I was in hopes,” observed his hostess, in a hesitating voice, “that, as you had seen dear Constanje so lately, and dear Emma still later, you must have been apprised of——”

“I was not aware that the happy event was likely to occur so *shortly*,” equivocated Lord Buckhurst, scarcely knowing where to fix his eyes, that they might escape the sight of the alligator assuming an air of such insolent independence. “But since I came fifty miles out of my way only to offer you my congratulations, you cannot doubt how sincerely I rejoice in the prospects of a match, at once so satisfactory to your family feelings and personal predilections.”

As if suddenly relieved from an uneasy apprehension, Miss Montresor, after a little satisfactory telegraphy with Sir Clifford, now *really* invited him to dine at Alderwood, instead of pursuing his way; and lucky was it for Lord Buckhurst’s future sense of his own dignity, that he retained sufficient self-possession to point out some place, a hundred miles off, at which he stated himself to be under the urgent necessity of arriving at day-break.

“I so made my arrangements at starting from town,” said he, with an ineffable smile, (resembling the shield of spun-sugar with which able housekeepers cover the acidities of a tart,)—“as to

be able, by travelling all night, to express to you, in person, the congratulations I might have offered less courteously by letter; and which a friendship of thirty years' duration renders sacred.—I am to find my post-horses in waiting, when I return to my inn, at five o'clock.—And by Jove!" cried he, in an agitated manner, looking at his watch,—“I am almost over-staying my time under the delusive influence of such pleasant society!—If I keep my poor Hennings waiting, so punctual are my habits, that I fear I shall be having him alarm the country, in search of me, or perhaps dragging the Stour!"

Sir Clifford Montresor, *really* a “*worthy* baronet,” but tolerably aware of the disingenuous character of the man who fancied himself his superior, felt convinced that Lord Buckhurst was uttering a series of untruths, and politely offered to accompany him back to his inn.

To refuse, was impossible,—for what plea could he put forward?—and it was in vain that Lord Buckhurst attempted, by the most sarcastic ungraciousness, to disgust him with the project.

“I walked here to-day,” replied Sir Clifford; “and the weather is still fine enough to tempt one back on foot. My lodge-gate is, as you may remember, only half a mile from Alderwood, and the town lies exactly between them.—I must, in short, go out of my way to *avoid* bearing you company;—so no apologies, I entreat.”

Lord Buckhurst *did* remember; for the vivid memories of boyhood are seldom wholly rooted out; and too often had Montresor Hall been made the object of his trancies from Dr. Clifton's, to admit of his forgetting a single turning of the lane or an intervening stile.—The “thirty years” to which he had maliciously alluded by way of taunt to the superannuated bride, had not effaced those earlier gravings of nature!—

Bells were now rung, hats looked for, doors opened, leave taken, and the two middle-aged men set forth on their outward way together, with mutual sentiments, such as might have better become rivals of half their maturity:—the one, all malignant jealousy,—the other, overbrimming with a pity akin,—not to love, —but contempt!—

As they followed the windings of the pretty little paddock, affording a shorter cut ^{than} the lane, (to one who, like Sir Clifford Montresor, had the key of the private gates in his pocket,) the “worthy baronet” began to cross-question Lord Buckhurst concerning the condition and state of mind of the exiled *Béguine*.

“I am a plain man, and was never out of England in my life,” said he, “and consequently cannot bring home to my comprehension these convents, which are no convents; and where the religious habit seems only a pretext for assuming an independence, unsuitable to the age and sex of the party.—How much happier would poor Apol. Hurst have been, had she en-

joyed her fortune in a rational manner, like Gatty for instance. — *Who* can have enjoyed herself in a more reasonable manner than Gatty! — Ever since she established herself at Alderwood, five years ago, on the death of her father, she has gone where she liked, — seen whom she liked, — done what she liked, — admired and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintance. I ought to know, who have not passed a day of all that time, without seeing her, either at *her* place or my own, — though faith! I was beginning to despair of her ever consenting to spare us both, twice in the twenty-four hours, the walk we are now taking, which, though pleasant enough in a glowing autumnal sunset like this, is the deuce and all on a frosty winter night! — But perhaps, (though I fancy you have the advantage of me by a year or two,) *you* are not subject to gout?"

Lord Buckhurst, whose varnished boots were exhausting themselves in efforts to keep up with the pace of the robust worthy, who was cavalierly accoutred in shooting-shoes, answered, like Hotspur, unwittingly, "he knew not what—he was, or he was *not*." But Sir Clifford was too much engrossed by his own happiness to require encouragement to proceed.

"I verily believe," said he, "our courtship would have continued with the continuity and straightforwardness of a Dutch canal, till we rested side by side in the family-vault under yonder spire, had not poor dear Apol. Hurst — (whose mother, you know, was the sister and co-heiress of mine, and to whom I am next of kin) — insisted upon bestowing in her life-time upon Gatty, the property she naturally intended should become mine at her death; — so as to leave my cousin no excuse, she wrote us word, for keeping me out of my fortune by further delay. — Her letters, in short, proved the means of satisfying dearest Gatty, that it was her *duty* to accept the happiness provided for her by the will of Heaven, and the position so honourably filled aforesaid by her own mother. Thus shall I be indebted to my two revered kinswomen, for the happiness of my future life! — Admit, therefore, that I have good right to be in perfect conceit with the sex!" —

"Do not let me take you a step out of your way. Your road, I know, lies through the water meadows," — said Lord Buckhurst, as they now reached the brickfields and straggling palings with decaying elder-berries dropping over them from the half-leafless trees, which constituted the mean suburb of the little town. —

"Thank you — thank you! — At this time of the year, they are too wet for a gouty man. — No, no! — I will see you safe into your carriage."

And so resolutely did he push on by the side of the enraged Buckhurst, that they soon obtained sight of the "Montresor Arms," — before which, not a symptom of a travelling-carriage was to be seen! — The posters were clearly safe in their stalls, the carriage in the coachhouse.

"*Where* is Hennings?—My horses *directly*, if you please!"—cried his lordship to the waiters, who flew to the door, all alacrity, on perceiving Sir Clifford.

"*Horses*, my lord?"—stammered the man.—

"Horses, and my bill, immediately."—

"Your lordship doesn't sleep here, then?"—demanded the waiter.—"Mr. Hennings was *werry* partic'lar in seeing your lordship's sheets put to the fire, afore he stepped out!"

"Stepped out?"—reiterated the discomfited Buckhurst,—muttering to himself like a celebrated cardinal, of one of our royal highnesses—" *questo pur è un principe un poco interrogativo!*" —

"Understanding your lordship did not return to dinner, my lord, Mr. Hennings is gone with master and missus to wisit the ruins,"—added the waiter, desisting from his system of interrogation.

"Three miles off!"—cried Sir Clifford, laughing—"and no dinner ordered for you!—You have clearly only to come home with me to the hall.—When your man returns, he can bring round the carriage ready packed,—if, indeed, in spite of the well-aired sheets, you are under the necessity of starting to-night!"—

To his infinite mortification, the defeated Rinaldo, unprovided with further excuses,—was now compelled to accompany the rusty black coat and shooting-shoes to Montresor Hall; and, moreover, to discern, on arriving there, that, in spite of the slovenly aspect of the master, the establishment of the old place was mounted on a far more solid scale than that of Greyoke!—His unexpected arrival, five minutes before dinner, produced not the smallest discomposure, nay, the dressing-room of his host, into which he was shewn to wash his hands, while a fire was lighting in another for his use, was set forth with a degree of luxurious comfort, which he had hitherto fancied peculiar to gentlemen whose boots and manners were as polished as his own.—

"Yonder suite of rooms," said Sir Clifford, pointing to a corridor, as they ascended the great staircase together,—"*were* Gatty's, when a girl. On coming to the estate, I would never have so much as the fold of a curtain altered;—though little did I suspect she would ever again preside as a mistress over this happy house. Sacred have they been to me, and sacred shall they remain!—The persons who fitted up the drawing-room suite I shewed you just now, and which you are gracious enough to pronounce in perfect taste, are finishing *her* rooms yonder in the southern wing, so that nothing need be invaded hereabouts.—It is my pride to know that she will find all as she left it; except, indeed, what it would have been painful to her to see again in their former condition,—the apartments inhabited by the late Sir Henry and Lady Montresor."—

Had the pulse of Lord Buckhurst been felt at that moment, the faculty would probably have decided that he was getting into a high fever, and was by no means fit to travel!—But the excellent dinner and wine, shortly afterwards set before him, reconciled him to his destinies more than he had supposed possible; though Sir Clifford had the ill grace to observe once or twice in the course of it, “we had better have remained at Alderwood, and eaten our mutton with Gatty.”—

But Lord Buckhurst at all times preferred venison to mutton, even when swallowed *tête-à-tête* with a “worthy baronet;” and from his former experience of the cellar of Lady Rachel Larrance, and other single or semi-single ladies, had derived no prejudice in favour of their *menu*.

Still, it was a trying thing to sit in, that dining-room, the hospitalities of which he had so often shared as a boy, and had so ill requited as a man; and contemplate the same old family-portraits,—the admiral of Elizabeth’s time, in his coat of mail,—the judge of William’s, in his flowing peruke,—and as many “worthy baronets” of the house of Montresor, as Kneller, Gervas, Reynolds, and Hoppner, could supply to perpetuate the hatchet face of the family;—a collection which Howardson, in the exuberance of boyish impertinence, had formerly called the “ugly-cultural meeting of the Montresors!”—

There they still hung, gazing at him,—unchanged and unchangeable,—except that the gilded frames were a little the dingier for time, and the oaken ones a little the brighter for French varnish;—and in the emotion of his feelings, the Baron of Greyoke could have fancied that the sturdy noses of the hatchet-faced ancestors assumed something of an upward curve as they gazed upon him; nay, there was an old Holbeinsy head in an angle, whose green eyes, he was almost certain, glimmered with inward laughter!—

In spite of the soothing of the delicate claret and creamy Madeira, flowing from their warm bed of sand, he was becoming horribly nervous!—The square head of Sir Clifford seemed gradually to transform itself into the Polonius-like poll of old Sir Henry; and the face of the silvery-haired Lady Montresor, (stern as a Lady Macbeth who has been snowed upon) to fill the vacant space opposite, like the spectrum of the murdered Banquo;—and lo! he sat there among these horrible reminiscences of the past, till his knees knocked together under the dining-table!—

Never was sound of cock-crow half so welcome to a besprighted man, as the grating of his carriage-wheels on the gravel, to poor Lord Buckhurst!—He had risen, many a time and oft, from the lime punch-bewildered table of the “Crown and Sceptre,” at Greenwich, without half so perplexing a dizziness in his head, as that which rendered inarticulate his adieus and thanks to his supercessor in the affections of the gentle Gatty;—and when,

at the following stage, Hennings appeared at the chariot-door, with his travelling-cap and the worsted comfortable tied over his chapfallen face, steaming with the fog of an autumnal night, to inquire whether his lordship *really* meant to proceed, or whether he were to inquire for beds, the poor valet was desired to shut the door, and proceed on some *other* sort of journey, in a phrase comprising seven ominous words,—only one of which was a dissyllable.—

But how could a man be expected to heed what manner of name he took in vain, when he thus found himself in process of slow mastication between the jaws of the alligator!—

FLIGHT XIV.

——“ Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum.”—HORACE.

When'er his fun some youngster pokes in,
His lordship will not stand such hoaxing.

THE year was on its deathbed when Lord Buckhurst returned to Greyoke;—with all nature in tears, and its successor listening with becoming gravity of countenance to the bitter repentance and saddening counsels of its expiring breath,—but all impatience to assume its place.—

Unluckily, too, the new year was forced, like other inheritors, to make its first appearance in decent mourning.—The weather was dreary,—the neighbourhood dull.—Lord Buckhurst, indeed, decided, like most men bedevilled by the loneliness of their country seat, that it was the very dullest in England!

But that his pride forbade, he would have let Greyoke to the highest bidder. But that the entail forbade, he would have sold Greyoke to the highest bidder.—He was beginning to look upon a family seat only as a clog fastened to the leg of a donkey, to prevent it from straying;—and though there are times of the year when a country house, particularly in a hunting county, is far from disagreeable, his lordship was inclined to say of *them*, as Tom Sheridan, when pressed by his father to take a wife—“ *Whose shall I take?*”—Anybody's family seat was a pleasanter place to him than his own.

For when a man like Lord Buckhurst has been long absent from home, those treasures, his domestic servants, take particular care that his return shall be made as disagreeable as possible, in the hope of securing themselves to the utmost from his future company: — butler, — housekeeper, — gamekeeper, — bailiff, — every menial, entitled to parance with the head of the house, taking occasion to ask as many questions of him, as the waiter of the “ Montresor Arms;” and to complain that the duties of office have been unaccomplishable during his absence for want of sufficient instructions.—

The keeper relates the catastrophe of a favourite pointer he has been obliged to shoot, because bitten by a strange dog under suspicious circumstances. The head coachman has to deplore a succession of casualties in the stable so numerous as to excite a belief that lameness must be contagious.—The housekeeper enlarges so emphatically on her labours, as to imply that she has the greatest difficulty in preventing the furniture from being devoured by moths and the pictures by rats.—According to the accounts of the butler, pipes of wine and hogsheads of ale appear to evaporate in the cellar;—and all and each have claims to make in their several departments,—for costly objects or privileges they have hitherto done very well without, but cannot dispense with a fortnight longer!—

Lord Buckhurst, when thus persecuted, thought of his little kingdom in Halkin-street, so well regulated by Hennings as his Cardinal Richelieu, and sighed heavily; and when the steward made his appearance with miserable details of tenants in arrears, holding in his hand the executor's accounts of the defunct year, in the shape of Christmas bills, his lordship felt that these doleful documents would have been more appropriately tied up with black ribbons than with red tape.—

All this was an invasion of his personal comfort which the discomfited man resented as an injury.—A wife would have warded off at least a portion of these domestic cares. It was not for *him* to be molested by a prosy housekeeper, with suggestions for new hanging the drawing-rooms, or having the yellow damask scoured;—and as to her account of requiring fifty or sixty pounds'-worth of house-linen, instead of agreeing with the steward that the demand was exorbitant, he turned his eyes reproachfully towards the portraits of his mother and grandmother, by Opie and Gervas, as if to reproach *them* that there no longer existed a Mrs. Howardson, to take care that Greyoke was provided with damask!—

“I used to consider women as a mere excrescence of the human race, intended by Providence solely to secure its perpetuation!” mused the peevish man of a certain age, as he wandered from the dreary library into the solitary saloon, and from the solitary saloon back again into the dreary library. “But I now perceive that the purpose of their being is more comprehensive.—No establishment *can* be kept in order without the prying, petty, circumstantial interference of woman's trivial nature!—*We* were created for nobler things. *We* were not intended by Providence to be troubled with examining in what portion of our household belongings moth and rust do corrupt.—I suppose I shall be having the mistress of the Greyoke schools pestering me, by and by, to examine the children's samplers and hear them catechized!”—

And, lo! by some mysterious association of ideas, his thoughts began to stray towards Montresor Hall, the newly-furnished suite of rooms, and faultless distribution of the establishment;

if the truth must be told, he had already begun to consider the fellow in the shooting-shoes a happier man than he had any patience with any worthy baronet extant for finding himself.—

“After all,” cried he, in a fit of peevishness annunciatory perhaps of a flying gout,—“the best thing a man can do, who has neither wife nor family to create those factitious interests around him, which one welcomes merely as a choice of evils compared with utter isolation,—is to stick to the places where the wives and families of other men are more accessible than in the country. Why loiter here, to listen to the cawing of my own rooks and watch the rising of my own mist; when a few hours will convey me where I need not ride half-a-dozen miles in search of a morning visit, or compel myself to dislodgment in such weather, from my own bed and comforts, merely that I may sometimes eat my soup and fish in company with my fellow-creatures!”—

To London accordingly he went;—and as it happened to be on the eve of the meeting of parliament, his country neighbours of course attributed the movement to his duties in the House of Lords.—

For a moment, indeed, he was almost tempted to make the pretext earnest, and try to interest himself in politics.—But Fame, like every other female, chooses to be wooed ere she is won; and his lordship discovered, on attempting to assume the high position he had occupied and deserted five years before, that he was superseded as absent without leave. A powerful effort would, of course, have reinstated him in the envied post; but a powerful effort was neither for his years nor inclinations.—Far easier to sit by with a supercilious air of superiority, than to *prove* it by exertion.—

On his arrival in town, sufficiently disgusted by his mischances, as a suitor, to renounce all present intention of matrimony, and sufficiently sick of his solitary country house to find the stir and cackle of St. James’s-street highly exciting, Lord Buckhurst took to a club life again, as though he had been just gazetted into the Guards!—But the species of existence which, five-and-twenty years before, he had voted the perfection of independence, he began to find less charming, after enjoying the command of an excellent establishment of his own.—At a club,—a small fry of united alligators is almost as troublesome as a full-grown one elsewhere.—At a club, a man is subjected, as regards temperature and diet, to the caprices of the majority. His lordship accordingly began to find it pleasanter in the intervals of engagements to his friends, to dine at home with two or three of his *affidés*; in preference to the beau-window, where, though no longer so lynx-eyed as in former days, he had caught the young members laughing on the sly, at two or three of his best-reputed stories!—

Judiciously deciding that even the best clubs were no longer what they used to be,—he considerably increased the measure

of his popularity, for a time, by asking the honour, favour, or pleasure of people's company to dinner, at a quarter before eight precisely,—the only hour of the twenty-four for a man who values the regard of his fellow-creatures, to invite them into his house.—

“*Faites vous miel et les mouches vous mangeront !*” says the proverb. Lord Buckhurst made himself fish, soup, and *pâtés*, and the flies of the great world found him capital eating.—For some years past, while his successive courtships were going on, his favour with the *beau monde* had been declining.—But it was wonderfully revived by this sprinkling of champagne and claret; and for a time, he was kept in good humour with himself and the world, by the consequence he derived from accession to a throne at the head of his own table.—

By degrees the possession of authority exercised its usual bedespotification on his disposition.—He became a tyrant C. G., or by the grace of his cook, taking it as a personal offence if any one presumed to think his claret a few years too old,—his port a few years too new;—or differed from him too loudly in the copper-gilt politics of the day.—The more acquiescent of his guests were invited oftenest; and those who laughed longest at his jokes (which were getting as much too old as his claret) were invited every day. Before the season was over, Lord Buckhurst had surrounded himself with a circle of toadies.

Now, in former days, toadies consisted of poor relations, led captains, aspiring chaplains, with a sprinkling of men of humble birth but good condition, tuft-hunters, ambitious to be seen adhering to the skirts of a lord. In the present, toadies of a higher grade are to be had for asking—i. e., to dinner;—fashionable bachelors, better pleased with any kind of pleasant party than with their club, especially at the dead season of the year;—men of letters, satisfied to extend their connexion in the world by the acquaintance of fashionable bachelors;—and members of parliament, always rumbling, like hand-barrows, in search of custom on the London pavement.—Such men form themselves as readily into a circle round a determined and systematic dinner-giver, as Prussian soldiers into a square, at the word of command; and though among people of credit open toadyism is as much out of the question as open pocket-picking, an unavowed but consistent deference towards the opinions, habits, and eccentricities of the host, ends by confirming *him* in his eccentricities, habits, and opinions, and the toadies in their abasement.

One day, when the attorney-general was tempted by an often-repeated invitation to join the coterie of his quondam friend, (little suspecting that this invitation was repeated so often *only* because Lord Buckhurst's obedient humble servant, Colonel Sticktoem of the Guards, had a cause that required his Honour's favourable interpretation,) he was amazed to perceive how little the Sherbet of a society which he had heard praised as of ex-

quisite flavour, *was* relieved by the grateful acid of pleasantry.—The mawkishness of mere iced sugar and water disgusted him. The party was shaped as in a mould.—The guests affected a set of opinions,—which were those of Lord Buckhurst;—a code of tastes,—which were those of Lord Buckhurst. No dog barked when Sir Oracle oped his lips; and when he closed them again, the dirty dogs barked only in echo.

It is true, Lord Buckhurst was a clever specious talker, and entitled to a certain measure of applause. But Mauley, whose shrewd yet solid understanding was kept bright and shining by constant activity, like a vessel scoured for daily use, perceived in a moment that the mind of his contemporary was becoming dusty and cobwebbed, like some curious antique or piece of China, placed on a bracket for ornament, and too precious to be attacked by the spider-brusher. His faculties were on the decline,—his wit was degenerating,—spindled like the plants of the old greenhouse at Greyoke for want of due circulation of light and air.

The forcible arguments and decided views of the man of sense were as completely out of place among the Buckhurstians as if a fragment of Stonehenge had been suddenly stuck up among their plombières and spun sugar temples. Unversed in

“The science not *unwise*, to trifle well,”

Mauley could no more execute the feat accomplished by the others, as by Saladin in the tent of Cœur de Lion, of cleaving a cushion stuffed with feathers, than the pagans around him could make a single blow of the battle-axe of Truth cut deep into the heart of an argument.

“Poor Buckhurst!—how sadly he ages!”—mused the professional man, as he drove homewards, from the fashionable snuggerly in May Fair (whose rental scarcely equalled the salary of its cook) to his roomy, comfortable mansion in Russell Square, where his children had been born to him, and where an escutcheon which his own abilities and industry had ennobled, would one day hang in achievement, bearing a profession of faith in that better world, wherein he *really* put his trust.

“’Tis very strange!—He gets positively heavy after a little wine;—while *I* am all the merrier for a cheerful glass. Yet there is scarcely a year between us;—though now that Tom is entered at Oxford, and Emmy presented, the less said about age, perhaps, the better!—Why, there is his old flame, Lady Montresor, grown quite young again, since her marriage!—Emma declares that in the family diamonds t’other day at Court, Gatty looked an elegant and pretty woman. One reason, I think, why Buckhurst wears less well than the rest of us, is his early exposure to hot rooms and excesses of every kind. Another also, I suspect, is his struggle after the juvenile.—Since the man who was grey at thirty has become black again at fifty, it requires no

great stretch of malice to determine that he dyes his hair,—and dyed hair ages a man's face more than twenty fits of the gout!—Nature understands so much better than we do how to shade and modulate her tints, that all is in harmony, however we may quarrel with the details.—Yes! I am decidedly of opinion that Lord Buckhurst makes himself ten years older by the minuteness of his getting up!”

Hennings could have enlightened the simple though acute lawyer, still further concerning the artificialities of the said rejuvenescence.—Thanks to the gossipry of that well-born valet, De Beausset, the world has been informed of the organic tenderness of a head which might otherwise have passed for cast-iron,—i. e., that of the Emperor Napoleon, who was so choice in the matter of hats, that he would only wear them lined with satin, and slightly wadded. By De Beausset-Hennings' account, *most* of Lord Buckhurst's garments were “slightly wadded.”—He was growing particular about a thousand trifles hitherto unheeded. Even according to his own, not a shoemaker or bootmaker extant understood his foot. Stockings and flannel waistcoats were no longer what they used to be. As to coats,—but why enter into the fractiousness of an epicurean of a certain age, fretting over—*not* the rumpling of the rose-leaf,—but its decay!—

Nor were *people* more fortunate in pleasing him than *things*.—Now that he had given up the rush and throng of ball-rooms, or more correctly, now that he found himself thrust aside in them into a corner, like a piece of useless and troublesome furniture, nothing offended him more than when some civil woman, addicted to cramming her rooms with lords, whether they liked it or no, molested him with cards of invitation. Like Lady Rachel's letters of old, he left such missives unanswered, or flung them with indignation into the fire.

“For what did they take him, to suppose that *he* was going to add to the sudorific system of their mobs?”—And the toadies of course echoed—“for *what* did they take him?”—

Aware that it had been impertinently whispered in the world, (first, by the Langley set, who owed him a grudge with interest, so many years had the account been standing,) that his matrimonial overtures had been many a time and often defeated, he took up a tone not very uncommon among bachelor lords between the ages of fifteen and eighty-five, of regarding every invitation as so much bird-lime for his capture! Poor purblind old owl!—he chose to be on his guard against the nets set for goldfinches and larks!—

This air of supercilious self-defence sat oddly enough upon a man who might have been a grandfather. However, the young Honourables who found his table a convenience, affected to regard him as a very dangerous man;—pretending to be sadly afraid of

his attentions to *their* Mademoiselle Mélanies, and the Lady Rachels of the season.—

Surrounded by such flatterers, it was not likely he should surmise that Mauley or any other human being had ever left his house saying, "*Poor* Buckhurst!—he *ages* sadly!"—

Even on the decease of a certain dowager duchess, formerly Lady Lucy Cranwell, his partner and contemporary, whom every body seemed to think had lived out her time, and was quite as well in the family vault as usurping a dower-house in Hanover Square from her late husband's grandson,—Lord Buckhurst tacitly coincided;—without reflecting that there was only a few months' difference of age between him and the woman voted superannuated by the fashionable world.

"And to think that, till very lately, Crohampton flattered himself I should be *àss* enough to marry Lady Caroline," cried he, shrugging his shoulders. "But Crohampton is decidedly in his dotage!"

Because his system of beating the alligator about the ears with a *batterie de cuisine*, and goading it with the point of a spit, gave him the ascendancy for a time, he still, in short, fancied himself firm in his saddle!

"Do you dine to-day with Buckhurst?" was a question which men who respected themselves asked aloud in the park at that curious juncture of its roads where "people" sit in their phaetons to swallow the dust raised by "people" on horseback,—and "people" on horseback love to entangle themselves among the wheels of phaetons, so as to form an exclusive nucleus of fashion distinct from other "people." For to "dine with Buckhurst" was as much one of the indispensabilities of the season as to sup or whitebait with those other lords; who do the honours of London to the *Comédie Française* and *corps-de-ballet*.

"Qui de son age n'a pas l'esprit,
De son age a tout le malheur,"

sang Voltaire; and the man of the century certainly shewed himself possessor of "*l'esprit de son age*," in preferring salines and good claret to the vagaries in which other elderly gentlemen are seen to indulge—of capering at Almack's, or going it in Leicestershire, when they ought to be holding the leading-strings of their grandchildren—in betaking himself to an easy Brougham, in place of a rash cabriolet—and avoiding turtle and venison more than three days in the week. But unluckily, he had espoused at thirty so many of the quiet easy selfishnesses of fifty, that the age he *now* attained possessed few pleasures to offer in the way of novelty. As others at years of discretion are sometimes *blusé* by the sensualities of life, the egoist of half a century's experience was almost satiated with its comforts.

He was suddenly reminded, however, (and by a pang,) of a hitherto untasted pleasure. As the first qualm of conscience

teaches a man to appreciate the excellence of virtue, on finding that the reputation of an Amphytrion costs as dear as other usurped reputations, and that a man with seven thousand a year cannot emulate the dinners of Tarbolton House without exceeding his means by as much as they are exceeded by those of the Duke of Tarbolton,—he said unto himself—“What a much pleasanter life I used to lead when I lived within my income!—Nothing would be easier than to make up the money for which that beast Cognovit proposes a mortgage on Greyoke, by living abroad and economizing for a year or two. Lord Harry assures me I might do all I am doing here at Paris—ay, and more—for a hundred thousand francs a year; which would enable me to lay by three thousand, to clear off incumbrances.—I could let this house for four or five hundred a year,—which would be so much gained; and though I should not choose, under any circumstances, to let my family place, going abroad would afford a fair excuse for paying off the establishment at Greyoke,—a clear gain of some hundreds per annum. The lodge people, who have been there these thirty years, might be trusted to reside in the house,—and one of the tenants to live at the lodge and look to the gate. As to the head-gardener, he might pay himself by farming the gardens, and I could let off the park, up to the lawn to Hugster, of the home-farm;—all which would save me a world of boredom, and put thousands into my pocket.—For my own part, I should not care if I never set foot in the place again, for the air decidedly disagrees with me. I never spend a week there without gout, or threatening of gout.—The dry air of Paris would be the very thing for me!—*Decidedly* I will try Paris.”—

And to Paris, accordingly, he went, with the view of “pulling in,”—at the moment his English friends were getting up their horses from grass, and looking out for blockheads, with halls and castles in hunting counties, hospitably disposed.—A source of economy on which he had not reckoned, presented itself soon after his arrival. Mr. Hennings, though the pearl of the valetocracy in his day, was also getting into years; and as nature reasserts itself, in old age, equally with master and man, the “old-gentlemanly vice” told in *his* case by indignation at the curtailment of his perquisites. It did not, by any means, suit *his* book to go abroad and economize. Moreover, he could not do without his port wine, or sacrifice his strong ale and strong Cheshire. The thin potatoes and small profits of France disagreed with his years and constitution; and he accordingly asked permission of *His* Majesty, to send in his resignation.

For a moment, Lord Buckhurst was indignant at what he considered an act of *lèse Majesté*. Hennings had become as easy to him as an old glove. Hennings understood the symptoms of his gout. Hennings knew by looking at them whether his clothes would fit. Hennings could instruct the laundress in the

quantity of starch he liked in his linen. Hennings was, in short, as essential to *him* as Macmahon to George the Fourth.

But then, for all this, he was highly paid;—and what was high in England, was monstrous in France.—Lord Harry assured him that the most accomplished valet in Paris, even if uniting the functions of *maitre d'hôtel*, (a prodigious economy,) would not cost him half the exorbitances of Hennings.—On second thoughts, therefore, he did as other monarchs do,—accorded permission to his premier to retire into the tranquillities of private life, and eat his own Cheshire under his own elm.

Mr. Hennings, accordingly, set up an Hotel at Brighton, and Lord Buckhurst set up another Lord of the Bed-chamber—Mr. Hennings admitting that a lady who had hitherto passed for his wife by the left-hand, was his wife by the right, and every way qualified to assume the control of the Buckhurst arms; while Lord Buckhurst soon discovered that the individual whom he had always defined to his friends as his “right hand,” had faithfully discharged the duty of a right hand,—by helping himself.—

But if his lordship got rid of his esquire of the body, by establishing himself in the French capital, he had by no means got rid of his toadies!—More than one of them found it well worth while to cross the channel, and set up his staff within reach of the Rue St. Lazare; where the economizing Amphitryon had hung his *crémaillière* in a style that passed for splendid.—After all, it was just as easy to laugh at his dull jokes, on the banks of the Seine, as on those of the Thames.—

Nor was Lord Buckhurst sorry to find that two or three grampuses had followed his convoy. He understood his own business too well not to be able to affix precisely the distance at which he chose them to remain, and found it comfortable enough to surround himself with his habitual atmosphere.

Though supple of nature at the age when most natures are supple, he had now taken the form and pressure of his own fancies and inclinations too long not to find difficulty in recovering sufficient elasticity to conform to the exigencies of a foreign country; for Lord Buckhurst was too much a man of the world to be unaware that to live in Paris on the same level of society he had occupied in London, he must cull *la fleur fine* of the Parisian world, rather than consort with the heterogeneous mass of his countrymen; and before the winter was over, accordingly, he had paid his toll of entrance into good society by losing a sufficient sum at whist, and exacting from his *chef* the invention of a *plat* to which his name could be assigned in the archives of gastronomic science—“*Les Canetons à la Buckhurst*” were at least as deserving immortalization as “*le poulet à la Demidoff*,” and as coming events are sometimes too slight to cast their shadows before, it was impossible for his lordship to conjecture that the dish of his devising would marmitonize ten

years afterwards into "*Canetons à la Boucourse*."—*Car voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!*—

One of the first foreign vexations of the noble expatriated, arose from the discovery that, reversing the customs of St. James's-street, the elderly man of *ton* in Paris is expected to play the *roué*, the boy *dissipateur*, the shrewd and calculating man of the world.—But, not even to accomplish the bad name of a Richelieu or a Lauzun, would *he* have hazarded the "brief frenzy" of a steeple-chase or any other frenzy which the *amiable séducteurs* who exhibit in an *avant-scène* for the extinction of Mademoiselle Dumilâtre the ruins of those graces whose maturity adorned the court of Marie Antoinette.—It was much too fatiguing for a man who had kept himself under a glass-case for the last twenty years, to set about playing the boy.—

On this account, and one or two others, the revolving year found Lord Buckhurst disposed to think that the charm of Paris as a residence,—*i. e.*, the charm of unaccountability and irresponsibility,—of a perpetual lounge in a camera-obscura reflecting an infinity of pleasant objects,—was marvellously over-rated.—He was *immorally* certain that he could eat, drink, sleep, and lounge, quite as pleasantly in the parish of St. James, as in either that of St. Honoré or of St. Thomas d'Aquin.—

But by the time the first quarter of his second year was accomplished, that is, by the time he had balanced his account with his London banker, he was quite *as* certain that Paris was the *very* best and *very* pleasantest abiding place in the world!—Instead of laying by three thousand pounds in the course of the year, according to his intentions, he found that he had actually economized three thousand six hundred!—

Moreover, there was the delightful prospect before him,—the pleasant occupation for the coming year,—that, by careful examination of the accounts of his *maitre d'hôtel*, and denying himself a few little costly irregularities, he might manage to screw up his savings to a sum of four thousand, limiting his expenditure to *three*!—*This* would be doing something worth talking of. He should like to know what Cognovit would say to *that*!—Why, in another year, his estate would be wholly unencumbered.—Nay, a residence of a few years longer on the Continent, (more particularly if he pushed on to Italy, a country so much cheaper than France,) would enable him to add the long-coveted wing to Greyoke, which was to overtop the insolence of the stuccoed portico.—The additional wing might at some future moment encourage him to reside at home.

And so Lord Buckhurst rubbed his hands, (which were now growing a *little* thin and yellow,) as he projected for his latter years this new triumph over the alligator!—

CONCLUSION.

“γῆς ὤρω.”

Murrah!—I spy land!—

DOES any gentle reader who has visited Paris, (and crabbed must he be who hath *not*,) remember a little cozy hotel in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, *entre cour et jardin*;—the *cour* being paved with wood so as to be echoless and irresponsive as the heart of an egoist, and the garden planted with cypresses and sycamores,—dense and gloomy as his soul?—No quivering aspens or rustling *arbres de Indée* to disturb the nerves of the neighbourhood when the light breezes visit their leaves too roughly.—All is philosophically calculated to ensure an almost sepulchral repose.—

In this temple, consecrated to St. Ego, there is a cool but cheerful suite of summer-rooms on the ground-floor, facing the north and opening upon the gay parterres of the garden; while the first-floor, facing the sunny south and the court-yard, has double casements, for winter use;—betwixt which, forced flowers bloom throughout the dreary months, so enclosed that their pernicious fragrance may not overpower the cautious sybarite within.—

Of this choice retreat, during the cold weather, every corner is carpeted; though prepared to re-encounter with the freshness of *parquets*, the reviving fervours of summer heat.—The doors are guarded from sound by patent hinges, and from air by *bour-relets* of velvet.—All is still and stagnant.—The *bien-être* of every sense and every nerve is cautiously provided for.—The cellar is cool as the heart of the proprietor; the only draught of air perceptible in the whole house being up the chimney of the kitchen.

And what a kitchen!—The Academy of Arts and Sciences might borrow hints from the administration of its details,—the caloric of its stoves,—the decompositions effected by its *casse-rolés*!—There they hang,—those glittering *casseroles*, from alpha to omega—“small by degrees, and beautifully less.”—There they glow,—those exquisite furnaces susceptible of as delicate a modulation as the chromatic scale under the vocalization of Persiani!—The *chef-de-cuisine* exhibits the well-bred gravity of a professor of some university; while the *trousse-poulets* flutter about, white, active, and aerial as the zephyrs of a ballet, prepared for their *premier pas*.—

In the apartments of the hotel, all is equally calculated for the promotion of personal enjoyment. The lights are so placed as to fall with subdued radiance,—or, like the wit of true philosophy, to enlighten without dazzling;—the seats so distributed as to evade draughts of air and the unauthorized observation of unprivileged eyes.—The reading-chairs were calculated for a repose

as ineffable as that of the Delhai Lama; the couches are as if the fingers of Oblivion's self had tickled up their mattresses of *crin*, and superstratum of cider;—while the pillows are soft as the head of a fashionable *garde-du-corps*, or the heart of his laundress!—

In the centre of this downy nest, abided of late the shrivelled marmoset its master;—"old, cold, withered, and of unexcitable entrails;"—a Falstaff, *minus* wit and obesity—a Lucullus, *minus* the capability of delectation.—The lights, so carefully shaded, brought no gladness to his spirits;—the snugness so elaborately framed and glazed, yielded no sense of comfort to his shattered nature. Lord Buckhurst, at sixty, resembled the little artificial garden of a Chinese mandarin, whose chief growth consists in ornamental rocks,—and in whose glittering sands flowers are stuck to blossom for a day, then wither in rootless barrenness for evermore.

Peevish in mind, as meagre in body, his spirit was embittered by mistrust, and his frame paralysed by inaction. His smiles was a mere grimace; and the milk of human kindness within him soured to verjuice.

Till noon, all was kept as still in the Hotel de Bourcourse, by his attendant slaves, as in the tomb of the Capulets,—that

———"the blind mole
Heard not a footfall;"—

for till noon, the Sultan slept.—But at the eleventh stroke of twelve, entered La Brie with a cup of *chocolat de santé*, to facilitate the swallowing which, a single one of the heavy silken curtains was slowly withdrawn, lest the too sudden admission of a glaring light, should overpower the weak nerves of the valedudinarian. Once a week, the cup of chocolate was prefaced by the restorative of a moderately warm bath in the adjoining *salle des bains*, with a few herbs or a bottle of Jean Marie Farina's superlative, thrown into it. After the prologue of the bath or cup of chocolate, came Act I. of the toilet,—viz., the *ébouffage* of the scanty locks garnishing that still striking head, and the ensconcement of a furred symar in winter,—or in summer, a wrapper of chintz.—

When next the curtain drew up, the *levée* was commencing.—The dressing-room contained the favourite dentist,—the pet surgeon,—or the *complaisant*, a broken-down marquis of the most ancient section of the *ancien régime*, who made it his province to hunt out all sorts of novelties "*pour ce cher Bourcourse*;" to know, like Fine-ear, by laying his head to the earth, when the first heads of asparagus were sprouting; when the rich truffle arriving per Lafitte and Caillard's *diligences* from the sweet South.

The first case of ortolans,—the first spit of beccafiers,—the first basket of oysters from Murènes,—the first green figs from

Grenoble, — the first chasselas from Fontainbleau, — the first peaches from Montreuil, — were sure to be announced in gentle whispers by Monsieur le Marquis de Bretancourt to the somewhat dunny ear of Lord Buckhurst; — “*cet excellent Bretancourt*” taking care that his St. Peray should be sufficiently iced; his Château Margaux translated from the cellar to the surface of the earth, at the happy moment; — that the *chèvreuil* should, like Mdlle. l’alcon in the *Juive*, be broiled in oil, ere placed upon the spit; — the pheasant poult, like the ringlets of Canova’s Venus, bear tokens of having been dressed *en papillote*.

More, much more, fell within his province. He made it his business to digest for the spiritual nourishment of the English peer the *premier Paris* of the *Journal des Débats*; the last number of the periodical in vogue, whether *Les Guesses*, or *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, for *La Mode*, or the *Revue des deux Mondes*; — a pasticcio of literature, condensed into the form of a cake of portable soup, being every morning presented by the hoary marquis whom penury had condemned to a life of perpetual youthfulness, to the lord whom cautious selfishness had condemned to a life of perpetual old age.

For of the pleasures of Paris, few appeared so secured against moral or physical remorse, — indigestion of the soul or stomach, — as to encourage him to participation; — Lord Buckhurst having come to calculate with such infinitesimal accuracy the balance of every earthly enjoyment against its cost, that pleasure presented itself to his imagination in the form of so many parts of coin of the realm, so many parts of headache or nausea, and so many of the volatile essence of delight. — As if the man who, through the graceful outlines of the form of beauty, took measure of the skeleton and viscera within, were capable of deriving pleasure from its exquisite harmony of proportion! —

For a time, Lord Buckhurst contented himself with exercising this cautious sobriety on his own behalf. A luxurious table and charming *loge d’avant scène* at the opera, were at the service of his friends, howbeit he might choose to dine on a *consommé*, or a *riz au lait*, and prolong his *siesta* till midnight. — But by degrees, he became disgusted at supplying pleasures for the palates of other people. His dinners became more frugal, and his *avant scène* dwindled to a stall. If his friends prized his society, he said, they would not esteem it the less that hecatombs no longer smoked upon his board!

The friends, however, (being precisely such friends as one expects to find arrayed in the coats of, Blin, and et ceteras of Staub,) chose to discern a wide difference between a hecatomb and a single portion of *éperlans frits* and *épigramme d’agneau*; and as to escorting a man to his carriage after the opera, who neither supped at the Café de Paris, nor so much as adjourned to Tortoni’s, for a *sorbet à l’ananas*, *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*; — to waste any part of their pleasant mornings upon a fretful

contradictory old man, whose jokes were all *histoire ancienne*, and whose earnest was the diary of his apothecary, was far too great a self-sacrifice in that brilliant capital, the sands of whose hour-glass are of Ophyrian gold.

And thus it came to pass, that Lord Buckhurst, who had taken such marvellous care to secure himself against noise and molestation, began, in the sequel, to find isolation and quiet a source of irritation. When he heard a piece of stale news, he grew angry that he had not heard it before. His soul waxed drowsy within him. His unincidental life depressed him. The nerves and appetites deprived of the pabulum on which nature intended them to exercise their powers, seemed to prey upon themselves;—for the *dolce far niente* is often more exhausting than the labours of Hercules.

Hypochondriacism now laid its iron grasp upon the soul and body of the sickly epicurean.—He began to see only moats in the sunbeam,—to feel only rheumatism in the shade,—to apprehend sleep as a source of nightmare,—wakefulness as a foretaste of purgatory.—By day or night, not a pleasant thought in his mind to keep him company!—The falling off of his circle since the curtailment of his bills of fare, plainly proved that the proverbial faithlessness of worldly friends is fidelity itself compared with the fickleness of worldly acquaintance.—The Mesdemoiselles Mélanies, who occasionally honoured him with a visit, were sure to inform him it was on their way to Nourtier's to purchase silks, or Fossin's, to look for a new bracelet.—Even the poor,—the *very* poor marquis, ceased to make his daily appearance with the dentist and apothecary, after the arrival in Paris of a rich American, who readily adopted a toady whose begging-letters were sealed with a coronet; the ex-British being now-a-days the same coronetivorous savages which the *Great* British were a century ago.

Cramped by the disuse of his members, reliant upon the exercise of the faculties of others till his own had become incapacitated, Lord Buckhurst, though no longer capable of amusing himself, had not spirit to purchase the power of entertainment of other people. He hated to drive out in his comfortable carriage, and see the huge active mass of a joyous population indulging in unmeaning hilarity; for the windows of his soul, like those of an old-fashioned casement, were paned with lead.

One day, having proceeded to Vacher's to ascertain by personal trial whether a new form of *fauteuil à la Voltaire* were easier to sit in than the one wherein he enjoyed his daily doze, he was annoyed by hearing orders given by a gentleman and lady whose backs were towards him, in French which might have raised the philological philosopher by whom those chairs were invented, from his grave in the Panthéon, to reprehend, and in a tone whose cheerfulness was wormwood to him.—The vulgar jocularity of John Bullism, in all its *mauvaise odeur* of roast

beef and Cheshire cheese breathing from those kindly accents, caused his blood to curdle, even before he discovered that the happy homely couple who were giving orders for a pair of costly cabinets, to contain the medals they had been collecting in Italy, were no other than Sir Henry and Lady Montresor!—

When they turned their goodly and healthful countenances towards him, his disgust was increased. For they were absorbed either in themselves or their cabinets, too much to have their wits about them; and instead of recognising him, as he had apprehended, mistook him for some withered beau of the Faubourg St. Germain, and with a “pardon, Monsicur,” stood aside to let the old gentleman pass!—

Their recognition would have grievously annoyed him;—but their non-recognition was an impertinence still harder to be borne!—

On returning home, he gravely interrogated his looking-glass for an explanation:—and the dapper individual in a caoutchouc wig and whaleboned stock which presented itself to his scrutiny, attired in a coat, waistcoat, hat and gloves which looked as if made for his great grandson,—certainly exhibited few traces of the “Frederick” of Clifton’s, or “Howardson” of Halkin-street.—Still, he felt that if *he* were able to discern his slight and elegant Gatty in the cordial middle-aged woman who shewed so much solicitude about the jolly gentleman her husband, she might have returned the compliment. And lo! the disgust he experienced on the occasion brought on his fifty-seventh fit of the gout.—While still encradled and embedded in flannel, he was informed one day, by La Brie, that an English lady and gentleman who had called repeatedly at the hotel, during his indisposition, being on the eve of quitting Paris, insisted on seeing him, “*d’anciens amis, à milord, qui voulaient lui procurer une surprise agréable.*”

While my lord was protesting against being agreeably surprised, satisfied that the old friends consisted of his former love and her husband, his Ariadne and her Bacchus,—a gabble of voices very unusual in his carefully-modulated establishment, reached his ear; the clatter of feminine expostulation far louder than he could possibly suppose to issue from even the present expansion of form of Lady Montresor.—

“What manner of woman is this?”—was rising to his lips, when the door of his dressing-room was flung open, and in stalked a gaunt, hard-featured female, introducing a young man of graceful figure and deportment, who vainly attempted to prevent the intrusion she was perpetrating.

“My dear Lord Buckhurst,” cried the now reedy pipe of poor old Lady Rachel, as she pushed her way towards the gouty chair, “I would not hear of Captain Mauley leaving Paris without making your acquaintance!”—

“Your ladyship does me too much honour,” faltered the

withered man in the flannel dressing-gown.—“But you must perceive my utter inability to receive visitors in my present costume and state of health. *La Brie! reconduisez cette dame.*”

The lady, however, would *not* be shewn out.—The lady had promised Lord and Lady Mauley, on quitting England, that if she met their handsome son Frederick in Paris, she would present him to their old friend Lord Buckhurst; and after many vain attempts, the case was now becoming so desperate, that she would no longer be denied.—

“I am going away to-morrow,” she resumed,—“and shall be anxious to give many of your old friends in England an account of your health, and of the establishment of which they have heard such wonders:—or rather, of which we all infer such wonders, since it induces you to expatriate yourself so strangely!”—

The valetudinarian seemed resolved to take refuge against this voluble attack in silence, like a tortoise within its shell; for not a word did he utter in reply.—

“Your servants told us you were ill?”—continued Lady Rachel. “But what of that?—At *your* age, people are prepared for ailment and infirmity.—As to the costume, for which you apologize, at *your* age one does not expect to see a beau.”—

Captain Mauley interrupted an apostrophe, under which, from grievous starts and wincings, he concluded Lord Buckhurst to be suffering more than from twinges of the gout, to express his regrets at having disturbed his lordship while suffering from indisposition.—He was charged, he said, with a thousand messages from his father and mother, who were on a visit to their married daughter, the present Lady Langley, in the neighbourhood of Greyoke.—His father, indeed, was particularly anxious to hear of the welfare of his old friend—“though I am sorry to say,” added the young man, with a smile,—“the duties of the woolsack leave him little leisure for the indulgence of such pleasant recollections as those he appears to attach to the name of Buckhurst. Yet, I can assure you,” he continued, finding it impossible to elicit a word of encouragement,—“that since he has become a grandfather, Lord Mauley appears to have grown ten years younger!—While staying with my elder brother Hubert and Lady Louisa Mauley, last year, he enjoyed several long days with the hounds; and on the first day’s pheasant-shooting, was one of four guns that bagged a hundred and ten brace!”—

But that Lord Buckhurst slightly elevated his brows and shoulders, it might have been supposed that not a syllable of all these filial vauntings reached his ears.—

“Well, my dear lord,—and what do you think of this six feet two edition of your old friend?”—cried Lady Rachel, indignant at his persevering silence. “The Mauleys have got five of them,—one handsomer than the other;—only that *this* one being your godson, ought to interest you most!—For *my* part, I am con-

vinced that people grow young again through their children, as a banian-tree derives new life from the down-rooting of its branches!—All the fathers and mothers among my contemporaries have ten years' advantage over *me*,—who, like yourself, am but a withered old stick, good only for faggot-wood, which no mortal would save from the fire.”—

Lord Buckhurst, thus apostrophized, could not altogether refrain from a dry cough.—

“I was looking, the day before I left London,” resumed Lady Rachel, “at the old *beau* window at White’s;—in which, forty years ago, you used to figure; and I promise you that the wretched set of withered old faces I saw there, made my flesh creep,—like the valley of dry bones!—Nothing was left in town but the sort of superannuated younger brothers one is sure to find nailed like birds of prey to the clubs, all the year round, because nobody is fool enough to invite to his country-house a man whose mind and body are in the sere and withered leaf; and who has no gifts of *heart* to compensate for their decay!”—

Lord Buckhurst actually shivered with suppressed rage at the insinuation. But he said not a word.

“All this *you* certainly escape by living abroad!” observed Lady Rachel. “Here, nobody cares for anybody, and it is therefore less noticed that you are left to wither out in lonely desertion the remnant of your days! To see you so meagre, yellow, and peevish, does not surprise those who have no recollection of Frederick Howardson! Sir John Honeyfield, when he returned to England last year, told us he had met you under repair, at Wiesbaden, or Kissingen, or some other German *Fontaine de Jouvence*, and that you reminded him of the old crazy houses one used sometimes to see in Lord Eldon’s time, which had been fifty years in Chancery, having survived all those whose business it was to brush off the cobwebs. Poor Honeyfield! Since then he has died the death of the *bon vivant*—apoplexy! But at least *he* enjoyed himself in his time, which is more than you appear to do!”

Captain Mauley, perceiving from a certain hyæna-like expression in the keen eyes of the sick man, that he was becoming ferocious under this rattling fire, gently reminded Lady Rachel that her *remise* was in waiting.

“No matter—no matter!” cried she. “My old friend is breaking so fast, that I may never see him again. I may as well say out my say, therefore, while I am about it!”

Lord Buckhurst shivered from head to foot at the mere threat.

“I must not omit to tell you,” said she, speaking louder and louder, in the conviction that it was deafness which rendered him dumb,—“that poor old Greyoke is going full gallop to rack and ruin. The pictures are spoiling from the dilapidated state of the roof; and the park has been let to such wretched tenants that the nettles overtop the timber!—You don’t care, I know.—

You will never set eyes on the old place again; and, like most men, abhor the very name of your heir-at-law!—But for whom, then, in Heaven's name, are you skinning your flints?—It is well known you don't spend a third of your income; and as no one cares a rush for *you*, and it may therefore be inferred that you care not a rush for anybody, we none of us can forbear wondering."—

Lord Buckhurst now sank back in his chair with so frightful an expression of countenance, that Captain Mauley insisted upon withdrawing Lady Rachel from the room; and the true sardonic laugh greeted his ears as he conducted her down stairs.

Before the pet apothecary, who was instantly sent for by La Brie, could arrive, his lordship's paroxysms were tremendous.—The apothecary attributed his patient's sudden seizure to gout thrown into the system; the valet, to a *colère rentrée*. The invasion of the Goths had, in fact, driven him to the last extremity.

The poor shattered frame of the epicurean was immediately exposed without mercy to *douches* and depletion. But there remained no stamina for the struggle; and before Captain Mauley quitted Paris, he received a *billet de faire post*, appropriately edged with black, acquainting him that the funeral *convoi* of Frederick Lord Buckhurst would move from the Hôtel de Bourcourse to the Cimetière de Montmartre, the following day, at eleven of the clock! It was all up with Cock Robin. As a mark of respect to the memory of his father's old friend, Captain Mauley accepted the lugubrious invitation; and having passed under the costly black draperies appended by the *Pompes Funébres* to the façade of the mansion, was struck by perceiving how vast a proportion of the other hangings and ornaments of that *bijou* of a palace had been removed during the last illness of the proprietor. The seals of the *juge de paix*, it is true, were upon a variety of cabinets and caskets;—but all the choice moveables had disappeared!—

Still more to his amazement, Captain Mauley found himself the only gentleman mourner at the funeral! Monsieur le Marquis de Bretancourt contenting himself with sending in his place, the carriage and chasseur of his new Yankee patron.—

The dentist attended in person, having a claim against the estate of the deceased,—and La Brie was in the train, as black as Hamlet in his suit of sables.—But the *spectacle* was all the better conducted for having only professional attendants, who were well up in their parts, and to whom all came easy. It was, in fact, a remarkably pleasant funeral. The refreshments handed round were from Tortoni's; and as the only living being who cared for the deceased in his lifetime—(a poodle presented by La Brie to his washerwoman, to whom it instantly attached itself—) had already found a happier home, there was not a single drawback on the hilarity of the enfranchised establishment.—

Lord Buckhurst had of course died intestate;—the operation of making a will being abhorrent to epicurean practice. But this tended to render his death a still further source of gratification. A suit arose out of the disputed heirship at law, which threw ten thousand pounds or so into the clutch of the lawyers. Gray's Inn clapped its hands therefore, and Lincoln's rejoiced and was glad.—

The Barony of Buckhurst is extinct.—So also is the memory of its late representative. For a year or two, indeed, whenever the wind was easterly, a certain *incurable* in White's *beau* window, with hair as short and white as thistledown, was heard to mumble to another driveller, whose eyes were glassy as a pair of spectacles—"do you remember Howardson, who was afterwards Lord Something or other (dead, I fancy, for one never sees him now), how deucedly he used to fuss when people left the door open when the wind was in the east?—Bless my soul!—how deucedly he *did* use to fuss!"—But these component parts of his insignificant circle have also crumbled away.—

Even the headstone erected, by contract, by the Pompes Funèbres, beside his weddy, slovenly grave at Montmartre, having no one to superintend its equilibrium, has sunk into the soil, so as to render illegible his right honourable name; the alligator having, in the sequel, so thoroughly obtained the best of it, as to have trampled out all trace of his unprofitable footsteps from the surface of the earth!—

STORY OF THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

SHINE on, proud Sisters!—gem the sky,	Strange, human love demands, they say,
But mock not ye my destiny!	The sacrifices mortals pay;
Human I know my heart has grown,	Yet wealth before its altars flung,
But never for a shining Crown,	Or for a trophy, proudly hung,
Would I its human love unlearn,	Within its temple, fortune, fame,
And to my radiance lost return.	And myriad hopes the heart could name,
Ye pity me my lowly choice,	Grow valueless, until they seem
But hear the Starry Bride rejoice!	Poor as the mem'ry of a dream!
Sisters, believe my Crown is not	Sisters, my forfeit Crown is not
A forfeit high for Love's sweet lot!	Too high a price for Love's sweet lot!

Strange human love! None ever thinks,
While the elixir draught she drinks,
Too high the price;—and so no stain
Of shame doth like a brand remain,
If round the heart, beneath Love's wings
Gather all holy thoughts and things—
Ambition's tinsel toys are not
A forfeit high for such a lot!
Then grieve not for my lowly choice,
But hear the Starry Bride rejoice!

THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

PART III.

[The length of the paper, and our previous arrangements, compelled us to break off in this paper last month, at rather an inconvenient place. For the benefit of the reader, we beg to state that the Ensign-Captain had arrived at Bromley, on his way to London, to consult old Gullington's will, at Doctors' Commons; and the author had diverged, to tell another story of what had befallen Jonathan Felt, the hatter, at Chiselhurst. At Jonathan's first visit, he found the butcher's pony tied to the gate, which rather discomposed him, by kicking at him.]

ARRIVED at Baiser Cottage gate, Jonathan gave it such a swing as kept it chattering to and fro, as he wended the tortuous course of the carriage-road, hoping at every turn to see his angel pop out of a holly-bush, or perhaps an Irish yew, which grow very luxuriant in those parts, for the soil is light and gravelly, in consequence (the Bromley barber says) of Kentish property being chiefly gavel-kind. The wit of that, however, we don't understand. Hop, step, and a jump, and at the door Jonathan stood! No ringing, no knocking, no nothing of that sort; in you go—hang up your hat—and, how d'ye do?

On the passage-table lay a confounded lot of parcels, long, brown paper, mercer's-ware sort of goods. On other occasions Jonathan would have "doubted that Amelia would be extravagant," but the fineness of the day and the fairness of the gipsy's promised fortune, banished care and anxiety from his heart, and wiping the dust from his boots on the woolly-brown mat, he threw open the parlour-door like a bridegroom entering his chamber, or a real John Bull Englishman determined for once to be happy.

What activity within! A dapper young draper was measuring out sarcenets. The table was covered with pieces and patterns, while the sideboard exhibited bales of stockings, and parcels of linens, added to which three or four band-boxes stood in the corner. Paper in hand, and pencil in mouth, Amelia bent over an armful of satins, while old Mother Moneybags kept following the young Yardwand, to see he didn't do her out of the eighth of an ell. Mary, the maid, looked smilingly on; for dearly women love to see the ribbons roll—particularly the *white* ones. Altogether, it was a regular busy Baiser Cottage. Baiser Cottage it was well called; for there had been a deal of Baisering done there—more than entered into poor Jonathan's philosophy.

Now, we really believe—such is the feminine love of triumph and display, that if old mother Moneybags had been requested by Paul Pry Poole, Hamilton Reynolds, or any other eminent dramatist to select "a situation" for downright flat extinguishment and flabbergastation, she would have chosen the one in which Jonathan found her, surrounded by the trophies of victory, and the spoils of conquest!

Ellenborough himself could not have devised a greater triumph! Found in the midst of matrimonial preparations! White ribbons for ever!

To be sure, Jonathan had been a most provoking, unclooseable sort of suitor—doubting, diffident, over-cautious sort of chap, and as the old saw says, “faint heart never won a fair lady.” It isn’t right, as times go, to be over long in closing. Either take my daughter, or leave her; but don’t be constantly teasing her. That was Mrs. Moneybags’ maxim. In this case, we don’t mean to offer any opinion. Mother “Bags” might be right, or Jonathan might be right, or both might be right; all we have to do with is “facts.”

Now, Jonathan had seen wedding preparations before, and though (what the Birmingham people call) not much more than “half sharp,” he was wise enough to know them when he saw them again. Indeed, there is a reckless “fourteen poll-days” sort of extravagance about matrimonial arrangements;—twenty yards of this, forty yards of that, fifty yards of t’other—unlike the usual yard-and-three-quarters’ caution of the sex, in ordinary, every-day transactions. One would think they were fitting out the bride for a long race—four times round the world, and a distance—they get so much of everything. Jonathan was rather puzzled; for knowing he had not sent his foreman to make any proposition, or even to *sound* them on the subject, he could not devise how they could possibly so far anticipate his offer as to be making preparations for carrying it out. He might, perhaps, have thought it rather indelicate; and doubted whether a girl who was so ready to jump at a man, would make a steady wife or not; but in these sort of sudden surprises a man does not take all the bearings at a glance, and the appearance of things fitting the train of mind in which he had arrived, Jonathan thought the anticipated offer must have been understood, and therefore he might jump on to the next step on the other side of it. Accordingly, the impassioned hatter bounded to the side of his dear, and seizing the fair hand containing the pencil, carried it to his lips with such force and fervour, as to send the pointed pencil up his nose! A violent fit of sneezing ensued, which gave the ladies a chance of jumping at their conclusions also.

Now, we believe if there is one thing that a high-spirited, conubially-inclined woman, hates more than another, it is a “slow coach,” and Amelia Moneybags had certainly had her troubles with her hatter. Whether what she had done had been all on the square or not, is immaterial—a girl is not to be kept hanging on the tenter-hooks of suspense, like a pair of old trowsers on a slop-shop peg; and having had the chance of “throwing Jonathan over,” as it is classically called, she had not been able to resist the temptation any more than she now could the satisfaction of making an exhibition of him, now that he bowed submissively to her yoke. Accordingly, she let him sneeze and splutter all over her fair hand, and very fair and white it was, with the most elegant little taper fingers, and delicately formed nails, and then blurt out something about love, and putting his private mark upon her, just as if she were a consignment of hats, and how eternally he was obliged to her for anticipating his “invoice,” and how sincerely he hoped the map of their happiness might never be ruffled. To be sure, it was rather too bad, considering all the people

that were present; but women don't always know when they've had enough of a thing, and having suffered rather severely in the victualing department from the effect of Jonathan's over-cautious procrastination, they thought they might as well bite him pretty smartly at parting. However, there's an end of all things—offers included; and having let Jonathan run himself out of wind, (no difficult matter for a pursy, free-living hatter,) Mrs. Moneybags most maliciously beckoned him into the next room, and introduced him to a little podgy, porcupine-headed, harvest-moon-faced man, squatted in an arm-chair, sucking the contents of the "*Morning Advertiser*"—introduced him, we say, as her son-in-law elect. Nay, more; she closed the door, and left them together, like the two Kilkenny cats, to eat each other up at their leisure.

Jonathan stared like one possessed; at last a sudden recollection came to his assistance. It was Belasco Brown, the builder, whom he had often seen on the box of Bromley Bob's "pair 'oss coach," going up as he was coming down; and whom Bob, with the loquacity of the brotherhood, had frequently jerked his elbow at, and pointed out as "the gemman wot was a courtin' of a girl down at Chiselhurst," and poor deluded Jonathan had even felt a sort of interest in the buffer, on the "fellow-feeling making us wondrous kind" principle. Poor deluded Jonathan, we say! He never laid "that" and "that" together so quick before; but having spliced the ideas he very soon determined what to do. And reader, what do you think it was? Stick Belasco in the gizzard? Stuff the paper down his throat? Slugs in a saw-pit? Pistols and coffee for two? Oh, no! That he'd go home and cry! Magnanimous Jonathan! One withering glance he cast at little bacon-faced Belasco, and then bolted towards the door; but, oh, perfidious woman-kind, Mrs. Moneybags had locked it! And worse still, Amelia was on her knees outside, looking through the key-hole! *Whisk* Jonathan flew round the little room like an exasperated lion in his den, and the day being hot, and the window up, out he went like a shot, leaving his hat behind him.

Well, but we fancy we hear some supercilious, lip-curling reader exclaim, "Where's the point of your story? What's all this to do with fortune-hunting? A hatter leaving his tile behind him is nothing extraordinary; if *he* couldn't afford it, we wonder who could!"

Reader, we didn't promise you any "*point*," but it *has* one notwithstanding; though, but for your timely inquiry, we believe we should have forgotten to give it. This is it; and when you've read it, we shall be particularly obliged if you will accommodate us with a laugh.

Jonathan rushed down the avenue, and fastened to the gate-post stood that identical black pony that he had seen on his first visit. The butcher was there, too; and seeing Jonathan's hurry, concluded he was after the nag, and greeted him with, "*Well, sir, d'you mean to have her now?*" Please laugh!

But, Lord bless us! here have we been keeping Mr. Stockdale's coach, and Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blitherington, waiting at the door of the Red Lion at Bromley, while we have been running up to shew the reader the scene of Jonathan Felt's misfortunes at Chiselhurst. A tale within a tale, like a child's nest of boxes, or one of our friend B——'s stories, parenthesis within parenthesis.

"All right behind!" "Sit tight!" and away we go.

The golden laburnum flowers had set the Ensign-Captain into the speculative train of mind that the sight of the kicking pony set Jonathan Felt, while the approximation of our hero to Chiselhurst set us off into that long piece of riot of a story from which we have just returned, stern downwards, and all in the skulks. *For shame* "Rambler," for *shame*; where have you been? To him!—get to him! Now we are on the scent again.

As evening's cool came on, the Ensign-Captain wrapped his "martial cloak around him," and disdaining all encouragement to the loquacious Jehn Stockdale, he gave himself up to delicious dreams of blissful and instantaneous wealth; not that he was angry or snappish with Stockdale, but he preferred the joyous musings and ruminations of his own mind—the ready structure of ethereal castles, to the usual routine of road slang, at the expense of sherry and soda water, or "cold without." Now for London! Ride, sir—ride! London—dear delightful London! Noble, independent place! How joyous is every avenue of approach to your overgrown monstrosity—how the tide of population begins to swell, and roll, and ebb, and flow, as, entering on your water-besprinkled road, the rush of her outpourings meet the arriver.

Arrived at the then coach-crowded, but, alas! now deserted hostelry, the "Belle Sauvage," on Ludgate Hill, the Ensign-Captain took a light coffee-room supper, and repaired to early rest in one of its yard-encircling corridors. A barrack is not the quietest place in the world, least of all, we believe, that from which our hero had come; but barracks were like the stillness of the tomb compared to the noise and racket of an old town-coaching inn. Blessed bug-biting old places! it was quite a misnomer talking about a "night's rest" at one of them. A night's "scratch" would be more like the thing. Not that we mean to insinuate that the "Belle Sauvage" has anything of that sort. However, the Ensign-Captain didn't care a copper for all the horns and horses' hoofs that sounded from daybreak in the busy space below; no, nor for all the knocks and inquiries of boots as to whether he was the "gennan" for the Ipswich heavy or the Falmouth light, or if he wasn't "goin'" to Edinbro', or hadn't booked a place throughout for Bath. He didn't even d—n him; but at the delivery of each negative, turned in his little cot, and hugged himself with the idea of lofty four-post beds, with damask hangings, marble wash-hand stands, with China jugs, and Windsor, or Castile soap,—we even believe the luxurious dog thought of a swing mirror, but this we trust was for the *Missis*.

* * * *

As St. Paul's deep-toned clock struck the hour of nine, the Ensign-Captain was contemplating his person in the large plate glass windows of the noble shops on Ludgate Hill; and ere the last thrill had spent itself on the morning air, the gallant youth was at the archway leading to Doctors' Commons. And here let us exhort all "nice young men" to emulate the Captain's earliness. It is a good thing, especially at Doctors' Commons, where the clerks look upon nice young men as "interlopers" interfering with their friends, the "six and eightpence worths," and would rather throw them over than assist them. The novice's awkwardness bothers them when they're busy, whereas a little polite palaver will even gain assistance in the morning.

Och, by the powers! Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington knew this, and it would ill become a genuine descendant of one of the rale ould kings of Ireland to be wanting in politeness. . Accordingly, having threaded his way down Dean's-court, across Great Carter-lane, and down Bell Yard, until "PREROGATIVE WILL-OFFICE" nearly stared him out of countenance above a door in Great Knight Rider-street, he addressed himself in the blandest manner to a young gentleman, in a green cut-away coat and arm-sleeves, intimating his behest, and in a very short space of time, a volume of wills was laid upon the desk, with the very one he wanted copied the last upon its parchment pages. It was just proved, and scarce a thumb-mark soiled its whitened fairness.

How the Ensign-Captain's heart beat as he recognised the now well-known name of Simon Gullington! Thus he read:—

"This is the last will and testament of me, Simon Gullington, of Camelford, in the county of Cornwall, Esquire, one of his majesty's justices of the peace, and a deputy-lieutenant of the said county."

"What a respectable jontleman!" exclaimed the Ensign-Captain when he had got so far.

Then he proceeded, and read all about Simon's sound and disposing mind, but rayther weak body, and the magnificent bequest of two thousand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca.

"Och, by the powers! bnt that'll cut a hole in the fortune, I fear!" exclaimed our hero as he read it, and all about his real and personal estate, and tin mines, with cross-remainders, which the Ensign-Captain looked upon as a sort of testamentary handicap to bring all the daughters to equal weights. Then when he came to the codicil, and found the old girl had cut her stick, how delighted he was. He almost shouted with joy at the discovery; and he thought he could never sufficiently commend Simon Gullington's prudence in leaving his housekeeper five hundred a-year instead of marrying her and very likely giving her two thousand. Och, by the powers! it was almost too much for him! Sure, he'd been a most respectable ould jontleman, fit to associate with a rale descendant of the ould kings of Ireland. What a monument he'd put up to his memory! Then his consideration for his servants. Och, it was beautiful! Butler, footman, groom, coachman, gardener, and keeper—what English "keepers," Irish "sportsmen" call. What would Barber Beaumont, or Mr. Morgan, the actuary, estimate the ould jontleman's means at? Surely not less than six thousand a-year! Call it *four*, for safety—one a-piece for the daughters. Tin mines too—a money *pit*, in fact! The devil take the cross-remainders! He didn't care for them. Most likely that most respectable footman was the very jontleman in enjoyment of his departed father-in-law's benevolence! And maybe, that was the very same butler too. Bless his cheerful countenance! He looked like a decanter-carrier—nice nate fellow. "Sherry or Madeira, sir?" "Champagne, if you please!"

Never had Ensign-Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington made so satisfactory a search before. The will carried monetary conclusions so strong on the face of it, that he hadn't recourse to his thumb-nails or letter-backs to carry away any of the lumps of information it contained—a practice familiar to all searchers, and adopted for the purpose of defrauding the clerks of their copy-money. The two thou-

sand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca, the subsequent liberal provision for his housekeeper, with the introduction of such a variety of servants, and the mention of real and personal estate, and tin mines together, with the powdered footman and fat butler at Tunbridge Wells, all formed so delightful a realization in the Ensign-Captain's brain of money pots without end, that he strode out of Doctors' Commons, and walked down Ludgate Hill a perfect exemplification of happiness. Och, by the powers! but he was happy—he was joyous! By the great gun of Athlone, what a chance it was! Make himself and three friends, and no chance of cross-remainders! Twice four's eight—what a party they'd have. Who should they be? Let's see. There was dear old Lieutenant O'Keefe, thirty years in the service, with divil a rap but his pay and a Waterloo medal; sure he should be one. Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe.—Dear old broth of a boy! Wouldn't he make a man of him. And jolly Barney Brallaghan!

“Don't say nay, canny Judy Flannaghan.
Only say, that you love Barney Brallaghan;”

and little Billy O'Leary. Och! sure, Billy O'Leary should be served—merry little Billy O'Leary, and Arthur O'Brady, and Harry O'Grady. Och, by the powers! but he'd got over many. Never mind, they should draw lots, and the fortunate holder should give the loser a thousand pounds—say a thousand—or a share in a tin mine—both perhaps.

Well, the upshot of it was, that returning to Chatham by one of those amphibious amalgamations of English coaches and French diligences—a double-bodied vehicle with fat and heavy horses, which travelled at a most uncomfortable pace for a man in our hero's hurried state of mind—he singled out three meritorious brother officers, all of the Emerald Isle (God bless 'em!), to whom he appropriated the three peony-faced Miss Gullingtons. “*Quick*” being the word, they soon had their best traps packed up, and sunset that day saw them entering Tunbridge Wells in a yellow barouche with four piping posters. No time was lost, and they were marching in double file upon the common by eleven o'clock the next morning. Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington arm-in-arm with Miss Serephina, Lieutenant (now Major) O'Keefe and Miss Susannah, Barney Brallaghan and Miss Henrietta, and Billy O'Leary with Miss Louisa. Sure the girls thought a miracle had been wrought in their favour. Sweethearts a-piece all in a shower.

•
“News, girls, news? I've got great news to tell—
A wagon-load of sweethearts are come to town to sell.”

But our dear fair friends, whose ideas in these matters travel much quicker than our pen can do, will have jumped to the conclusion, that a quadripartite alliance, as Lord Ashburton would say, took place, and our dear male pupils we well know will be anxious to hear how the tin mines turned out. Well, the devil and all be in it, if those tin mines weren't the ruin of the whole thing!

Old Simon Gullington—*Gullington* he was well called, for he was as big a flat as ever was foaled—not content with the manor or lordship or reputed manor or lordship of “Wingaway Tower,” in the

said county of Cornwall, and the noble well-timbered estate of "Light-come-light-go," near Norton Fitzwarren, in the county of Somerset, with the perpetual advowson of "Tie-him-up-tight," in the county of York, bringing him in a clear net rental of six thousand a-year, must needs try his luck in a tin mine. Now, anybody who knows anything about mines, gold mines, lead mines, tin mines, coal mines, or any sort of mines, knows that, of all ravenous, consuming, insatiable maws, there is nothing to equal the appetite of a mine. The mint itself would hardly appease the cravings of a bad one. Old Gullington's was the *worst* of the *bad*. It would make our arms ache to copy the outlay and expense he was at. The boring and sinking the steam-engines, with their enormous piston-rods and cylinders, the pumps, the boilers, and balance-bobs, the steam-whims, and stamping-engines, with the sump-mens and changing-houses, smiths' and carpenters' shops, counting-store, captains, engineers, sampling, casting, tin-dressers, assay-offices, powder-magazines, covered sawpits, smith's shop, with convenience for fifty forges, twenty large machine-turning lathes, and cottages for fifteen hundred workmen, all built on the "grand Gullington consol and aggrandizement mines" as he called them. Suffice it to say, that the manor or lordships, or reputed manors or lordships of "Wingaway Tower," with the noble estate of "Light-come-light-go," and the perpetual advowson of "Tie-him-up-tight," were soon thrust underground, and that between the time of making his will and providing for his said dear wife Rebecca, he had got rid of five-sixths of his property; and his sound and disposing mind being seriously affected by the unfortunate turn his affairs had taken, it followed the example of his *rayther* declining body, and Simon Gullington soon followed his money underground.

The executors, as usual, walked in, and finding the affairs in a glorious state of confusion, washed their hands of them with all convenient speed, by selling the whole affair, stones and all, consisting of huge quantities of iron, boiler, and kibble plates, hilts, leather, tallow, grease, old copper, and lead, old brass, 20,000 fathoms of wood and iron, tramroads, debenture, and other timber, coals, rope, stuffing-boxes, and glands, and the Lord knows what! which, after deducting the funeral, testamentary, and executors' expenses, left about a thousand a-year, five hundred of which was bespoke for the housekeeper, and a dirty five hundred was all that was left for the four Miss Gullingtons and their four devoted husbands!

NOTE.

SCENE—The author pacing up and down his den rubbing his hands with glee at having finished the article, and considering how he shall spend the 100*l.* he's to have for writing it.

Enter PRINTER'S DEVIL. Please, sir, Mr. Ainsworth says he doesn't think the story all square, because the ladies were living in a fine house, with weraundahs and a butler, and powdered Johnny, and he doesn't think it could be done for the money.

AUTHOR. My compliments to Mr. Ainsworth, and tell him the ladies were living in the back of the house, and the servants belonged to the lodger in front—and here, tell Mr. Ainsworth the reason the old boy didn't marry his housekeeper was, that he found his affairs were rayther declining, and he thought it was time to be prudent.

PRINTER'S DEVIL. (*aside*) Oh, *my!* that's just why he should, and then he'd have got her for nothing.

THE THREE INDIANS.

*(From the German of Nicolaus Lenau.)**

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Now in storm great Heav'n its anger speaks,
 Now to shivers giant trees it breaks,
 Niagara's† voice its thunders drown.
 Scourges bright of flame—its lightnings flash,—
 Scourges, that the foaming waters lash,
 Till, with swelling rage, they hurry down.

Yonder Indians, standing on the shore,
 Watch the billows as they wildly roar,—
 Listen to the wood's dull dying noise.
 One is aged, and his hair is white,
 Yet, above his years, he stands upright;‡
 Those two others are his gallant boys.

On his sons now looks the aged sire;
 Darker than the clouds that glance of ire,
 Though the sky they blacken as they roll.
 And his eyes, a wilder lightning dart
 Than the storm, where cloudy masses part.
 Thus he speaks from his indignant soul:—

“Curse the Whites—each vestige of their name!
 Curse the waves, on which the traitors came;
 When, like beggars, first our land they sought!
 Gales that urged their ships, I curse ye all!
 On the rocks a thousand curses fall,
 That they did not shatter them to nought.

“Hither now their vessels daily come,
 Ev'ry one strikes wounds into our home,
 Poison'd arrows, o'er the sea they fly.
 By the robber-troop of all bereft—
 No, not all; our deadly hate is left—
 Haste, my children—haste, and let us die.”

Thus he speaks; and now their boat they free
 From its fast'nings to the willow-tree;
 Now they press upon the current strong.
 Now resign'd, their oars afar they cast;
 Father, sons—lock'd in embraces fast—
 All begin to sing their dying song.

Loud and lasting is the thunder's crash—
 O'er the boat of death the lightnings flash—
 Sea-mews wild, with joy, around are whirl'd;
 But no terrors can these men appal,
 Singing still they shoot into the Fall—
 Down the cataract they now are hurl'd!

* Those who know anything of modern German poetry, need not be informed that this is only an assumed name of Count Strehlenau, one of the greatest lyrical writers of the day.—J. O.

† Lenau pronounces the word “Niagara” with the penultimate long; and as this is the more pleasing pronunciation, and moreover, that actually in use among the Indians, I have adopted it, though perfectly aware that the English usually lay the accent on the second syllable.—J. O.

‡ Almost literal: “Aufrecht überragend seine Jahre.”—J. O.

THE TREASURE-FINDERS.

BY R. B. PITMAN.

PART I.

It is a well known fact that for many years subsequent to the disastrous epoch of the French revolution, treasure of different kinds, both in money and jewels, was from time to time found buried in the earth in various parts of the country.* The nobles and other persons of distinction who adhered by habit and principle to the fallen fortunes of the Bourbons, were glad to escape with their lives from the convulsions that shook France to its centre. To protect their property in such a state of things was of course impossible, and they were too happy if they could avoid by instant flight the premature and violent deaths of many of their friends. Hence it followed, as a matter of necessity, that they were compelled to hide away their effects by any method that most readily presented itself: to bury it seems to have been the means usually adopted. Numbers of these unfortunate persons died in foreign exile, as much from privation as from broken hearts; some after a lapse of years returned to their native country, but only to find the home of their ancestors despoiled, or perhaps in ruins, their hidden treasure withdrawn from its concealment by some lucky discoverer, and the remnant of their family scattered and dead, or else (oh, most hard of all to bear!) joined to the ranks of the usurper. In some very few cases the real owners of the property succeeded at length in recovering it, but these instances were of such rare occurrence as to be merely the exceptions to a rule which the sad events of that period too well established. The following incident, as connected with these facts, is authenticated in the district where it happened, and still lives in the remembrance of many of the inhabitants.

About the year 1818, three men of the small town of Lamballe, in the department of Ile et Vilaine, had occasion to travel on matters relating to their business to Le Faouet, in the department of Morbihan, Lower Brittany. The journey was a long one and the road in many places wild enough, more especially as they neared the forests with which that territory abounds; but this did not prevent them from undertaking it on foot, with the assistance of now and then a cast in some wagon or cart that might happen to be passing. They were by no means well supplied with funds, but with bread, onions, and cider, and a pipe in their mouths (that never-failing resource of a Frenchman), they considered themselves tolerably provided for.

A light heart and a contented spirit are after all the best auxiliaries, and these two out of our three travellers eminently possessed: the third wore a more clouded expression of brow, seeming indifferent to the careless chat and noisy laugh of his companions, and yet from his years he should have been the liveliest of the trio, for youth's soft down was still upon his cheek—in fact he could not have numbered more than nineteen or twenty years; but although the age of Pierre Arnaut was the period of the "sunshine of the heart," yet there appeared to be a weight upon that of the young man which neither the excitement of exercise nor the cheerful society of his uncle Jacques and his comrade

Jean Dupas, had power to lighten. Left an orphan in early childhood, Pierre had been brought up entirely by his uncle, for whom he consequently felt the affection of a son, and had by him been taught his own trade, that of a watchmaker. Dependent as he was upon his relative for support, until by industry he should be enabled to set up in business for himself, he had yet had the imprudence to form an attachment to a young woman of his native town, the daughter of an opulent farmer, who fully returned his passion; but the father refused his consent to a match where the bridegroom would have nothing to bring to the common stock but an unblemished character and a warm affection for Louise. The elder Arnaut, whose own means were small, was not desirous that his nephew should establish himself in life before he had some more certain prospects of subsistence; but, however, he remembered the time when he himself was young, and could scarcely blame an imprudence which his own warm temperament would have rendered him very likely to fall into under similar circumstances. Besides, Louise Garnier was handsome, and though but eighteen, was accounted the best spinner and dairy-woman for miles round, and had acquired habits of steadiness and good management far beyond her years, in consequence of long superintendence of a large family of young brothers and sisters, having lost her mother during childhood.

An engagement between the young people was secretly formed, which had already existed above twelve months, but without, as it appeared, much likelihood of its terminating according to their wishes. The father of Louise, a careful, prudent man, and fond of money, continued inexorable; and Pierre Arnaut worked on, feeding upon love and expectation, though gradually the "sickness of hope deferred" began to rob his cheek of its ruddy hue, and his spirits of their elasticity.

Things were in this state, when the elder Arnaut received a letter from a friend at Le Faouet, informing him that he had entered into a contract for a supply of watches, among other articles, for exportation to the colonies; and knowing his old acquaintance to be skilful in his calling, he thought it would be doing him a good turn to give him the offer of making some, desiring him at the same time, if the proposition was likely to suit, to repair to Le Faouet, in order to make final arrangements, and to bring with him a few specimens of his craft. Arnaut not being, as we have said, particularly well to do in the world, and considering that if this employment should prove lucrative, he would have it in his power to assist his nephew, lost no time in making preparations for his journey, taking Pierre with him, and leaving his little shop in charge of his wife. It happened that a neighbour, Jean Dupas, had also occasion to travel into Morbihan; and thus the three, profiting by the opportunity of each other's society on the road, departed in company.

Several days passed without anything material occurring. They went principally on foot for the sake of economy, the two elder beguiling the way by conversation, and occasionally rallying their young companion on his melancholy. They had arrived within six leagues of their destination, and were passing the outskirts of a forest, when Dupas, to whom the country was well known, proposed that they should proceed by a path cut in the wood, rather than continue the high road, as being a saving of more than half a league. To this the

others assented, and turning into the forest, followed their comrade's guidance. After walking some time, they resolved to sit down and partake of their frugal repast upon the trunks of some felled trees, which offered a tolerable convenience for the purpose. Near to this place the path they were in was crossed by another; and at the junction of the two, according to the custom of Catholic nations, a wooden crucifix had been in times past erected; but, from the effects of time and the weather, the wood had decayed, and the crucifix, broken off at its pedestal, was lying on the ground. Our travellers, though not possessing any extraordinary share of religious fervour, had yet the usual Roman-catholic reverence for the Cross, to which they felt they should be shewing an heretical disrespect by leaving it in its present prostrate condition. As soon, therefore, as their simple meal was concluded, they set to work to prop it on its original resting-place; this, however, was found to be impossible, on account of the decayed state of the pedestal, which gave way when the slightest weight was placed upon it. Unwilling to relinquish their laudable object, they consulted how they might best restore this, the great emblem of their faith, to its proper position. They at last bethought them of digging a hole close by the side of the pedestal, so as firmly to insert the lower part of the cross in the ground: they had, of course, no tools adapted to such a purpose, but ingenuity effects wonders; after a little search, they found some pieces of slate (of which there were quarries in the neighbourhood), and these were sufficiently sharp to cut into the earth, and scoop it out without much difficulty. They had continued their employment for some minutes when Pierre, who, from his youth and strength was making greater efforts than his friends, struck his slate against some hard substance. Imagining it to be a stone, he was about to endeavour to remove it with his hand; but the elder Arnaut, whose natural sagacity had been quickened by the experience of a long life, stopped him with the remark that he thought the substance, whatever it was, emitted a strange hollow sound. As he spoke, Jacques again struck it a harder blow, and then they all became aware that an unusual noise proceeded from it. Urged by curiosity, the travellers hastened to loosen the earth in which it was imbedded, and to raise it from the hole; but the weight was so great, they were several times obliged to pause in their exertions in order to recover breath.

They at length succeeded in lifting up and exposing to the light of day a wooden case, having the appearance of a small writing-desk, but black with dirt and time, and of an excessive weight. With many exclamations of wonder, the men hastily endeavoured to open it, and the hinges were so decayed, that by using a pocket-knife as a lever, they were after a few efforts enabled to raise the lid. If their surprise at finding the box was great, it was redoubled at sight of the contents. Many thousand francs, with several louis, and some articles of jewellery, presented themselves to the delighted gaze of the finders. The case had evidently been packed in haste, for some of the jewels were carelessly wrapped in paper, which now dropped into pieces from decay, and others, apparently equally valuable, were not enveloped at all.

A considerable time was spent in admiring the treasure contained in the casket, and in congratulating themselves and each other on the fortunate discovery they had made; they then proceeded to count

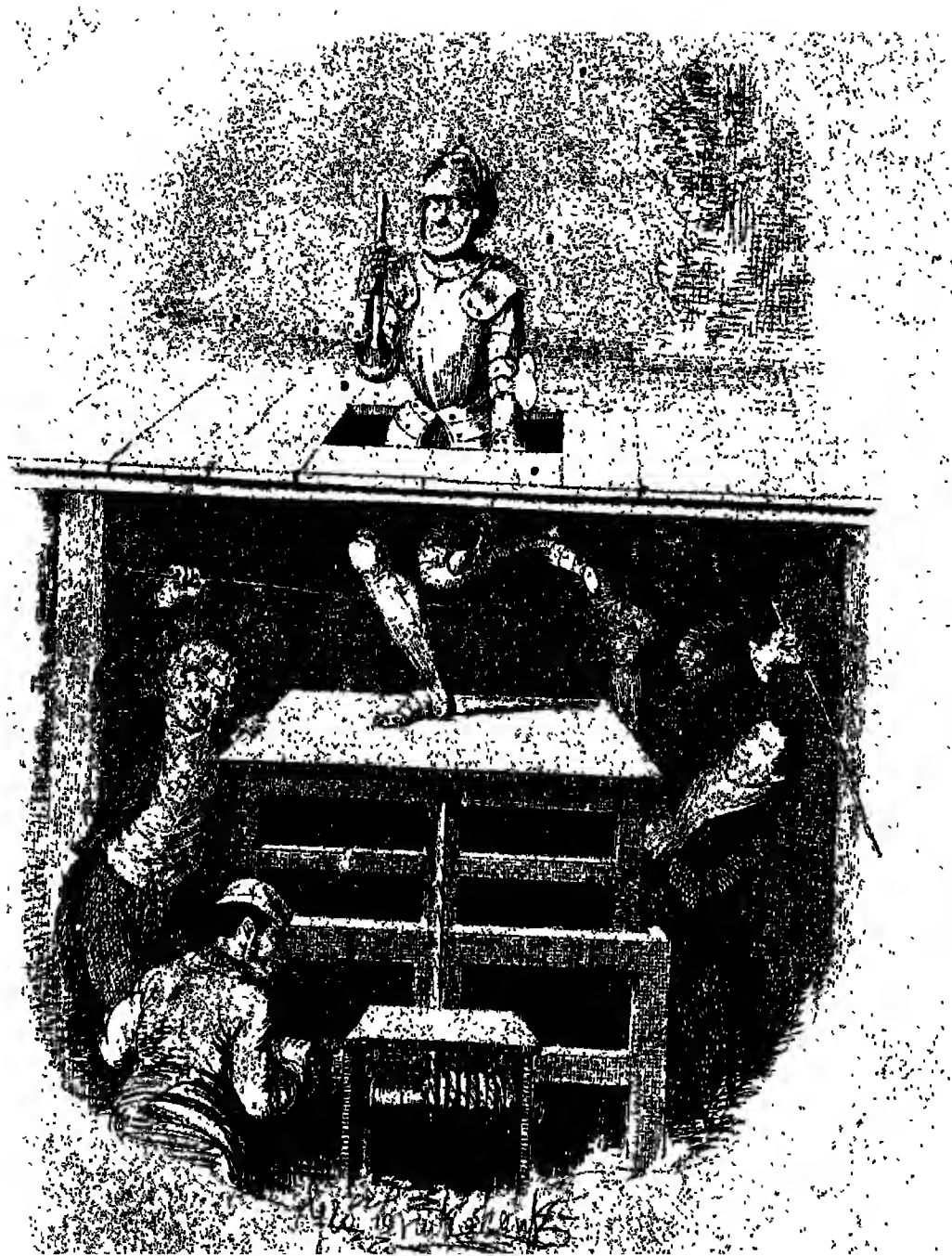
their newly-acquired riches, and found they amounted to a sum exceeding ten thousand francs, exclusive of the jewellery. It was agreed among the men to divide their booty into three equal shares as soon as they should arrive at their destination, and to keep secret from everybody the piece of luck that had befallen them; for however good Catholics they might have shewn themselves as regarded the arrangement of the crucifix, they yet had not sufficient of the vital spirit of religion to follow the requisition of their church in distributing the money thus found among the poor.

They presently continued their journey, taking it by turns to carry the box. Evening, however, surprised them before they had accomplished the distance they intended, in consequence of the long delay in the forest, and they were yet far from Le Faouet. There was a village of some importance within a league of the place where they were: but after a short consultation, it was agreed to take possession for the night of an old decayed cowhouse, or shed, that stood in a corner of a field by the road-side, rather than seek for quarters in the village; for like all persons conscious of having a secret to conceal, they dreaded lest the eye of curiosity should pierce their mystery, even though a little precaution would make such discovery extremely unlikely. The travellers possessed the materials for striking a light for their lantern; and on examining the hut, it was found to be sufficiently commodious for affording a night's lodging to men whom previous habits had rendered indifferent to luxurious accommodation. But their wallet of provisions was empty, and how to obtain a supply for supper became the next question. It was finally determined to draw lots, for one of the party to go to the village before mentioned to purchase the necessary articles for a repast more substantial than usual, by way of celebrating their good fortune. The lot fell upon Jean Dupas, who, taking with him the requisite sum, commenced his walk at a round pace.

RUSLAND CHAPEL, VALE OF RUSLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THERE is a little chapel on a hill,
 THE mountain breezes sing around the shrine,
 THE wild wind sweeps the narrow aisle at will,
 THROUGH latticed panes at will the sunbeams shine.
 NO shrouding curtain sheds a solemn gloom—
 NO glowing pane is rich with varied dyes;
 OVER noble rest is rear'd no marble tomb,
 WHERE dust with kindred dust in slumber lies.
 OH, little wayside chapel! rude and lone
 THOU art; yet made most glorious by the might
 OF faith! whose power can raise the meanest stone
 INTO an altar of celestial light,
 MAKING this humble chapel on the hill
 A temple God himself will not disdain to fill.



Als der Kaiser

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION ON STEEL, BY GEORGE CRICKSHANK.*

Stukely. "I'll make a widow of you."—THE GAMESTER.

XXVIII.

ELLISTON may now be considered to have attained that culmination of public favour, which the configuration of the stars had predicted, at his birth. The year 1809 had advanced *Napoleon* and the Comedian to the ascendant of their glory. *Wagram* and *Drury* were interwoven! The forms of the two actors stood out in bold relief from the crowded canvass of events, and either felt he had no longer a rival, except in the contemplation of each other. Destiny seemed enmeshed of the parallel; wilder and more hazardous were their projects yet to come, but success had attained its zenith, and though more fiery in progress, the day was still wasting, and the moments numbered.

It may be well suspected by those whose tastes have led them to a close acquaintance with what is called "life," that Elliston, by nature well-favoured, skilled in the art of pleasing, with passions, which like wine, are termed "generous," and with the attraction of a sparkling notoriety, was open to some of those perils so inseparable from a state of polite community.

Under the gaudy guise of "*bonne fortune*," the Siren conceals her snaky tresses—youth, blood, imagination, vanity, and "money in the purse," are alike equally assailed, and when we recollect how vulnerable was our hero, (if he may be still permitted to retain the title,) collectively and severally in these particulars, it will be as little doubted what was the issue of the conflict.

Elliston, who was really fond of his wife, and when in her company, preferred her to any other woman on earth, might have been startled, perhaps, at hearing he was not a good husband. Constantly in the habit of listening to his own praises, and never subject to direct reproaches, he amused his conscience with a convenient credulity, whilst he indulged his inclinations with the more substantial fare of their hearty gratification. That affection which he really possessed, was but an involuntary virtue, which he never dreamt of protecting by either fortitude or restraint, and so long as he cajoled himself that, when pained by the traffic of unrighteous pleasure, he returned to his own home with the chastened feeling of its intrinsic repose, and made confession of the same, he had as even the best proof of domestic obligations, and given the best redemption of his conjugal pledge.

The ingenious Mr. Tom Jones has said, speaking of domestic infidelities, "How little does a wife suspect the small share which such an affair has with the heart!" but surely we need not trouble our readers with the refutation of so fatuous a sentiment. The offering of the

* It will be observed the present illustration has reference to the September Number of these papers.

heart is surely tainted by a dereliction of duty; and it is but the tenacity of nature a little outliving the corruption of the will.

The fact is, Elliston had now become a thorough man of pleasure. *Le jeu, le vin, et les femmes* either occupied him in turns, or not unfrequently made one common cause. His own vainglorious resolutions—the exhortations of his uncle and that memorable passage of Dr. Johnson, which his dying relative had put into his hands, and which, out of respect to both, our graceless subject had transcribed from Cambridge, to his wife, were all equally forgotten, were lost at play, were buried in the bowl, or more basely dishonoured in the blandishments of his mistresses. He had little reflection but what arose from the wretched chagrin of the hazard table; and to satiety alone was owing any temporary show of decorum.

It is not to be supposed that from the watchful alarms of a devoted wife, or from the quick apprehensions of an intelligent woman, these were things which could hope for any concealment. Mrs. Elliston felt them keenly, but met them wisely; she well knew if the strongest tie were broken, little could be expected from inferior restraint—strife and objurgation but gratify the passion of complaint, but make no point in the recuperation of the lost—her reproaches were only those she “could not spare him”—the depression at her heart, and the cloud of sadness which sat weightily on her brow.

The form of play* by which Elliston was chiefly infatuated was hazard, and this he would follow at any brief opportunity which his more ostensible engagements afforded him. At no period of the day did it come amiss; and the pecuniary supplies which he had received under his uncle’s will, added but fresh fuel to the element, rendering “abundance the means of want.” But this pursuit, varied only by indulgences equally demoralizing, had no power yet over his constitutional energy, none to divest his mind from new schemes of professional speculation. The heated and protracted pastime of the previous night borrowed not a moment from his more creditable occupations of the morrow. Punctual at his appointments, in full possession of his subject, and directing the routine of business, his bodily constitution long sustained him in these multifarious draughts upon its resources, which if singly and well directed might have rendered him the brightest ornament of dramatic art, either operative, literary, or intellectual.

It was, alas! but a few years afterwards that his legal adviser had occasion to remark, “Elliston, you come to me fresh drunk at night and stale drunk in the morning, and expect me to talk with you on matters of business; depend upon it sobriety is as good a policy as honesty.” But, as Mr. D’Israeli observes, “the errors of men are as instructive as their virtues,” we may claim permission to proceed.

Amongst the number of Elliston’s gambling associates was a gentleman of the medical profession, residing in the city. To this individual Elliston had lost, from time to time, considerable sums of money; and under strong suspicion of foul play in his adversary. But we would by no means extend any misjudged pity to him who is a prey to sharpers, for his fate is too frequently only that of a less skilful knave

* It has been curiously observed, by a biographer of Mossop, that, abstracted from the sin of gaming and the vices concomitant on the bottle, he was otherwise a most respectable man!

within the fangs of a greater; and although no¹ the slightest imputation of unfairness was ever attached to the subject of these memoirs, yet he must be content to share no better sympathy in his distresses than that with which we are accustomed to regard the overthrow of black-legs themselves.

In spite of these occurrences, "frequent losses and no reverse," Elliston was still an *ami de maison* of his city acquaintance, who, whether bleeding his victims at home or his patients abroad, was equally turning all occupations to the same profitable account, and with just an equal respect to principle. The truth is, the general practitioner had an exceedingly pretty wife, who though scarcely meriting a milder fate than that which awaited her in such an union, was nevertheless the subject of the basest perfidy; for the husband having speedily squandered the "pretty little fortune" his own Caroline had brought by marriage, she was now either totally neglected or valued only as the convenient instrument to more extensive plunder. The lady, however, was not one of those weak-minded persons who take these kind of matters greatly to heart, for, like a sensible woman, she far more valued the admiration of many than the affection of one; and as this precisely suited the sporting practitioner's "book," he was inclined to believe his matrimonial scrip might some day or other turn out no idle investment.

This lady was well calculated to engage the *blasé* imagination of the comedian, while he himself, ever ready with that sequacious sophistry by which principle is more insulted than by open defiance, looked on his amatory intercourse in this direction as an act of self-justice, and any dividend of the wife's favour, as a kind of set off to the husband's obligations; or perhaps boldly justified his own investment of the citadel, by the governor's abandonment of the fortifications.

An incident occurred in the course of this intimacy, ludicrous enough, if we could but divest it somewhat of its less impudicious nature, which we will only notice *en passant*. Elliston, on one of these "wine and walnut re-unions," had proposed to this lady an excursion to the delightful town of Sevenoaks, and as her husband was not to be admitted into the secret, (for though assuredly he was one "not wanting what is stolen," yet in a court of law, like them all, he would doubtless appear "the most affectionate and attached of husbands,") the expedition was to be conducted by some dexterity on both sides.

The three days' absence of the medical gentleman at Doncaster, might have rendered the lady's escape safe enough, as far as he was concerned, but it was deemed expedient to take some precautions in respect of good-natured friends and casual acquaintances, with which most neighbourhoods swarm, who might perhaps conceive it a bounden duty to remove any blissful ignorance from before the eyes of a husband, and help him liberally to the tree of knowledge, and all the consequences of the fruit *degout*. It was therefore arranged that the lady should equip herself in a suit of mourning, assisted by the most positive of all female disguise—a widow's cap. Thus attired, she was to glide stealthily from home, when, at an appointed spot, the comedian was to receive her into a hackney coach, whence they were to proceed across the water, and subsequently start by post-chaise for the salubrious retreat of Sevenoaks.

"Expectata dies aderat."—The morning dawned; and the lady pre-

pared herself for the part she was called on to enact, with that self-possession of nerve, as almost to have induced belief the character were no longer fictitious. In perfect safety this "lone woman" traversed the street of her own abode, and, after threading sundry by-ways, arrived, within a few minutes, at the appointed corner, where the enterprising actor was in readiness to receive her.

Here they entered a hackney-coach, but taking unwisely the direction of Ludgate Hill, their progress was, for a considerable time, impeded by the multitude of vehicles which are always encountered on this spot. During this suspense, sundry persons, well-known to our exemplary wife and widow, passed and re-passed, whilst the lady's security was undoubtedly owing to the nature of her disguise, and her own imperturbability of manner.

Having traversed Blackfriars Bridge, this worthy couple reached the spot where the post-chaise was in waiting, and Elliston, with a grace and easy audacity which would have become *Ranger* himself, tendered his services to the translocation of his companion.

At this moment, a gawky lad, in a tawdry livery, laden with cheese, grocery, and other articles of household consumption, who had been loitering at a shop-window near the spot, now suddenly rushed forward, and casting himself before the widow, in the most grotesque posture of alarm, began to blubber out, in disjointed accents of distress, "Wooh! wooh! ha! ha!—wooh! ha! poor master! poor master! ha! ha! ha!"

The self-possession even of that lady who forms our present subject, was not proof against this abrupt outpouring of human agony; whilst Elliston looked on, for the moment, if not with equal confusion, at least with as much indecision of purpose. But the lad still kept up his generous grief in unabated roaring, and as the spot on which the scene occurred was sufficiently public, he soon brought about him a most ample auditory.

It turned out that the youth, who had some time since served in the capacity of doctor's boy, to the general practitioner in the city, had been discharged on suspicion of having stolen the foetus of a hedgehog, preserved in spirits, and deposited till then in his master's laboratory; and being thus unexpectedly impressed with the untimely dissolution of his late employer, he had burst into those demonstrations of grief, which had now become positively a howl. Another gasp or two might have brought him a little to himself, but on wheeling round, and perceiving the commissariate wreck of tea, sugar, cheese, and pickles, scattered at his feet, the sluices of his agony were again forced, resembling far more the ululation of a bull-calf than the sympathetic tones of a heart-stricken page.

The nature of all this was soon apparent to one so deep in the equivoque of comedies as our hero. He immediately took up the clew thus thrown into his hands, and having rescued the widow from the sticky fingers of the hysteric lad, and deposited her within the yellow post-chaise, he led the youth, with true "Ellistonian" solemnity, apart from the crowd, and entering into a circumstantial account of the calenture which had so unexpectedly removed the object of his lamentations from the troubles of this world, and described with accuracy the vault in Allhallows Church, where his good master's remains were deposited, together with the couplet to be engraven on the monumental stone, he left him in lawful possession of half-a-guinea, to recal his

spirits and refit his stores; when stepping into the vehicle, with the same sublimity of mien in which he had conducted the previous business, the fugitives were once again on their adventurous way.

The lady was soon restored to that ineffable complacency, out of which, before this day, she had never been surprised, and having, with admirable dexterity, as she sat, relieved the sweet oval of her countenance from those vile weeds, and liberated her abundant tresses, black as the raven, (and, peradventure, as full of omen,) from which the glow of animation, and the gleam of triumph, "looked out and smiled," and having commuted the dense fall of Norwich crape, beneath which quick suspiration so long had laboured, for the light and fantastic thread of Brussels, our Broad Street "Berenice" shone out again in all her pristine loveliness. Matters being thus restored, Elliston and the apothecary's wife arrived at Bromley.

And now we beg to give up any further pursuit either of the parties or the narrative, of which we should, in all probability, have made not the slightest notice, but for the little episodical incident just recorded. Should we have wearied our readers with folly, we will at least not outrage them by vice, for historical justice is not to be vindicated by mere truth alone, which, under certain phases, may be as unseemly as falsehood itself; nor should we ever be content to purchase an *aventure exquisite* at the expense of a moral lesson.

THE PAINTED TOMBS OF ANCIENT ETRURIA.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

THEY sought to banish sadness
From the mansions of their dead;
They pictured forms of gladness,
Sweet perfumes there they spread.

The crown a king had cherish'd,
In his hours of earthly pride,
Was there when he had perish'd,
And his sceptre by his side.

The gems that deck'd the beauty,
When her morn of love arose,
Still graced, as if in duty,
Her long and last repose.

The painted walls were glowing
With scenes of mirth and glee,
Where ruby wine was flowing,
And sounds of revelry.

Whatever spoke of pleasure
In most seductive tone,
Of active life, of treasure,
In the halls of death was shewn.

But vainly, O how vainly!
They sought to banish fear,
The spectre scenes tell plainly,
That with the feasts appear.

The gold, the jewels gleaming,
And the richly-scented air,
They did but give the seeming
Of a joy that was not there.

How beautiful soever
Their hope, their trust might be,
Except that death must sever,
They had no certainty.

O tomb! so plain, so lonely,
Hewn in the rock's hard side,
Through whose brief tenant only
Are the fears of death defied.

O blessed tomb! whose story
To the end of time shall last,
The halo of his glory,
That a Saviour o'er thee cast,

In brightness hath descended
On every Christian tomb,
And by its clear light ended
The terror and the gloom.

And we, by fear unshaken,
May lay us down in trust,
For we know that we shall waken
From our lowly bed of dust.

A VISIT TO MAGOG, AFTERWARDS HIERAPOLIS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE name of Magog has marked claims upon our interest. The giants whose effigies welcomed Philip and Mary on their public entry into London; who proclaimed from the portals of the Temple the pageant to Elizabeth; and who (or their wicker representatives,) were formerly attendant upon civic exhibitions—have been variously viewed as the figures of Celtic chieftains, or Pagan idols. It is certain that the ceremonious observances of the civic guilds and officials, more interesting from their antiquity and grotesqueness, than from their wisdom, have closer analogies with those of the northerns, and more immediately with those of Flanders, as is shewn in a curious work lately published,* than with those of southern nations, from which we have borrowed many things in our royal progresses. But Gog and Magog have an even more remote origin, belonging, as they do apparently, to the traditions and historical reminiscences of Gog, the land of Magog; of the rempart of Gog and Magog, the *sidd Yagug wa Magug* of the Orientals; of the giant Og, king of Astaroth or Bashan; and lastly, of a city of Magog *par eminence*.

The ruins, or rather the fragments of the ancient city of Magog, lie on the most deserted portion of the Syrian wilderness, at a distance varying from ten to fifteen miles from the river Euphrates, and between that river and the city of Aleppo. They were visited, in the latter part of the last century, by the old English traveller, Maundrell; in March, 1836, by a party from H.M. steamer Euphrates, of which the author formed one; and since that, in June, 1838, by Viscount Pollington.

Our party was a pedestrian one, and Col. Chesney having given me the option to take whatever convalescents I thought the walk might be of advantage to, we started pretty strong in numbers, and well armed, from a point where the river was judged to approach nearest to the object of our excursion.

During a walk of at least ten miles, nothing occurred to break the monotony of the scene; the plain was at that season covered with green sward, enlivened by a few flowering plants, but there were no trees. The ground undulated at times, and presented us occasionally with grassy vales, in which we neither observed wild beasts, nor human beings, nor habitations; till coming upon a higher part of the upland, the remains of a great city burst upon us, in all the indistinctness of crumbling ruins, within an almost boundless extent of rampart. All the old authorities, who have written upon this once-celebrated site, have agreed in asserting its magnitude. Ammianus calls it a most capacious city, and Procopius designates it as the chief and most noble city in that quarter of the world.

As we approached, a few Arabs made their appearance, as if they had sprung from the rubbish, and they kept increasing in numbers during the whole time of our stay. In order to avoid delay, duties were quickly divided. Col. Chesney began taking measurements;

* Lord Mayor's Pageants, &c. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq. 8vo. Printed for the Percy Society.

Col. Estcourt and Lieut. Fitzjames got out their sketch-books; Lieut. Murphy and myself took bearings; while some of the artillerymen, who accompanied us, kept the Arabs in countenance, and soon lulled the savage suspicions which at first were too clearly expressed in their looks, and got into friendly understanding with them. It appeared that they called the place Bambuch, which was also the name given to Viset. Pollington; and they also told us that four hours off, on the banks of the river, there were ruins of another town, called Kara Bambuch, "the black Bambuch," which was the port and ferry of Bambuch Proper. It is well known that the ancients (Strabo, xvi. 515, Pliny, v. 23) called this city also Bambyce. Pliny says, "*Bambycen quæ alio nomine Hierapolis vocatur, Syris vers Magog.*"

The walls, which are clearly traceable for several miles in circumference, and were defended at intervals by towers, of which a few are yet standing, although in a ruinous condition, first attracted our attention; but they were judged, on examination, not to belong to a very remote antiquity, and with, at the most, Roman or Byzantine foundations, to present in their towers and more perfect portions, evident proofs of a Saracenic renewal.

Within the great space, thus rampart enclosed, were many low but picturesque piles of ruin, with large hewn stones, and fragments of columns scattered about here and there, amid masses of brickwork of such extent and solidity, as clearly to indicate that they belonged to public edifices; indeed, this was otherwise proved by the fact, that in the intervals between these ruins of a better class of edifices, there were no traces of the ordinary dwellings of the inhabitants: in this point exhibiting a marked difference from the ruined cities of the early Christians in the same country, where the fragments of every house and tomb are clearly visible. Indeed, where the great cities of antiquity were afterwards occupied by Arabs, Persians, and Turks, without any Christian interpopulation between the Pagan and the Muhammedan era, the houses built of mud and stone have always disappeared, except in the case of such as have continued to be inhabited, leaving only the fragments of more ancient buildings: and such deserted cities constitute a kind of link between the solid mounds and towers, which attest an Assyrian or Babylonian ruin; the perfection met with in the deserted homes of many of the early Christian communities, and the mere mounds of rubbish and pottery, which indicate a Sassanian or Arabian site.

Among these various piles of ruin, scattered about in scornful irregularity, one particularly attracted the attention of our draughtsmen, as more curious than the rest, and as having much that approached to the Egyptian in character. There could be no doubt, even from a hasty survey, of its great antiquity. Every thing was massive and simple. The front was formed by a great oblong mass of masonry, composed of huge stones placed in careful and neat juxtaposition, but without cement, and from which a vestibule six or seven feet deep had apparently projected. The vestiges of a doorway also still remained, the overthrown lintel of which had been a massive and solid square, or parallelogram. From fallen masses, it also appeared that the upper pier of stones, in whole or in part, had projected beyond the remainder, and had been chiselled into an ample and beautiful architrave, but it was naturally impossible to say whether or not the entablature had

borne a pediment. This portal could be traced, chiefly by the foundations and overthrown walls, to have led into small chambers or cells, and dark sanctuaries of the same massive and simple character; and from what I have since seen at Persepolis, I have little doubt that these were the remains of the great temple, which for ages sanctified the city, and to which that strange form of worship belonged, so renowned in Holy Writ, of a monstrous goddess, half-female, half-fish, and well described by Pliny as "*prodigiosa Atergatis*."

The principle of fecundity, as represented by the sun, moon, and stars—by fire, by animals, by the sunbuleh, or ear of corn, and other less refined emblems—always formed the great object of adoration among the early nations of the East. The varieties which the same general form of worship, as in the case of Atergatis, presented, are far too numerous to detail; and as each variety of the same original form merged into a different branch of the Greek and Roman mythology, so the unravelling such connexions is quite unnecessary. It is sufficient to state that Atergatis was also the Astarte of the Phœnicians and Syrians, the Astoreth and Succoth of the Hebrews, the Dercete of the Greeks, and was admitted into the classic Pantheism by various writers—as Venus, Juno, Diana, Urania, and Luna—from circumstances which would all admit of easy explanation.

Astarte is placed by Milton among the fallen angels:—

"with these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,
To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

The crescent here noticed as the symbol of Astarte, and observed in coins struck at Ba'lbek, and which also formed the ornaments taken from the camels' necks of the conquered men of Succoth, has, it is well known, remained the symbol of Islamism.

Cicero relates that this piscine goddess was married to the beautiful Adonis, but we have more positive historical details of her nuptials with Ba'l, the god of Ba'lbek, and of the dissolute Elagabalus. Her image was for this purpose transported from Carthage to Rome (not forgetting the rich offerings of her temple), and the day of this mystic marriage and gross example of even a corrupt idolatry, was held as a general festival in the capital and throughout the empire. It would seem that Horace believed in the efficacy of this marriage, when he says—

"Juno, et Deorum quisquis amicior
Afric."

The representative of the god of Emesa, or Ba'lbek, was, on this occasion, the celebrated black stone described by most historians as quadrangular, but of irregular shape, and four feet high, but by Gibbon as a conical black stone. It is certainly represented in the latter form on an imperial medal struck at Emesa, in honour of Sulpitius Antoninus. There is every reason to believe, from the careful descriptions given by the ancients of the colour and appearance of this stone, that it was a *meteorite*; and this view of the subject is supported by the tradition attached to it at its original site in the temple of Gybele, in Phrygia, where it was said to have fallen from heaven, and which was also related of it again when at Emesa, no doubt to

attract the multitude to its shrine. This origin of the stone appears to have been the cause of its great sanctity. The history of this meteorite is also curious and somewhat obscure. It appears to have been removed, in solemn pomp, from Pessinus to Rome, in order to drive the Carthaginians out of Italy. It got thence, somehow, to Emesa, from whence it was removed to Rome by the emperor, who apparently took his name from the object of his adoration—for the stone was called El Gabel, or El Kábul, and it, or another like it, actually now sanctifies the Kába' or temple of Mecca.

The fame of Atergatis was celebrated for its opulence and its consecrated wealth, and afforded a liberal maintenance to more than three hundred priests. It is to be expected, that such riches tempted the cupidity of privileged plunderers, and Crassus is reported, on his ill-fated expedition against the Parthians, to have spent several days at Hierapolis, weighing out the sacred moneys of the goddess. The temple was, however, already a ruin in Julian's time, or one thousand four hundred and eighty years ago.

We looked in vain for the tank or reservoir which contained the sacred fish attached to the temple of Atergatis. We fancied we could distinguish traces of such, in front of the temple, but were not certain, and the Arabs could not assist us in our inquiries. Aelian, in his "History of Animals," relates of these fishes, that they went in a crowd, conducted by a leader, and that they blew and worshipped among themselves in a wonderful manner, as if inspired by the goddess; a phenomenon which, however, may be seen any day, practised by the tame fish in the gardens of Hampton Court or of the Tuilleries. The origin of this Syrian regard for fish, was evidently connected with the form in which Atergatis was worshipped, whether regarded as a mere symbol of fecundity, or as the mother of Semiramis, as Diodorus would have us believe. The reverence entertained by the Syrians for fish, is noticed by Xenophon, and it is a curious fact that it exists in the same country to the present day.* The mosque of Abraham, at Edessa, is in high esteem amongst all classes of Muhammedans. It is one of the most perfect, although small, model edifices of its kind throughout Asiatic Turkey. It is a square building, surmounted by three domes of equal size, and has a lofty minaret rising above a grove of cypresses. Close by, is a beautiful fountain and lake, whose banks are sheltered by verdant bushes which overhang its waters, and cause at once a refreshing fragrance and a welcome shade, all around. These waters flow onwards into a large marble reservoir, which embraces the whole length of the mosque; the waters are clear as the finest crystal, and thus protected, their surface is seldom ruffled by the slightest breeze, and this tranquil sheet of water, called by the Greeks Callirhoe, or the beautiful fountain, is crowded with thousands of sacred fish, which are daily fed by the hands of the pious, and of pilgrims who come to pay their devotions from afar.

There were several other ruins of some extent scattered about the precincts of the city, and among these were a series of low round arches apparently belonging to the Roman era, the object of which was not made out; but it was doubtful if they did not belong to an

* The sacred fish at the tomb of Daniel at Susa, have not yet been met with by travellers.

aqueduct. Nothing, however, remained to absorb attention so much as the vestiges of the temple of the Scythian goddess, and which appeared, by its massive strength and simplicity, to have been peculiarly adapted for a situation such as that in which the city of Magog stood, surrounded by an immense wilderness, presenting no character but monotony and extent, and where it was essential, in order to give to any structure an imposing character, or the stamp of magnificence, that it should be in harmony with the surrounding scenery. In such cases all small subdivisions would have appeared mean, and have hurt the results which would have flowed even more from such strength and simplicity, than from positive magnitude. The massy materials and dark chambers of such edifices, are also common to Egyptian, Persepolitan, and Indian architecture; but the tanks near the temples, with their enclosures of stone and steps for devotees, and the propyla and avenues of sphynxes met with in the two former, and represented by the pyramidal entrances of the Indian pagodas, if ever existing, have left no traces at the temple of Atergatis.

The origin of the city of Magog is involved in the obscurity of fable. Its temple is attributed by Lucian, of Samosat, (who is said to have been born here,) to Deucalion, and as Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, or Magog,* the city would appear to have borne the name of the founder's father. Gog, the Prince of Meshech and Tubal, was admitted to be the progenitor of the Scythian race by all antiquity; and the incursions of the Scythians into Syria, were characterized by the foundation of the city of Magog, and also of that city east of the sea of Tiberias, which is variously called Astaroth, Bashan, Basan, and Bathsan, in the Holy Writ, but which was afterwards called, from its inhabitants, Scythopolis. Hence, from their approximation to Palestine, the fearful denunciations of Ezekiel, against their King Og, also mentioned in Deuteronomy, for they appear to have preserved such a name, as a title, as Ba'l, Ke'l, &c. were also used in the Oriental languages. The Scythians were, on account of their stature and strength, called giants. Thus their King Og is described as such, and the race were by the Arabs designated as Anak (giants), and by the Hebrews, Anakim. They were also called by the superstitious Greeks and Romans, Arimaspes, or one-eyed, from their closing one eye when using the bow. They are particularly described by Ezekiel, as using bows and arrows, and as clothed in all sorts of

* There exist many very strong grounds for establishing the identity of the oriental Magog with the Prometheus of the classic Pantheism. In the first place, both are made sons of Japhet, (Gen. x. 2,) "Japeti Genus," Hor. Secondly, the Scythian race descended from Magog, settled in Caucasus, (Goghasan of the Chaldeans, whence the Caucasus of the Greeks and Romans,) where Prometheus was in the poetic mythology chained to a rock. Thirdly, they were the first extractors and workers in metal, as recorded in Holy Writ; and Æschylus makes Prometheus declare so with his own mouth, but which is more commonly expressed by the fable of the demi-god stealing fire from Heaven. Fifthly, the name of Magog itself is expressive of the tearing and tormenting of the liver and mind, which was the punishment inflicted by Jupiter on Prometheus, (sad emblem of the anxiety which attend upon civilization.) The word is used in this sense in the Chaldean and Hebrew versions of the Old Testament, (Psalm cvii. 26; and Ezek. xxi. 15.) and this meaning is preserved in the Greek version, although softened down in the English version, in the first case, to "their soul is melted because of trouble;" and in the second, "that their heart may faint." And lastly, by the very fact, that we find the classical tradition of the building of Magog attributing it to the son of Prometheus or of Magog.

armour. They had also bucklers and shields, and all of them handled swords. The word used for bucklers in the Chaldaic, signifies breast-plates, and the intelligent reader will not fail to perceive how closely these descriptions of the Scythians apply also to the London effigies of Gog and Magog, of high stature, clothed in all sorts of armour, "*Æs circa pectus*," with swords and shields, besides some ancient British weapons, probably since placed in their hands. It is also worthy of remark, that these figures do not wear helmets, whereas most of the warriors of antiquity wore such, except the Scythians, as may be seen without going any further, in the enumeration of the helmet-wearing troops in Ezekiel, and among whom the Scythians are not included.

The Scythian city of Magog was conquered, overrun, and its form of worship much altered, at the same time that its name was changed, by the successors of Alexander the Great, who, disdaining the worship of the luminary of night, introduced the worship of Ba'l, and gave to the town the proud name of Hierapolis—the city of the sun. From that time to the fall of the Roman empire, it continued to play an important part in the wars of the Macedonian succession, and of the republic of Rome, and of its emperors, against the Persians and Parthians. The visit of Julian to this city is described in an interesting manner by Gibbon, whose almost every sentence, here, and at Daphne, is, to one acquainted with the localities, and with the Byzantine and Oriental historians, an apt and happy quotation, from a different authority; but, accompanied by a more than usual under-current of partiality for the "philosophic" and apostate emperor. The fellow opponent of a then young Christianity, whom Julian had the pleasure of embracing at this place, is called "a philosopher and friend, whose religious firmness had withstood the pressing and repeated solicitations of Constantius and Gallus, as often as those princes lodged at his house, in their passage through Hierapolis," and his epistle from hence to the haughty Libanius is described as "displaying the facility of his genius, and his tender friendship for the sophist of Antioch."

The last of the Roman emperors, who for a time upheld the falling empire, and reached Hierapolis, driving the Turkish host before him, was Diogenes Romanus. This bold but unsuccessful warrior, whose feats and death are carelessly passed over by Gibbon, according to Knolles, the historian of the Turks, built a castle at this city, which he wished to make limitrophal to the rising power of the Seljukians, but the crescent was then in the ascendant, and the advance of the Moslems into the Holy Land, laid the foundation of the first crusade.

In recent times, Lord Pollington has thrown doubts upon the identity of the ruins of Bambuch, with those of Hierapolis. "I cannot help thinking," he says, "that unless there can be clear evidence to the contrary, we ought—admitting as certain, that Hierapolis was in the neighbourhood—rather place it at Yerabolus, the two names Hierapolis and Yerabolus being nearly identical."—(Journ. of R. G. S., vol. x. p. 453.) This clear evidence we can, however, easily produce. In the first place, Hierapolis was also called Bambyce, and these ruins preserve the latter name, slightly corrupted, to the present day; and, in the second place, Yerabolus is apparently a corruption of Europus, and not of Hierapolis. Europus, according to Ptolemy, came next to Zeugma (Birehjik) in descending the Euphrates, and was between it and Cecilia; which latter was, according to the Peutingerian tables, twenty-four Roman miles from Zeugma, and between Zeugma and

Hierapolis. There can, therefore, be little doubt of the positioning as ascertained by the Euphrates expedition, of Europus at Yerabolus, of Cecilia at Surisat, and of Hierapolis at Bambuch.

A curious circumstance, illustrative at once of the distrust of the Arabs, and yet of a certain dislike to any unnecessary display of suspicion or of hostile feeling, occurred during our stay at Bambuch. The tenants of the wilderness, whose homes were nowhere apparent, but which could not be far off, continued, as I previously noticed, to drop in, in increasing numbers, during our exploration of the ruins. They did not come more than one or two at a time, and that at intervals, but I remarked, from a tower on which I was perched, that before they came to the city, they all visited a cemetery which was on the plain, a short distance without the walls, and where one of these swarthy wanderers remained, as if a sentinel. On leaving the ruins, I separated from the rest of the party, to visit these tombs, to the evident dissatisfaction of their guardian, and, to my surprise, found there the arms, guns, and spears, of the Arabs, piled up behind each separate mound, shewing that they had brought them with them, less in any way to offend us, than, in a country where every man's hand is against his neighbour, to resent any attempts which might be made on our parts to rob or to injure them.

It was our fate to remain a considerable time in this remarkable neighbourhood. While navigating the river, the steamer had the misfortune to go upon a bank, at a moment when the waters were falling very rapidly, so that all the efforts made by backing paddles, putting out hawsers, &c. to get her off, proved ineffectual, and we were ultimately detained till a fortunate rise in the waters floated us off. This misfortune occurred at a spot a little above, where a woodless range of hills, about six hundred feet in height, crossed the country from west to east, leaving the river to sweep through them, by a narrow pass; at the entrance of which, and on the right bank, were the ruins of the port of Hierapolis, or the "Black Bambuch."

These ruins were more immediately situated in a rocky ravine, which gradually narrowed on the side of the mountain, but yawned with open mouth upon the river side. They were of a very fragmentary character, consisting chiefly of the remains of dwelling-houses, enclosed within a rude rampart, which crossed the rocky chasm at its mouth, climbing the broken outline of acclivities on both sides, and sweeping along the crest of the hills to meet again, and enclose the same chasm at its upper part. There were no remains which looked as if belonging to public edifices, or to buildings of any importance; but a peculiar character, was imparted to this ancient port and town, (which did not appear to have been inhabited since the Roman era,) not only by its situation, but also by tiers of caverns; some sepulchral, but most of them having apparently served for dwelling houses, and which were disposed on the steep face of the rock, where it crested the ruin-clad acclivities on both sides, but especially on the northern, were they were crowded into a lesser chasm, which branched off to the north.

There were no living beings in this now deserted town, although many of the caves would have formed admirable dwellings for the Arabs; but these strange people, tenacious of the customs of their ancestors, prefer the freedom of the tent, and never dwell in the ruins of cities, the neighbourhood of which they frequent, as at Palmyra, Atrâ, and Hierapolis, from the abundant vegetation which is always

found in the wadys or oases in which they were originally built. There is no ruin in the desert but there is water near it. This was a first condition of the existence of such. The early Christian ruins in the Syrian hills alone form an exception. The water in them was preserved in great tanks, hewn in the solid rock—but this would not do on the plains. If there were no human beings, there were, however, plenty of wild beasts; and jackals and foxes were so numerous, that, no matter at what time the ruins were visited, some were sure to be seen, with ears erect, and with a ludicrous expression of surprise, gazing from the entrance of the lofty caverns on those whom they evidently considered as intruders in their domain.

During our long detention in this district, I had many opportunities of visiting both banks of the river, as well as the ruins themselves. Nor was the country without many interesting features and plentiful subjects for contemplation. It was here that Belisarius, disdaining the timid counsels of the Roman generals, among whom was a nephew of Justinian, and who, affrighted at the attitude assumed by Chosroes, had shut themselves up within the walls of Hierapolis, pitched his tent "of coarsest linen," and received the Persian ambassadors. The plain between Hierapolis and the river was hunted by six thousand horsemen, who pursued their game, indifferent to the proximity of an enemy. Around the tent of the old general was a mingled host of Illyrians and Thracians, Heruli and Goths, and Moors and Vandals, while, on the opposite bank, the ambassadors could perceive a thousand Armenian horse ready to dispute the passage of the river. It required but a small stretch of imagination to fill up this motley scene on the now naked canvas of wilderness.

The ignorance which has hitherto prevailed regarding the existence of this port of Hierapolis has led to much confusion among historians. Thus, Zosimus (iii. 12) relates that Julian, quitting Antioch, came to Hierapolis, where he had ordered all the boats to be assembled—a statement which, as might naturally be expected, puzzled Cellarius and other critics. Gibbon, also, by a mistake rare with him, makes Julian visit Batnæ, the ancient Serug, before his arrival at Hierapolis. Julian's boats, which were 1100 in number, made a double bridge across the river at this point, and were fixed to the rocks by iron chains.

In contemplating, also, for so many days, the peculiarities of this rock-enclosed passage of the Euphrates: its great adaptabilities for a bridge of boats, or for a more permanent means of transport, appeared to be only equalled by the great natural advantages which it presents, as a post, for defence; in that point resembling another remarkable pass of the same river which occurs in the Arabian desert, and was long occupied by the troops of Zenobia. We feel no wonder, on looking at these dark and naked hills, and the boundless plains which extend below and beyond to the extreme verge of the horizon, only spotted, here and there, like the skin of a panther, with a few grey shrubs, that Chosroes (Kei Khosrau) should have hesitated to engage in a decided battle in such a distant and dismal country, from which not a Persian might have returned to tell the tale.

But the loneliness and peculiarities of the place were still more prominently brought out at night-time. When the moon and stars of the East illumine the habitations of men, they do not, as with us, blend themselves with their lights, as if heaven and the city were only one domain, but they throw over the "white city's sheen" the pale,

soft, shadowy light, which breathes repose in every ray, and moulds all the various forms of beauty with the stillness of enchantment. So, also, when the same subdued light falls on alternating rock and ruin in the wilderness, it draws a veil of pleasing softness over the rough features of crumbling stone and of shattered walls and buildings, so as almost to transform them into orderly arrangement and harmonious proportions, and never fails to invest them with fresh and peculiar beauties. All that was desolate and diffuse when seen by the broad daylight, became, viewed in the stillness of eve, while sitting on some huge block that lay upon the adjacent heights, almost perfect and elaborate. The climbing ramparts, the rugged piles and tiers of caves, alternately buried or brought out by mingled light and shade, were both magnified and multiplied by the dark shadows which they cast upon one another, and the scene assumed a character of mysterious and wild beauty, which increased with the distance, till the fading outline sunk into the valley of the river, as if into the depths of a fathomless abyss.

Yet in these lonely and wild districts there lived a few Arabs, wild and untutored as the scenery amid which they dwelt, perpetually moving their tents as the grass withered beneath them, and who were of different tribes on the opposite side of the river. These Arabs bore a deadly hostility to one another, and during our detention, many little adventures occurred in our intercourse with them, but without any serious results, except in one case. We had always done our best to keep up friendship with both parties, and, indeed, to establish amicable relations between them; but the sheikh of the tribe on the right bank had put us under peculiar obligations by his liberal supplies of fowls, eggs, milk, and truffles, the latter of which were found in abundance on the neighbouring hills. In consequence of this, and of the assistance which he lent us in procuring skins to inflate and to float the vessel with, he was one day invited on board, and a single-barrelled gun was presented to him, and at his earnest request, was loaded with English powder and ball.

The shoal on which the steamer was then lying was separated from the right bank by an island, and, in consequence of this, the boat, on going ashore, had to keep along the left bank, till above the level of the island, when it shot across to the opposite side. On this occasion, the tribe on the left bank had observed the sheikh go on board, and the news having spread, they awaited his return, when they opened fire upon our boat, totally regardless of the officer and men who had charge of it, and who, being unarmed, were obliged to crouch down to avoid the shots. The sheikh, however, used his Birmingham fowling-piece for the first time with practical results; for firing into the crowd of assailants, he hit one of them, breaking his arm above the wrist. At the same moment, the transaction having been observed on board, the carronade was discharged to cover the boat's crew, and this had instantly the desired effect of dispersing the Arabs and driving them to their tents. Upon visiting them afterwards, the wounded man was found to be very indifferent to his misfortune; for the love of revenge, so powerful in an Arab, and handed down from father to son, supported him in his sufferings, and rendered all attempts at preaching forbearance and reconciliation as vain as would have been the desire to restore this strange tract of country to its pristine population or to its olden idolatrous semi-civilization.

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND GAVARET.—1584.

BY MISS SKELTON.

GAVARET, a gentleman of Bordeaux, born a Huguenot, had been, at the time of which I write, lately secretly converted to Romanism. He was of a fanatical and melancholy disposition, and refused to enter publicly the church for which he forsook his old faith, until he felt that he had rendered himself worthy of her protection and favour by some signal act of devotion to her cause.

The chief support of the Protestant faith in France at this time was Henry of Navarre, and consequently the highest service that could be performed by one anxious to shew devotion to the opposing church would be the extinction of this great light of Heresy; and to the effecting of this object did the mind of the melancholy Gavaret turn.

The Spanish court, by means of many emissaries, made constant attempts upon the life of Henry of Navarre, which, by God's grace, he, through his courage, his address, and his presence of mind (for these were gifts liberally bestowed upon this favourite of Heaven), was enabled ever to defeat and to elude.

The conversion of Gavaret had been wrought by a Spanish priest, who saw at once in this headlong fanatic a fitting instrument for the contrivance of these designs; and it required but little to convince the enthusiast that he was the weapon chosen for the striking of the decisive blow, which should rid the good cause of its most hated enemy. Accordingly Gavaret was privately invited to the court of Madrid, there to receive needful instructions and assistance. Not long did Gavaret linger in Madrid, he was too anxious to put his great design in execution, and his employers too careful to avoid any suspicion that might be incurred by the long harbouring of the Frenchman at their court, for either party to throw any obstacle in the way of the speedy arrangement of the necessary preliminaries.

Many a good counsel was bestowed by the ministers of Spain upon their emissary, though all through the medium of the priests, for the arch-plotters against kingly life were cautious in no way personally to involve themselves or their monarch in the deed that was supposed to have for its origin nothing but zeal for the true religion, unmixed with political motive.

But more substantial aids than those afforded by good counsels were bestowed upon Gavaret by his supporters—a safe pass back into Spain, a purse of broad golden pieces to procure disguises and arms, and last, not least, a valuable horse on which to effect his escape after the doing of the deed.

Gavaret, a soldier and a matchless rider, gazed with delight at the noble animal, whose perfect shape and symmetry told of strength and speed, as his obedience to nod and gesture did of careful training. The horse was a true Barb, black as jet, with dark glossy sides and shining mane, showing to great advantage in the full glare of the noonday sun which poured into the open court, where Gavaret first beheld this splendid gift from his supporters. It was small, as most of the Barbary

horses are, but nothing could exceed its fine and graceful action—nothing could be more beautiful than the formation of the flat shoulders, the round chest, the broad square forehead, the muzzle short and fine, the ears small, the magnificent eye, prominent and brilliant, the veins so beautifully traced, through which might almost be seen the quick coursing of the fine, warm blood. In truth it was a glorious creature, and might have bribed a better man than Gavaret to murder. Had incentive been necessary in the present instance, perhaps no better one could have been offered, for Gavaret was a “sworn horse-courser,” a perfect rider, and an enthusiastic admirer of this noble animal.

Gavaret, with deep thankfulness, took the rein of his new acquisition, and led it from the spot; he engaged a trusty groom to accompany him with it beyond the Spanish borders. Both he and the groom rode hacks, the fine horse was carefully led, until on French ground he dismissed his companion and the inferior steeds, and mounting the Barb, rode to King Henry’s court.

King Henry’s little court was held at that time at Pau, in the neighbourhood of which place he amused himself, when not engaged in the sterner pursuits of war, by hawking and coursing. The river was deep and rapid, and the grounds beside it in some parts were low and marshy, affording good opportunities for the sport he loved the best—the noble sport of hawking. Here came the lordly heron, sailing with broad flight across the marshy grounds and smooth standing pools—now sinking low upon motionless wing, looking for the prey he sought,—now, with swifter movement, darting downwards on the espied victim,—now standing in solitary pride upon some dark grey stone, or on the root of some old tree beside the river or the pools,—now rising, in all his majesty of course, far, far into the deep blue sky. Amid the trees the wood-pigeon and the turtle-dove built their nests—the hoarse cry of the bittern from the thick reeds was often heard;—in the late autumn days, when the cold weather had set in further north, the snipe and woodcock were plentiful amid the swamps; and as the winter hardened, the wild duck would come screaming to its reedy refuge,—the grey goose would fly heavily above the head of the watchful fowler—the mighty wild swan, so rare and shy in its appearance, would sail in silence by. Nor was there lack of other game. The partridges of France are plentiful amid her wide fields of corn; the great bustard sometimes came from the farther hills—the ruff and reeve were not unfrequent visitors; and in summer fat quails would seek from the hot shores of Africa the more moderate climate here afforded them.

Henry of Navarre delighted much, as has been said, in falconry, and he had many a noble cast of hawks. He was choice and nice, to the highest degree, in his various flights of these birds, in their falconers and keepers, and in the dogs, that made the sport complete. He had the beautiful ger-falcon, from Norway or from Denmark; the lanner, from the Swiss mountains; the English merlin, the saker, and the goss-hawk;—the latter so useful in the pursuits of smaller game. These were trained each to her peculiar vocation—some to strike the heron, some to pounce upon the wild goose or the swan; the falcon for the raven or the bold kite, the goss-hawk for the partridge. Some were trained to fly at the fur—that is to say, to bind hares and running

game; some to aid their masters in the chase of larger animals, by fixing on the head of the wolf or wild boar in pursuit, and thence tearing forth the eyes. But all the birds King Henry owned were of price and beauty, and all, in point of training, were, as the true hawking phrase goes, "fit for the fray."

Well, Gavaret, when he joined the court at Pau, found that King Henry was out on a hawking party, but thinly attended; and thinking no time fitter for the object he had in view than the present one, he did but pause for a scant half-hour's rest, then rode forth to seek him. It was a glorious day; and, long ere Gavaret found those he sought, he could hear borne upon the singing wind the clear musical voice of the monarch, the sharp sudden bark of the attendant spaniels, the shrill cry of the quarry, the deep tones of the falconer, calling back his bird, the shout that announced the finding of the game, the shout that announced its fall. Gavaret, as he passed along at an easy canter, could see, through the openings of the trees, the figures of the sportsmen at their sport. It was, as I have said, a glorious day, and the sun shone with unbroken lustre on the gay forms of the handsome Henry and his companions. Henry, always so handsome and so gallant, looked doubly so now, with the excitement and the flush of the chase glowing upon his fine upturned countenance, and lighting up the large piercing eyes with an increased fire and animation; his dress was calculated to shew off to great advantage the beauty of his shape; and his graceful horsemanship, his hat flung back from his brow, was decorated with a long waving ostrich plume—a plume as white as snow; the diamond that clasped the feather, which danced so gaily in the wind, was, in those broad day-beams, a second sun; the golden spurs upon his heel, the golden hilt of his sword, the silver on the pistols in his holster, the silver on his studded bridle, flashed as he moved in the light that was poured from that unclouded heaven.

Nor must we omit to say how gallantly went the sport watched so eagerly by the king. Just as Gavaret came in sight the quarry, a noble heron, was rising into the air, and the ger-falcon, borne by Henry, was loosened from its jesses, and cast off on the pursuit. The ger-falcon was a splendid bird, sent as a present to the King of Navarre, by Elizabeth of England, and brought with others of the breed by her command, from Norway. It was of great size; and the spread of its sails, or wings, was of extraordinary width, its plumage was beautiful, a snow-white throat, wings of snowy whiteness, crossed with bars of brown, shaded from light to dark, a tail of the same rich contrast, her pendent feathers pure and unspotted, her ruffled mails, or breast feathers, of downy softness, her clear large eye was of a dark deep blue, her bill of the same colour. With those eyes, meeting the dazzling sunlight, and with her strong claws knotted, ready to strike, up she rushed against the wind, the fairest falcon that ever rose in flight.

Gavaret, pausing for a moment, watched the chase. The heron, proud and stately, swept forth across the river; the falcon rose far above it; and descending rapidly, drove it back to the side of the stream it had attempted to quit. The heron, turning on his back, awaited the attack of his enemy. The falcon, stooping gallantly, struck with claws and beak at the heron; the latter, shooting forth

its long sharp bill, attempted to inflict a wound that would have been death. But the falcon was too wary—she eluded the well-aimed blow—and rising for a space, again descended to the attack. The heron shrieks with fear and rage—the falcon answers with her hoarse cry of triumph. Both are gallant birds—both fight bravely. But for one, there is no hope; that stately heron shall never soar again above that rolling river and those shining pools—those wild efforts for life and freedom are his last—that melancholy scream shall never sound again. Down, down they come—the conqueress and the conquered—the triumphant falcon—the dying heron. Down they come, blood falling from the victim in his descent, crashing through the branches of the trees they come, until, prone upon the ground, the heron flutters in its last agony, while the proud victor, with talons deep in the quivering body of the pelt, begins pluming at the neck. King Henry himself reclaims the falcon; the assistants take from the scarce breathless body the heart and liver, and with these the king rewards his bird; then, replacing the embossed hood upon her head, and the silken jesses to her feet, he takes her again on his wrist, the silver bells attached to her leathern henits tinkling with their sweet music,—music whose soft chiming reached the ears of Gavaret.

“And must I then,” said Gavaret, as he gazed upon this bright scene and on this gallant prince—“must I then slay one so beautiful, so young, so careless, so happy?”

But the momentary relenting soon passed away; and Gavaret, with a look of deep devotion, raising his eyes and his right hand towards heaven, and murmuring a few words of prayer or deprecation, touched lightly the bright neck of his barb, and advanced towards the king.

King Henry was a man of sharp discernment; and he had observed the absence of Gavaret from the camp during the last week; he now observed him approaching on a strange steed, one, too, that his knowledge of horseflesh told him at once was a Spanish Barb. And for some time had Gavaret been suspected of a leaning towards the old faith. And Henry did not fail to mark the crimson flush gathering on his brow, then fading suddenly to ashy whiteness—he did not fail to mark how fully armed he rode, with sword and dagger in his belt and pistols in his holsters.

Gavaret, advancing, bowed low before the king, uncovering the dark curls that clustered round his head. The king welcomed him with a gracious nod and word of greeting; then, watching narrowly every movement of Gavaret, and without giving him time to make any further approach towards himself, he sprang from his saddle, and hastily moving towards him, laid his hand upon his rein, and said, in loud cheerful tones—

“Ha, Gavaret! a fine horse—as good a steed as ever man bestrode. Where gottest thou this jewel? Ha! man, dismount—dismount. I must try his paces. Make haste—make haste! I burn with impatience to back so fair a Barb. True Spanish, eh?”

And as he spoke, he took the bridle from the hand of Gavaret, and by every possible means urged and aided him to dismount.

Gavaret, bewildered by the impetuosity of the king's manner, unable to act offensively, so closely was he pressed and watched, could

do nothing but comply, and quitting the saddle, he held the stirrup, while Henry mounted.

Then, quick as thought, the king forced the horse forwards for a few paces, then, as suddenly checking him, he wheeled him round, and faced the pale assassin. Drawing the pistols from the holster, one by one, he discharged them, and one by one, flung them far from him, into the deep rolling river. The pale assassin started where he stood, but made no effort for flight. The king laughed scornfully.

"Here, take thy steed—worthy a better master;" and, springing from the saddle, he flung Gavaret the rein. "Take thy steed, and go upon thy way; but never let me see thy face again. Say nothing. Gavaret; full well I know those pistols were loaded for a lofty aim: and this noble steed was not given thee for nought. Go, I say—begone! Linger no longer, lest I am tempted to punish thee as a traitor should be punished!"

And the king, waving his arm proudly, gathered his attendants round him, and rode from the spot. And that baffled murderer, struck with a painful conviction that the enterprise, so miraculously crossed, must be displeasing to the Heaven he thought to serve, turned his steed in silence from that place of sunshine and of royal grace, and riding for the nearest wood, soon became lost to view, amid forests as dark and gloomy as were the depths of his own heart—as was the imagination of the deed he had come to do.

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF "THE ARDENNES."

BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

PART THE SECOND.

"As soon as we were once more on a high-road, I could not help exclaiming, 'Well, Pierre, here we are you see, safe and sound, and not eaten up as I was led to suppose we should have been. We are out of danger now, I presume.'

"'I am not so sure of that, sir,' was the reply of my companion; 'we may yet have difficulties to encounter.'

"I ridiculed the idea, laughed at him for his folly, and putting spurs to my gallant grey, desired him to follow me.

"I had not cantered above a mile after leaving the forest, when, at a turn of the road, I came suddenly on a 'cabaret,' or roadside inn, as you call it in this country. It might have been even termed an 'auberge,' for it gave promise of more comfort within than the ordinary dram-shops which are to be found in every cross-road in France. We had been on horseback for some hours, and I was not a little pleased at the opportunity which presented itself of rest and refreshment.

"As Pierre and myself rode up to the door of this rural hotel, he examined attentively the superscription, and exclaimed, '*C'est drôle!* the landlord is, or rather was, an old *camarade* of mine, at *Mezières*, many years ago—there cannot be two *Maxime Bourdons* in this part of the country.'

"We were in the act of dismounting, when a barefooted urchin beckoned us to ride round into the stable-yard by a side gate. We did so; and having directed Pierre to look after the horses, I was on the point of making my way to the front of the house, when my attention was attracted by a female figure, of no ordinary mould, on a rude and wooden balcony which ran round this portion of the premises, and from which a staircase, or rather steps, communicated with the yard below, and close to the spot where I was standing. She advanced towards the end of this open verandah, and with the sweetest tone imaginable said, '*Par ici, monsieur, s'il vous plait.*' In three bounds I was on the platform by her side, for a petticoat had ever irresistible attractions for me, and she led the way to an indifferently furnished apartment, which I was given to understand was the *salle-à-manger*.

"Travellers, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, in all countries, from time immemorial, have assumed to themselves the privilege of toying with chambermaids and female waiters—a squeeze of the hand, a kiss and a sly pinch are the usual familiarities, which, not being interdicted, very frequently have tacitly given a prescriptive right to these rambling Don Juans to accost, thus unceremoniously, every female who may be doomed to servitude. I never was a Joseph; and if I had been, the lovely countenance of the captivating handmaid before me would have overturned all my philosophy; a more beautiful creature I never beheld, before or since. There was something so *distinguée* in her face, the outlines of which were the most perfect it is possible to conceive—an expression I cannot describe—but it was irresistibly winning. And to these advantages, so rare in one moving in so humble a sphere, were superadded a grace and a *tournure* absolutely enchanting. In short, I was *eperdument amoureux* at the first glance. To my surprise, she shrank from me, and repulsed me in so determined, and, at the same time, so dignified a manner, that, for the moment, I was thrown off my guard. Recovering my surprise, I renewed the attack, but the tone and manner were so decided, and the bearing of this singularly beautiful girl so lofty, firm, yet respectful, that I was annoyed with myself for having been such a fool. There was nothing of prudery, or even of anger in her demeanour, for she appeared to regard me with sorrow and a mixture of pity. In short, her behaviour puzzled me not a little. Smarting under the rebuff, I believe I said to her, rather waspishly, 'Why do you repulse me? I dare say I am not the first young fellow who has fallen in love with your pretty face; and perhaps I have done no more than others who have frequented this house. What is the matter with you? You look unhappy.'

"She turned her eyes upon me, with a look I shall never forget to my latest breath, and exclaimed, 'I am unhappy—wretched—miserable—and so would you be, also, if you knew the doom that awaited you.'

" 'And pray what is that?' I asked, incredulously, for I thought she was trifling with me.

" 'Only,' she replied, 'that you have ~~not~~ three hours to live—by that time you will be a corpse. I know ~~not~~ what secret impulse makes me say this to you, but I cannot resist forewarning you of your inevitable fate. Escape is hopeless; and you will meet with the same end as the other victims who have entered this room.'

" 'This is some idle fiction you have conjured up,' I replied, 'to deter me from making love to you; perhaps there is some lover in the case, and you wish to frighten me by this improbable story.'

" 'I call God to witness that I speak nothing but the painful truth,' she rejoined. 'But stop—you shall know all.'

" Having said this, she went to the door, and from thence into the passage, to listen if any one were within hearing. Having ascertained that all was safe, she returned, and, closing the door after her, came up to me, and continued her appalling communication.

" She looked at me with tears in her eyes, and then pointing to the floor said, 'Look at this sand—did you ever see sand in a *salle-à-manger*? and that too on a first floor. Alas! what scenes of blood have been enacted here. You have ordered dinner—which is being prepared below—a few minutes before it is ready, you will see three officers, in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, ride into the courtyard—they will call loudly for the landlord—order dinner, champagne, and other luxuries. You will then be waited upon by the landlord himself, who will announce the arrival of his distinguished guests, and request, on such an emergency, that you will permit them to dine in this room with you; for although he has dinner sufficient for five persons at one table, yet if it were divided, it would not suffice for *three* and *two* in separate apartments—you must comply; for a refusal would only accelerate your doom; by complying, you will gain time, and God grant you may devise some plan, with your servant, for frustrating the schemes of these bloodthirsty wretches!'

" I was thunderstruck, as you may suppose, and could hardly believe my senses. I desired this lovely girl to send my servant up to me as soon as she could without exciting suspicion. This she did; and I repeated to Pierre every word she had told me. He was incredulous for a long time; but upon my dwelling on every minute particular he became more attentive, although he could hardly believe that his old acquaintance of Mezières, who was the landlord, could lend himself to such a sanguinary plot. 'At all events,' he said, 'I will go back to the stable, under the plea of looking to the horses, and return with our pistols which I can conceal in my pockets.' In a few minutes he rejoined me, and we had scarcely begun to talk of the extraordinary tale that had been communicated to me, when the tramping of horses' feet was heard, and three officers, dressed as the girl had described, entered the yard of the inn. Thus far her story was confirmed. Conviction of the truth now took possession of Pierre's mind.

" 'It is too true,' he said. 'I will go back to the stable, and think of what is best to be done. In the meantime, the landlord will, doubtless, come to you; and it is better we should not be seen together.'

" He had not left the room five minutes ere mine host made his ap-

pearance. A more specious and obsequious Boniface you never beheld. As the girl had predicted, his opening speech was to the effect that I would, he trusted, pardon the liberty he was about to take in proposing that three officers of the Imperial Guard should dine in my room. He had dinner for five, certainly; but if the repast he had prepared were served up in two separate apartments, there would not be sufficient for either party. He assured me, moreover, that I could not fail to be pleased with the society of these gentlemen, as they were officers of rank, *du bon ton*, and *bien comme il faut*.

"Putting as good a face as I could on the matter, I expressed my willingness to meet his wishes and those of the officers. I added, however, that I trusted the newly-arrived gentlemen would excuse my servant sitting at the same table with them; that I was travelling for my health, and he was seldom from my side, as I was subject to sudden attacks of spasms. I thought the fellow appeared rather disconcerted at this announcement; but not pretending to notice the effect my communication had produced, I requested him as he left the room to send my servant up stairs, as I wished to take some cordial before dinner. Pierre soon made his appearance, and putting my pistols in my hand, said,

" 'All is but too true, monsieur; *courage*, and we shall be masters of the field. I have arranged my plan, and you must follow my instructions. The captain of this infernal band of cut-throats you must place at the bottom of the table, facing you; his two confederates you must request to sit on one side of the table, while I take my place opposite to them. As soon as I have helped myself to a glass of wine, *after the dessert is placed on the table*, you must shoot the scoundrel facing you!—shrink not, for on your nerve and presence of mind depend our safety. Leave the rest to me; we have a desperate game to play—coolness and courage alone are wanting to ensure success.'

"I promised compliance, and was picturing to myself the scene in which I was so soon to play so prominent a part, when the three *soi-disant* officers made their appearance, ushered in by the landlord. The fellows were dressed to perfection—rather *outré* as to dandyism; for they were oiled, curled, and scented as the veriest *petit maître* in the *recherché* salons of Paris. Their address was rather of the free and easy school, somewhat overdone, perhaps, but still there was nothing offensive in their manner. They were profuse in their thanks for the honour I had conferred upon them by allowing them to dine with me; in short, they acted their parts to the life. The glances that had been interchanged amongst themselves as they entered the apartment, when they beheld Pierre, had not escaped my observation. I therefore, as soon as they had expended their volley of compliments and thanks, apologized for being compelled to have my servant at the same table, assigning the same reason I had given the landlord. At length the soup was served, then the cutlets, a fricandeau, stewed ducks, and a roasted capon. Every mouthful I took I thought would have choked me; and my want of appetite, which was remarked, I attributed to the state of my health. The fellows ate, drank, laughed, and chatted away in the most amiable manner possible.

"Dinner was by this time nearly brought to a conclusion. The

girl had waited upon us; and during her absence from the room with the remains of the dinner, one of the miscreants opposite to Pierre appeared to be searching about his person for some missing object; at last he said, 'I have lost my snuff-box.' And addressing himself to my attendant, added, 'I will thank you to go down stairs, and on the dresser in the kitchen you will see a gold snuff-box—for I must have left it there—and bring it up to me.'

"Pierre, however, to my great delight, never quitted his seat; and very quietly remarked, that he never executed any orders but those of his master. The person addressed looked confused at this reply, and bit his lips with rage. Turning to me, he requested very politely that I would send my servant for the box in question: To my infinite relief, and as good luck would have it, the girl re-appeared with the cheese and some fruit, and I observed to the gentleman of the missing snuff-box, that *la fille* would fetch it for him.

"Mademoiselle was, accordingly, commissioned to execute the errand; but she presently returned, saying there was no *tabatière* to be found below.

"'N'importe,' said the fellow; 'bring us some champagne.'

"While this very pleasant beverage was gone for, the other officer on my right hand discovered that his pocket-handkerchief was absent without leave, and ordered Pierre to go to the kitchen and look for it. This command, however, was disobeyed in like manner; for my trusty follower replied, 'The servant will be here directly with the wine, and she can bring it you.' The champagne was brought, and ere the cork was let loose from its confinement, the pocket-handkerchief was accidentally discovered under the table!

"The girl now left the room; and never shall I forget the look she gave me as she closed the door. It seemed to say, the world has closed on you for ever!—we shall never see each other again!

"The bottle was passed, and as Pierre helped himself, he turned towards me, and a glance of the eye told what he meant. He put the glass to his lips; but placing it suddenly upon the table, said to me, 'I hope you are not ill, sir?' 'No,' I replied. I knew what he meant, but I was powerless. He added, 'Monsieur must take some cordial;' he put his hands in his pockets, and drew forth a brace of pistols, and levelling them with a deadly aim at his opposite neighbours, shot them both through the heart at the same moment. He then sprung like a tiger on the captain at the foot of the table, which was upset in the *mêlée*, caught him by the throat, and called to me to come to his assistance. I had in some degree recovered from my stupefaction, for my senses had been paralysed, if I may use the expression, and ran to the faithful fellow.

"We contrived to pinion the scoundrel, between us; and to make assurance doubly sure, Pierre bound one end of the table-cloth over the villain's face, while, with the other, he fastened his arms behind him.

"'Now, monsieur,' said he, 'stand over this *scélérat* with your pistols, until I return from the stable with a cord;' he rushed down the stairs, and was back with me in less than two minutes. We bound our friend fast, hand and foot. 'And now,' said Pierre, 'you must remain here until I have ridden to the nearest post-town, which

is not above two leagues from this. I will bring back assistance, and give our prisoner into safe custody. There is not a living being below—the house is empty. You have nothing to apprehend—not a soul will molest you. We have cleared the place. I must first catch a horse, for ours have been turned loose. There was one in the yard just now; and you may rely upon it I will lose no time in returning with some military and police, and release you from your unpleasant situation.'

"I had the satisfaction of hearing my brave and faithful attendant gallop off in a few minutes. My position in the meantime was none of the pleasantest. I made up my mind to sell my life dearly, in the event of any attempt at rescue; and what with watching the door, and the wretch at my feet, I had no very agreeable time of it. The two hours I thus spent, I thought the longest I had ever experienced. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the trial I had undergone was brought to a termination.

"The indefatigable Pierre returned at length, with a *juge de pair*, and a whole *posse* of officials on horseback, besides a troop of mounted *gendarmes*. The prisoner was secured, and the house searched from top to bottom—not a living soul was discovered; but in a large vaulted underground-cellar were skeletons, and human bodies innumerable—some of the latter in every stage of decomposition. There could not have been less than from three to four hundred victims. The bodies were subsequently removed, by order of the authorities, and interred in the *cimetière* of Mezières; the house was razed to the ground by the infuriated populace.

"Strange to say, the landlord and the lovely girl, who had been instrumental in bringing these dark deeds to light, have never been heard of from that day to this; and I much fear that the latter perished by the hands of the wretch who kept the house. I have sought, by every means in my power, to gain some tidings of this beautiful creature; but in vain. Money and large rewards have not been wanting; and I would at this moment give half I am worth in the world to discover what became of her—for to her I owe my preservation. My tale is done, and I fear I may have fatigued you in its narration. I ought to mention that Pierre received the large reward offered by the government, under which he still holds a lucrative situation in the customs, obtained for him by the united interests of the old general and my father, as a reward for his courage, presence of mind, and fidelity."

As my companion finished the relation of his adventure, we pulled up at the "Bear," at Hungerford. "Well!" said our dragsman, "that's the most interestingest story I ever heard in my beak days." May the reader be of the same opinion! I will only add, *that it is strictly true* in every particular. I parted with my intellectual and entertaining fellow-traveller about four miles on this side of Marlborough, not without an earnest request on his part of renewing our acquaintance in Paris. That I availed myself of the cordial invitation may possibly be made manifest in a future number.

FENIMORE COOPER.

THE want of some just and liberal measure of international copyright has been severely felt on this side the Atlantic, but with what grievous and almost crushing effects has it been attended in America! To be sure, the American publishers had no particular reason to complain; nor did it appear to a cursory observer, that the American "reading public" were labouring under any intolerable grievance, so long as they could purchase in the broad daylight the masterpieces of modern literature as soon as they could be torn from the press, at the mere price of paper and print;—though it would be very easy to shew that in the progress of years both seller and purchaser must be vitally and inevitably injured by the apparent or temporary benefit. But the American Author—how fared he, in the face of the giant evil!

Writers in other countries could suffer but little by the want of a wiser international arrangement. Even in France and Germany, native authors could of course command patronage and purchasers, unaffected, comparatively, by any extent to which the tide of English publication might set in, whether a popular work happened to be merely reprinted amongst them, or produced in a translated form. But it was and is far otherwise in the United States, when a native and an English author of equal merit are competitors. Of two equal stories in the same language, the American's must of course be rejected, because the Englishman's may be had for nothing.

Grievous beyond doubt has been the operation of the system, or want of system, upon the interests of authors and publishers here, who have in a thousand instances seen their fair and just hopes of profit and reward struck down, by the introduction of foreign-reprints at home, and the total destruction of their sale throughout that immense region of readers, called the British possessions abroad! But worse than this, bad as it was, has happened to the ill-fated and utterly uncared-for American author; for while the popular historian, novelist, or poet in this country could still boast of having his "public" to appeal to, and count securely upon his purchasers, however reduced by these nibbling narrowing influences, the man of genius, of whatever class, in America, had no public of any kind or quality to boast—no readers to reckon upon—for in what Fool's Paradise was he to dig for a publisher! He might as well go into the woods and beat about for a phoenix!

What, indeed, can be said to justify—what advanced in the way of parallel to, a state of things, under which a writer possessed of the great original power, the attractive talents, and proportioned celebrity that distinguish Fenimore Cooper, is compelled to seek in a country not his own, the fair meed of his literary labour! London gives him hundreds for his manuscript, and New York buys his printed work for a guinea, and reprints it.

England, however, owes more to Mr. Cooper than he can ever owe to her. He has associated his name with our land's language; he has familiarized us with the unknown; he has brought the far-off close to us as are our very homes; he has carried us where no author, in any age or of any class ever carried us before. There is this peculiarity

in the writings of Cooper—and a charm lies in the peculiarity, an element of power quite unconnected with the indisputable talent he possesses—that the ground he occupies in most of his leading works is new, the scenes are painted for the first time, the agents are for the most part strangers; for if we ransacked all European literature we should find nothing bearing resemblance to them—and yet we instantly recognise what people (out of America, too) pleasantly call their “naturalness”—we at once feel them to be true.

Of course we are not now speaking of his sea-scenes, but his forest-scenes. What a fairy-land have these been to thousands! What dreams made real—dreams of marvels previously unimagined, and else inconceivable!

It is long since Cooper's earliest tales became known in this country—long even since they became familiar to readers of all ranks. Amidst the wide working of the potent and wondrous spells of Scott, whose current of popularity was all but sufficient—

“To kill the flock of all affections else,”

the stranger stood forth and found a willing audience. At his very first advance, he manifested the power to startle and impress. In the teeth of political prejudice in some quarters, and critical prejudice in others—in opposition to the ruling taste, and prepossessions the most widely diffused and powerful—he took hosts of readers captive, and at once marked them for his own. He established himself as a writer, who where he was heard once, would be pretty sure to be heard twice. He had something to say, and besides that, he had a manner of his own in saying it. People might dislike, might misunderstand, his works, but they could not treat them with indifference. They were never common-places in what they included, if the outline or even the general substance were little better. Good or bad, they were not to be laid down, dismissed, forgotten. With all their weaknesses, there was sure to be an effect somewhere, whose influence was to be an existence for life among the reader's literary recollections. He won his position, then, and he has held his footing.

When we say that these permanent influences belong to his earliest writings, it is of course because we rank these with his best. The “Pilot,” and the “Red Rover,” are tales never read without excitement, or remembered without pleasure. The author is, as much as any man, at home on the sea; his ships are not as painted ships

“Upon a painted ocean;”

nevertheless, there is much in these stories that might be cheerfully spared, for either the strength of one portion of the book makes the rest feeble, or the author quitting the sea for the land, gets really out of his element. With one set of characters we are breathing fresh air in company with old Nature herself, and with another we are choked up in a theatre, where “nothing is but what is not;” seeing a play, and not a good one. To this class belongs a later production, the “Water Witch,” which, though less striking in its purposes and interest, has its masterly scenes, but weakened by frequent repetition in spite of the great skill with which this is managed.

An instance, moreover, of the fire and animation which Cooper is sure to feel when he once gets afloat, of the living effect which he can

give to *water* even though it flow but in a canal, is seen in that bold vigorous Venetian boat-race with which the "Bravo" breaks upon us so dashing. Many years have passed since that picture was presented to the imagination, but there it is still, associated in its degree with proud and high reminiscences of Venice; remembered and kept before the mind's eye, as we remember the contest of the famous bowmen, Locksley and Hubert—the colloquy between the immortal Vicar and Mr. Jenkinson—or anything else equally unlike, so that it be equally true.

The "Spy" is another of the tales which, at whatever age they may be read, make an impression not easily worn out. With younger and more impressible readers, the perusal of it is an event;—so strange, various, contradictory, but absorbing, is the interest of character belonging to it. It is written on the author's favourite plan, of protracting and reserving while he may, and then plunging to his effect. The character of Harvey Birch is brought out, as Birch himself would manage an escape, when eyes which must be deceived in spite of their vigilance are upon him—slow riding at first, as though nothing was intended, a quicker pace insensibly as danger thickens, till the critical moment comes and concealment is impossible—then, "off" is the word. The effect of the "Spy" depends upon the closing pages; it is comparatively flat as we thread the mazy paths that lead us there. The repulsiveness created by the spy himself gradually lessens, curiosity and admiration as slowly increase, until the final revelation in the scene with Washington comes—than which we know of few things more impressive or affecting.

When the poor, despised, baited, trampled man—the seeming spy of the enemy, whom a thief at the gallows-tree would have scorned—the hunted wretch, who, in his disinterested love of country, has met dangers and endured ignominies unspeakable—is recognised by the illustrious leader as a friend to the liberties of America—as an incorruptible, a noble-minded patriot, who must be contented to bear the brand of a foe to all he holds dear lest living interests should be compromised—we see a picture which renders this extraordinary character a treasured recollection.

But above all that is best of this author's delineations, his vivid, romantic, and yet truth-stamped pictures of sea-life or land-life, most readers will place his portraiture of Indian character, and his expositions of life under many varying circumstances of interest, in the vast wilds and desert regions of America. In the trackless prairie and the interminable forest, Cooper seems to have an elasticity of existence, a sense and knowledge of life, a fertility of resources and expedients, that render him a sort of literary representative of the imperishable Leatherstocking himself; and had his contribution to the stock of human pleasure been confined solely to his creation of this curious and inimitable character, worked out as it is, with unfaltering power, through five successive tales, he would still have "said his say," and won the kindly and grateful respect of more than one country.

The mere extent to which this character is drawn out, renders it a literary curiosity. There is scarcely an instance of a conception being so fully sustained under the circumstances which have governed the completion of this portraiture—this history of a life from youth to

age, composed so disjointedly, yet finished with such harmonious relationship in all its parts. No character, perhaps, was ever so much tried, without wearing out the interest it at first created. No writer could run a greater risk, in the attempt to add to such strength, of weakening and crippling it. But "La Longue Carabine" sprang from a brain that was conscious of its strength,

"And saw as from a tower the end of all."

It did seem dangerous to meddle with Him of the renowned Rifle; to conduct him into other times and scenes, and force a comparison with those wanderings and adventures with Uncas and Chingagook, in which such unrivalled powers of stimulating curiosity and protracting excitement are displayed. Yet what a new exhibition of the same faculty interests and enchains us in the delineation of the old Trapper; and how the reality grows upon us, as the years roll over him, and we see the self-same being, under different modifications of his intelligence and experience, moving amidst the immeasurable prairie, and, when the mighty waste is all one flame, combating the terrific agency of fire by turning it against itself. Over and over again may these narratives of forest adventure be read, and the scenes are as vivid as at first, and the Trapper never grows tedious.

More daring still was it (but none will regret the daring) to depict, in recent years, the youth of a character so established in the partiality of all readers; and to carry us back, as in the "Deerslayer," to those early times when the heart of the simple, honest creature was fiercely attacked by desperate beauty, he in his exquisite modesty unconscious all the time of his conquest—when, too, his famous rifle first came into effective play against a savage of a rare sort, winning for its hopeful master the designation of Hawkeye. The "Pathfinder" followed, and worked out other essential points of a character, so powerfully conceived, and finished with such mastery of hand, as to be attractive in every stage of its history.

Some one has said that the creation of "Uncle Toby" was the finest compliment ever paid to human nature. Compliments to our poor clay, quite as fine, to say the least, are to be found out of Sterne's once over-estimated writings; to our mind, La Longue Carabine figures in the select list.

The portraiture of Indian character have doubtless all the leading lines of fidelity; truth seems everywhere to regulate the drawing; and they are filled up with unfailing power. We never see, as in Cooper's pictures of common people in cities, and soldiers on their march, signs of the weak hand and the unnoting eye. He himself seems Indian when painting Indians. The instances are numerous. The general features of the tribes he has introduced are strongly marked, and the individual characteristics are ably discriminated. There is a fine fire-eyed young savage, whom we remember in "The Borderers,"—he calls to mind the acting of Kean. Of Uncas and his silent heart-buried passion it is unnecessary to speak; he stands out brightly in the collection. While border-life, savage manners and habits, the "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," retain an interest, Cooper's tales will not be read without a charm.

We now take up the latest addition to the American novelist's long list—"Wyandotté; or, the Huttet Knoll."

A short account of this must suffice. It is the history of the sufferings of a family settled on the borders, at the outbreak of the Revolution. The head of it, Captain Willoughby, had served in the king's army, until approaching age and other considerations warned him to collect his worldly means, and secure a promising settlement about one day's march from Susquehannah. After toiling through a full share of the difficulties attendant upon such a step, and just as he is beginning to feel at home, surrounded by an attached family, the Revolution begins. His son is in the army, a gallant, rising soldier, steadfast to his colours; but the father grows argumentative, and wavers between freedom to America, and fidelity to England. Hence an interest arises, which is heightened hourly as the war spreads, and apprehensions of danger from the Indians and the lawless adventurers, set in motion by the turbulence of the time, begin to prevail. The "Hutted Knoll," so is the imperfectly-fortified place called, becomes the object of attack, by a mingled troop of red-skins, and painted whites more barbarous still. A large portion of the work discusses the preparations for the siege, the conflicting feelings of the family and their few dependents, the stratagems employed on both sides, and the hair-breadth escapes and romantic adventures of the chief persons of the story. The end is tragic; death sweeping away most of the actors, and leaving a solitary marriage, like a flower, blossoming above the grave.

As in many of his former works, the author takes his time before he throws in his interest. He suffers our feelings to lie fallow, and then to be sure we have a fair crop of emotion. The power he has so often displayed of concentrating his force upon one spot, and working excitement by dint of going doggedly into details which seem of minor importance, and are often tedious, until the catastrophe shoots up, like a pyramid from a broad naked level, he has employed here, and with effect. It is unfair to complain that much of the narrative is dull, when the dullness is a necessary step to the excitement; but however essential to the plan, it may not the less be felt sometimes.

There are two female figures charmingly drawn; one is Willoughby's daughter, who marries, and dies most needlessly; the other, Maud, a frank, beautiful, impassioned girl, who is his daughter in all but birth, and a fond and ardently loving sister to his son, until, on the eve of womanhood, an instinct of her sex reminds her that there is no relationship, and another kind of love brings alternately shadow and sunshine across her path. The son shares this feeling, and a love-conflict, delicately managed, gives rise to several touching scenes, which terminate happily at the altar.

Wyandotté himself is a character peculiarly the author's own. He is a sort of half-outcast from the Indians, a "Tuscarora," who had attached himself to the whites, acquired the soubriquet of Saucy Nick, picked up their language, and blended a hundred bad qualities with many good ones. As Saucy Nick, he had been flogged by his military master; but he continues in his service, cherishing revenge, and bethinking him that he is a great chief though degenerate, until by degrees he abandons to some extent his depraved and rum-drinking habits. It is at this period, that Willoughby, when in great danger, and exasperated by the desertion of some of his people, threatens him again with the lash. The Indian's back, as the threat is uttered, seems

to feel the old wounds; and the desire of revenge burns into his heart:—

“‘Listen,’ said the Indian, sternly. ‘Cap’in ole man. Got a head like snow on rock. He bold soldier; but he no got wisdom enough for gray hair. Why he put he hand rough on place where whip strike? Wise man nebber do dat. Last winter he cold; fire wanted to make him warm. Much ice, much storm, much snow. World seem bad—fit only for bear, and snake, dat hide in rock. Well; winter gone away; ice gone away; snow gone away; storm gone away. Summer come in his place. Ebbery t’ing good; ebbery t’ing pleasant. Why t’ink of winter when summer come, and drive him away wid pleasant sky?’”

The Captain replies to this:—

“‘In order to provide for its return. He who never thought of the evil day in the hour of his prosperity, would find that he has forgotten, not only a duty, but the course of wisdom.’”

“‘He not wise!’ said Nick, sternly. ‘Cap’in pale-face chief. He got garrison; got soldier; got musket. Well, he flog warrior’s back; make blood come. Dat bad enough; worse to put finger on ole sore, and make ‘e pain, and ‘e shame, come back ag’in.’”

Wyandotté is important to the Captain; he can give information, but is distrusted—yet he tells truth. His replies are characteristic:—

“‘Answer the questions in the order in which I put them.’

“‘Wyandotté not newspaper to tell ebbery t’ing at once. Let cap’in talk like one chief speaking to anoder.’

“‘Then, tell me first what you know of this party at the mill. Are there many pale-faces in it?’

“‘Put ‘em in the river,’ answered the Indian, sententiously; ‘water tell the trut’.

“‘You think that there are many among them that would wash white?’”

Distrust of the Indian continues, in spite of many tokens of devotion, and of feelings the most grateful and refined, evinced towards the ladies of the party—indeed to all who use him kindly. There is a delicacy in his conduct that justifies even the appellation by which the author characterizes him, “this forest gentleman.” But Captain Willoughby has a too vivid sense of the man’s failings and degradation; he threatens him with flogging once more; and the forest gentleman, amidst a thousand proofs of gratitude and affection for the family, decoys the head of it into the woods, and avenges himself by a most deliberate assassination. “The old sores smarted.”

After the commission of this cold-blooded murder, we have some difficulty in reconciling ourselves to the friendly offices of the savage towards the wife and children, and in appreciating his delicacy and refinements. Yet we must hold steadily the thread whose windings lead us into the recesses of the Indian nature, and we may find consistency in his desire to soften the blow to his favourite, the innocent Maud, who is *not* the daughter of Willoughby, whom he has murdered.

“‘Oh! is it so, Nick!—*can* it be so?’ she said; ‘my father has fallen in this dreadful business?’

“‘Fader kill twenty year ago; tell you *dat* how often?’ answered the Tuscarora, angrily; for in his anxiety to lessen the shock to Maud, for whom this wayward savage had a strange sentiment of affection that had grown out of her gentle kindnesses to himself on a hundred occasions, he fancied, if she knew that Captain Willoughby was not actually her father, her grief at his loss would be less. ‘Why you call *dis* fader, when *dat* fader. Nick know fader and moder. *Major no broder.*’”

And there is a touch of consummate art in the Indian afterwards. Though he has so recently urged Maud’s want of natural affinity to

the family as a reason why she should not grieve, he reminds her of the imaginary connexion, when proposing to effect the release of her lover (the Major, who has been taken prisoner) and to engage her in the attempt. Understanding a woman's feelings, he omits the word lover:—

“Come wid Wyandotté—the great chief—shew young squau where to find broder.”

The great chief Wyandotté is converted to Christianity and dies forgiven—a fate with which the author might have been content, without throwing in a reflection which seems to aim at discovering some palliation of the most monstrous crime, in the usages of a portion of civilized society. We are sorry to quote what follows:—

“Let not the self-styled Christians of civilized society affect horror at this instance of savage justice, so long as they go the whole length of the law of their several communities in avenging their own fancied wrongs, using the dagger of calumny instead of the scalping-knife, and rending and tearing *their* victims by the agency of gold and power, like so many beasts of the field, in all the forms and modes that legal vindictiveness will either justify or tolerate, often exceeding those broad limits, indeed, and seeking impunity behind perjuries and frauds.”

We admire Mr. Cooper's talents, and we can enter into his feeling of impatient indignation at calumny and wrong; but the phrase, “savage *justice*,” should never have been written; nor has any man a right to charge any order of civilized society with “*affecting* horror” of the foulest crime known to it.

For the rest, we wish him health and honour always.

NO CONCEALMENTS!

A Domestic Dilemma.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was agreed between us before we married—nay, it was made a *sine quâ non* on both sides, and established as a Medc-and-Persian matrimonial law—that there were to be “no concealments between us!” As many confidences as we could contrive to secure by and for each other, but no secret unshared. What I knew, she was to know; what she heard, I was to hear. Our eyes and ears, our hearts and souls even, were to be eyes, ears, hearts, and souls, in common.

We might have our little mistakes now and then, brief controversies, momentary dissensions even—transparent shadows flitting between us and felicity, like thin fleecy clouds over the moon's face that rather embellish than obscure the light—but there was to be no mystery. We were not to pretend to throw open our whole hearts to the very inmost recesses, and then lock up one particular chamber better worth peeping into, perhaps, than all the rest. No; we were to have no reserved key, but be free to pry into everything, Bluebeardisms and all.

And admirably the system worked. “Marianne,” said I, “you know you are at full liberty to ransack my writing-desk at all hours;

there can be nothing there or elsewhere that I should conceal from you. Any letters of mine, as soon as they arrive, you are free to open, only taking care to place them in my letter-case, that I may be sure to see them. Or if they should come first into my hands, you would only find them open instead of sealed, that's all the difference."

"And I'm sure," would be the reply, "I shall always be as unreserved with you. I should never dream of receiving any letter, and then locking it up, or hiding it. If it only enclosed a milliner's bill, I should bring it to you."

"Thank you, my dear. Charming confidence!"

It certainly worked admirably for a long while—two or three months—and might have been quite a perfect system, only we had bound ourselves by such solemn vows to have no concealments from one another, that conscience was rarely quite at ease, and sometimes felt its rose-leaves a little rumpled and uncomfortable, when happening to call to recollection some trifling affair that had never been communicated, for the simple reason that it had never been remembered.

As for myself I cannot say that I was so much a victim to sensibility, thus wrought upon by a too literal reading of the bond into which we had both entered; Marianne was the principal martyr.

Sometimes, perhaps, I found her looking at me at breakfast with almost half a tear in each eye, her coffee getting cold, and her newspaper (containing possibly a breach of promise, or even a murder) unread. After scalding my throat with my hot second cup in a natural emotion of surprise, as well as anxiety to know what was the matter, I discovered that she did not feel "quite right," but rather as if she were intentionally suppressing a fact which I had a claim to know—that she was quite sure she had no motive for concealment, and was even unconscious of having a secret, until she woke up in the night thinking about it—and really, then, foolish as it was, she could not help crying about it too; for of this she was certain, that there could be no affection where there was concealment.

And what was the mighty secret after all!

"Oh, no! you mistake me. It is no mighty secret—far from it; for they are only mere acquaintances, the Pimbles, though pleasant people enough; but I fancied the concealment might look intentional. It is something Mrs. Pimble told me the other day when we dined there. There is a probability of her girl marrying; yes, so she says; pretty well—an India man; but I believe the event will not take place these ten months."

"Oh, well, if that's all, the secret was not a mighty one. I could have waited the ten months for the news, and you know I should have been sure to have heard it then."

"That's very true, my dear; but then, you know, in the meantime, concealment——"

Such sensibility could not be too tenderly estimated; and when I looked round my little world of friends, and my wide universe of acquaintances, delightful indeed was the contrast which this candour and openness presented. In all directions I could hear family phrases flying about, such as—"My wife knows nothing of this;" or, "You need not mention it before Edward;" or, "There is no occasion to tell Jane things of this kind;" or, "He hates to hear about such matters, so not a syllable, if you please;" while we, in our little matrimonial

sanctum, had set up a confessional for all innocent communications, and as often as we had anything to say, and a good deal oftener, to that we could repair for a blissful interchange of confidence.

It was necessary to give a thought occasionally to the chilling reserve discernible in families around us, for so I could afford to think less of the trifling inconveniences attendant upon our own system. Every day brought with it a half dozen small secrets for Mrs. Shallow; love to hide from her husband—"matters that for her part she had no idea of telling S. about;" but, on the contrary, every day brought to my ears, fresh from the innocent lips of my wife, a hundred absurdities which there was no earthly occasion to mention to anybody.

"Oh, you are here, are you! I have only just six words—when you have finished your letters will do."

"No, Marianne, now; I'm ready to listen"—and my pen would be laid down, of course.

"Presently would do as well, but I wished to tell you that I have heard from mamma——"

"Yesterday, my love. She was quite well, all was going smoothly, and she had nothing to communicate, you told me."

"Yes, but I have heard again from her this morning; half-an-hour ago, only I have had no opportunity of telling you, and I can't bear anything to be dwelling on my mind. Here is her letter, you can read it. She has no intelligence to add to that she sent yesterday, and has therefore nothing to say."

"Oh!"

"Oh, and I never told you that Mr. Duckit has let his house——"

"Was his house to let, Marianne? I didn't know——"

"Yes. Oh, yes, his house was to let; and he has now let it, I am told—the fixtures taken at a fair valuation. Besides that, it seems he means to retire from business, and sell his Canadian property."

"Ah, very well, Marianne; I suppose he knows his own business, whatever it is, though we scarcely know *him* but by sight."

"No, to be sure, we know nothing of him, only I thought I wouldn't conceal——Oh, and that little Miss Elderby, a chattering thing—she has just been here, and I fancied you would wonder what in the world she could be telling me——"

"Not I, indeed; and I hope you don't think it necessary——"

"Yes, but I do; though there's really little or nothing to tell, except that Dr. Quick has had notice this morning to be in attendance at the Rectory"—(a little cough here)—"the rector prays for a little girl, as they have but eight—but I understand his wife's wishes in that respect are not exactly his."

"I heartily wish, my dear, that both parties may be gratified; and now, if you have no objection, I'll finish my letter."

"To be sure, certainly; indeed I have nothing to add, nor should I have communicated all this, and certainly not the particulars last mentioned, relative to affairs at the Rectory, only I am of opinion that where there is concealment——"

It was natural that I should contract, to some extent, the same habit; and I at first found myself gravely relieving my mind of a multitude of insignificances daily, the smallness of which made them a tremendous burthen to bear. Perhaps some event undisclosed, unconfided—concealed, suppressed within my own bosom—has been

recollected after quitting the house to take my morning stroll; and the door has been opened again, that I might mention the interesting fact——

"I quite forgot to apprise you, Marianne, of a step which I conceived it right to take two days ago. I have ordered a new hat—as you rather object to the shape of this—and I would not have you be taken by surprise."

Or perhaps, when she was just starting on her own trip, I called her back to say—"About the county-asylum, to which I talked of subscribing a couple of pounds. Dearest Marianne, that there may be no concealment in anything between us two, I now mention to you, that I have made it guineas!"

But this scrupulousness on my side soon vanished, and I began to find that I had nothing in the world to communicate, unless an affair of consequence had happened. Not so my wife; there is no end to the feminine conscience under the influence of affection.

It was a little inconvenient to be aroused out of my after-dinner nap, for the mere purpose of receiving a proof that she had nothing to conceal, contained in a demonstration that she had nothing to disclose. But it was still worse, when, in the midst of a fiery discussion at the club, to be summoned down to the door, and to find Marianne's eager honest face gleaming with a piece of intelligence which she felt it wicked to withhold.

"My darling creature," I cried, "such anxiety and confidential devotion makes the very heart speak within one!—"my darling creature, so you have something to say, and came here that I might not lose——"

"Yes, to be sure; and so I thought we would drive round this way, for I can keep nothing to myself. The rector's disappointed—it's a boy!"

We never had, however, the least syllable of complaint between us to check the course of mutual confidence; unless it might be thought to come in the form of a small exclamation of surprise, now and then, from the lips of Marianne, at accidentally discovering some insignificance which I had omitted to mention at the confessional.

"And so," Marianne would cry, "you met Mr. Walker the other day! He told me last night, when he came and sat by me, that he had seen you lately!"

"Walker! yes, to be sure, I met him a fortnight ago in Pall Mall."

"You never told me!"

"My dear, I forgot it before I reached home."

"How strange! Now I should have told *you*!"

"That she would. 'C."

"When you asked that gentleman in the blue stock to sing last night, you praised his fine voice; I never knew you had heard him before."

"Yes, my dear, I dropped in one night, you may remember, in Wimpole-street, when there was a little music going on. He sang there."

"Really! and *he* sang *there*!" cried Marianne. "Well, I never knew that till now!"

But I must confess, that about the end of the first twelvemonth of our married life, Marianne, perhaps for want of a real grievance, began

to imagine one. No, it did not amount to that either. I should rather say, that she took a needless objection to one family group amongst our acquaintances, and cherished a mild dislike which our system of candour and open confession would not of course permit her to conceal.

There *was* something a little peculiar in the tone of the people, that gave a kind of excuse to her objections. I had not known them long, not at all intimately, yet they wrote to me as to an old friend. As often as Marianne glanced over a letter of theirs, the foolish fluttering thing (never must she see this page!) felt half inclined to tear it, as an unwarrantable and impertinent freedom. There were some young girls too in the case, all monstrous innocent, but giddy as wild birds, and Marianne in fact did not at all like their chirping.

I naturally did what I could to discourage the intimacy, but that was not so easy to accomplish delicately. The letters would come now and then, and my wife would glance over them as usual, lest, as she truly observed, it should appear that she in the least minded such frivolity.

One evening, returning home after a short ramble, I found on the table some parcels of books and papers, which had arrived for me during my absence. Marianne made some reference to them as matters I had anticipated, and left me to open, search, and peruse. Underneath them, on the table, I then found a post-letter, directed in a handwriting not unknown, yet not familiar to me. It was from one of my lively freedom-loving friends—the well-meaning, but not over-refined correspondent, whose gaiety had caused many a little shadow to creep over the fair brow of my Marianne.

This letter I read, and then read again, and then laid down with a feeling of regret not unmingled with anger. I felt that my correspondent had no right, by any conceivable law of feeling or privilege of society, to address me in a manner so mistakeable. I was then associated with their dearest friends; nay, it might have been supposed that I was their near relative, and that I had known them for years was a thing legible in every line!

They commanded rather than invited my presence; I *must* join them in their excursion; it was all settled; my excellent friends the —s, and —s, whose names I could not have spelt, and whose faces I should not know; Wednesday morning early, magnificent scenery, soul-stirring associations; invigorating breezes, wild freshness of nature; delightful arrangement, party perfectly Boccaccian. Not a word about my wife. I did think it cool, and it heated me accordingly.

But its effect on me was of no consequence—what would be its effect on the mind of Marianne! So familiar was the tone and style of the epistle, so absurdly inconsistent with the account I had always given, that although I feared not its power to work any unkind suspicion in her mind, I knew well that it would disturb and annoy her. Perfectly blameless as I was, it must yet seem—so very free was my correspondent—that I had insensibly, inadvertently encouraged the unaccountable familiarity. I resolved, after a minute's consideration, to spare her the annoyance. Why should she, angel that she was (and *is*, whether she should chance to see this paper or not!), be even a momentary sufferer by such impertinence! But how to take in safety this first step into the dark regions of secrecy!—how to manage the first violation of our compact!—how to effect my First Concealment!

Mark, ye married youth, that ye may avoid! I said I was blameless—and yet I must needs turn schemer, and work with the tools of guilt.

The letter, having been found under the packets, had been unobserved by me until their removal. Marianne had made no mention of it, the seal was unbroken—perhaps she had not seen it at all. What then so easy? I would burn it at once. Not so;—stop! If she had not seen the letter itself, she must have heard the postman's knock—our house was not so large (how the family has increased!), and she knew that a letter had been left. To put it aside—to *half*-hide it for the evening, would, if she should chance to notice its absence, or spy the epistle itself, look most awkward and suspicious. It would denote my consciousness of something, and deprive me of the power of explaining anything. I should be convicted of a desire to conceal, without profiting by my guilt.

The thought struck me—yes, I had it. Happily the letter, though from the same family party, was not from the same *person* who had frequently written; and even if Marianne had seen it, it was unlikely that she had recognised the hand. Forth from my pocket I drew a letter which I had brought from the club—it was from Tom Jones, of St. John's, to come and smoke with him. Triumphantly drawing Tom's letter from its envelope, and performing the same operation with respect to the new comer, I placed the jolly smoker's summons in the envelope of my objectionable correspondent, thrust one into my pocket, and threw the other carelessly on the table. There it lay! To all appearance, the very same, save and except its broken seal, that I had found there! *That* was the letter just left by the postman! What a masterpiece of policy.

I felt, at the moment, that I ought at least to get a secretaryship to an embassy from the government. My talents had been sadly thrown away—buried alive under heaps of honesty!

While thus pleasantly musing, wandering as I may say between Constantinople and Madrid, Marianne entered. I was then deeply busied in my books and papers. There lay the *clever* deception—the innocent, the criminal epistle,—the sheep in wolf's clothing. My Marianne, after a minute or two, approached the table, and took it up. I never raised my eyes, nor seemed conscious of the action. There was silence—broken but by the rustling of my papers. “Yes,” thought I, “you may read with quiet nerves—you cannot know how cunningly I have contrived to spare you an annoyance!”

No sooner had the thought been conceived, than a faint moan, a low cry of fright and pain, startled my inmost soul. I looked up, and saw my wife's face perfectly white—

“The lively blood had gone to guard her heart.”

Her limbs trembled—fear and anguish were diffused all over her, and she dropped at my feet. I could not speak, surprise kept me dumb, and her feelings first found a voice.

“Oh! what have I done? and what have you done? That is not the letter, but the envelope only. The child, your little nephew, was in the room when it came, and before I could see what he was doing, had seized it and found one side of the cover open—see, here it is—he read the name of the writer—I saw not a word, but only know from whom it came. Oh, why this mystery—this dreadful deception?

What am I to think, what fear, what suffer!" And then she sank powerless upon my knees.

A hundred feelings crowded stifflingly into my heart at that instant, but assuredly a silly feeling was uppermost. I had not the emotion of a rascal, of a hypocrite; but I am able to announce to the public in general that the feeling of an enormous fool is a singularly disagreeable one.

Evasion would have been meanness, madness—besides, it was impossible; and with crimsoned cheeks, I instantly fell to my confessions. I explained all in ten words. I drew the real letter—that infernal well-intentioned missive—from my pocket. I convinced her that there was nothing in it, and that I had been betrayed into the most intense folly by anxiety for her—by respect for her very mistakes—by disinterested fondness and affection.

And she believed as readily as she doubted. Well might she doubt, and well might she believe. From that moment—good or evil—there have been NO CONCEALMENTS.

Library Table.

POETRY.

A Lay and Songs of Home, by Georgiana Bennet. The poems—for many are so entitled to be called—in this little volume, breathe a passionate sincerity. They could only have been written by one whose ardent mind had been taken full possession of by an enthusiasm for song, whose very blood ebbed and flowed obedient to the ruling star—a star, that has been sometimes found shining somewhat too near the planet that governs the watery tides.

Not only is the passion for poetry—and with anything less than a passion, how should poetry have existence in any nature—not only is it made manifest in every page of the book, but many tokens of a maturing though still imperfect power to give expression to it consistently, to harmonize the wild throng of thoughts, and control the yet headlong impulses of the heart, are here too.

Besides this, it may be safely said, that these poems could never have been written but by one who is either worked upon by the phantasmagoria of a vivid imagination, or has suffered in reality beyond her years, by the necessitous evils of life, the pangs that turn fate's arrows into pens, and set poets raving. We have not for years perused pages so blotted with tears—perused, in prose or verse, such wild, earnest, painful records of personal suffering, sorrow, disappointment—such disclosures of deep and dark feelings of bereavement, loneliness, and gloom;—nor, on the other hand, have we lately read of such enthusiastic aspirations for fame—above all, of such a daring, we hope not deceptive, consciousness of the power to command it.

It is true, we have read such records before. A great portion of the spontaneous music of poor lamented L. E. L. sung of purely fictitious woes; three-fourths of her impassioned song is a tale of personal suffering, disappointment, and despondency, which she never sustained, and which those who knew and lived beside her in the cordial confidences of friendship, could best shew to be merely dreams cherished as subjects for verse. Her literary executor, who knew her as well as any person, tells us that these haunting memories, crushed affections, ruined hopes, and blighted enjoyments, were in most of her pages but mere terms of art—a bruised heart was a professional necessity, and a blighted spirit was a literary resource. Her constant and hackneyed use of such materials for the kind of verse which flowed with such wonderful freedom

from her pen, detracts not one iota from the influence still exercised over us by the more really passionate and thoughtful of her writings—the more mournful, solemn, and deeply imagined of her after-poems.

But of course the greatest, and most enduring record of the personal-suffering school, in modern poetry, is "*Childe Harold*." Though much of the melancholy picture—the "dramatic view" of gloom and anguish, wrong, bitterness, and savage desolation, was notoriously overcharged—enough remains to shew, if something in the very tone of the poet had not of itself spoken most convincingly to the heart, that he was singing of no fictitious woes, but was in the main terribly in earnest.

There is something of the same quality impressing the reader to a similar effect, in the tone and manner of the poet now singing to us a "*Lay of her Home*;" though, by the way, a "*Lay of the Universe*" would have been an apter title for a strain that extends now from England to Italy, and then stretches as easily to India—celebrating not merely a host of moral and intellectual faculties incidentally, but commemorating persons and events beside—Oliver Cromwell at one time, and the Prince of Wales' Christening at another.

"*Childe Harold*" is the immediate source of inspiration; and with the form of the stanza, the writer has caught, insensibly, perhaps, the exact manner and method of her master; the same flying from individual to general principles—the same mingling of the actual and the ideal—the same fitful wanderings of memory, and abrupt expressions of despondency and wretchedness; all which, relieved by historical or imaginative episodes of considerable merit, would be utterly unendurable, if there were not over all an air of intense earnestness—a passionate expression that awakens a corresponding fervour, and an unaffected sympathy as we read.

In one material point of philosophy, there is a grand distinction indeed between the world-wearied Byron and his disciple. The lady's gloom, deep, and often mysterious as it is, is ever bounded by a sunshine as resplendent. *Her* song, howsoever it begins, commonly ends in Religion; and though her muse would cover the green and flower-spread earth with a funeral pall, she still leaves the summer heaven blue and open above.

We must not close without some examples of the spirit in which the model-poem has been remembered, and of the force and grace often displayed in the execution. We take these as characteristic—not as the best, by any means:

"Mine is a spirit not to be subdued,
Nor utterly be crush'd, though beaten down;—
Once more, emerging from my solitude,
I seek to win the guerdon of renown,—
For *others'* sake, to grasp Fame's proudest crown,
To make my name an honour'd one:—yes, I
Who long have borne in silence the world's frown,
Arouse from my deep sleep of apathy,
And strive to win a name whose mem'ry shall not die!

"I strive no more with feelings proud and high—
Fate may depress me,—as the thunder shower,
Suddenly falling from the clouded sky,
Bends to the earth the wild unshelter'd flower,
But even as that revives in brighter hour,
My heart may rise triumphant over woe;
Blighted, not crush'd, by the dread tempest's power:—
And while sweet feelings do not cease to glow,
And sense and life be left, my rude, wild strain must flow!

"Yet vain for me to hope for earthly bliss,—
On human happiness I dare not dream,
But look for peace in brighter realms than this;—
My barque floats slowly down life's troubled stream,
The sky is dark above me,—not a beam
Breaks through the gloom; and hope's fond reign is o'er!
But my own sorrows shall not form my theme,
Nor the sad thoughts which haunt me evermore,—
But turn we now to Fancy's dear familiar lore!"

The abrupt diversion to "fancy's lore" is characteristic of the model; so are all the turns of the poem. The apostrophe to the Prince's Christening is graceful, and recalls to mind the introduction of the famous stanzas on the dead Princess in "Childe Harold." One severe loss is pictured in a thousand touching allusions; indeed, one consciousness of an unsubiding grief may be said to pervade whatever is here penned—the loss of a father. There is a long passage in the chief poem, which is evidently an outpouring of the heart, and not to be read without tears. It is too long to quote entire—

"Return, return to earth, my Sire! once more;
Life hath no joy without thee—oh, return!
And I will be more docile than of yore,
More watchful of thy wishes; for I yearn
To shew how bright Affection's lamp can burn!—
Yet 'tis a selfish wish,—and well for thee
That my wild prayer is vain:—and I do mourn
To deem that I *could* wish that thou shouldst be
Again on this dark earth, to share its griefs with me!

"Awhile farewell, mine own beloved Sire!
'The heart may break, yet brokenly live on,'
And my worn spirit ceases to aspire
After the things of earth, for Thou art gone,
For whom the vain, vain prize I would have won;—
Yes—Thou art gone, and I—am desolate!
I had not struggled even as I have done,
But that the thought of thee could still create
A spirit to endure—a power to conquer—Fate!"

If the "worn heart" and the "haughty spirit" here so frequently depicted, could be wrought upon to exercise more happily the gifts of intellect and imagination, of which this volume of mournful verse is a convincing evidence, the writer would find open before her a far surer path to the poet's dazzling recompence, fame—and its pleasant attendant, Envy.

Paris and its People.—By the author of "*Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*," &c.—Mr. Grant makes the most of his time. During a fortnight's stay in Paris, he contrives to examine the aspects of the various classes composing its society; to glance at the state of its morals and its crime; to institute comparisons between the habits and manners of its people and those of our own; to describe its newspaper press, its literature, literary men, and publishers; to visit its thousand hotels, cafés, restaurants, estaminets, cabarets, and theatres; to lounge upon its boulevards; to lave his limbs in its Chinese, Algerine, and floating baths on the Seine; to thread its glittering passages; to attend mass at Notre Dame, Notre Dame de Lorette, and Saint Roch; to expatiate upon its pretty women, comforting himself the while that we have prettier women (if not so well dressed) in London; to count the bearded baboons with bad cigars in their mouths, whom he met at every turn; to ride in omnibuses and cabs; to fly by railway to Saint Cloud, Saint Germain, and Versailles; to dine at the Rocher, and sip Lafitte of the *première qualité*; to visit the public libraries, hospitals, prisons, and legislative chambers; to sentimentalize in Père La Chaise; to describe the river, the bridges, the streets, the houses; to discuss the state of political feeling; to weigh the whole system of government; and lastly, to cast a retrospective glance over the early origin and history of the renowned city. All this he accomplishes easily and pleasantly in a fortnight; and he embellishes his book, moreover, appropriately enough, with a Daguerreotype portrait of himself, which we think (notwithstanding his protest against such) would have been materially improved by a well-grown beard, of the true Rue Saint Honoré growth.

Hastily put together, as these volumes necessarily are, and abounding in faults as they do, they are nevertheless agreeable and readable, and contain a great deal of information, which, if not new, at least has the air of novelty,

while they exhibit very remarkable proofs of the industry of the writer. Taken altogether, they form an excellent guide-book to the French capital; far better than the wretched affair published by Galignani. A manual, indeed, for the stranger in Paris, free from the influence of hotel-keepers and from other influences, is a positive desideratum.

Friendship's Offering for 1844. It is not always of late years that an "annual" could be called, in literal language, an offering of friendship; but if to many the phrase may be thoughtless applicable than it formerly was, the very reverse is the case with "*Friendship's Offering*" itself. It comes out like a small giant refreshed, swollen indeed to a full size, and clad in beauty. Its contemporaries, comic and sentimental, are still numerous, but not materially changed; but here we have one of the oldest transformed into the newest, and its novelty claims notice. Of the plates, the frontispiece from a picture by Mr. Stone; deservedly takes the lead; and of the first item of the literary contents, a still more expressive opinion can be given by transferring it to this page. Too seldom does the pen that furnished it afford the opportunity.

"TO OUR NEIGHBOUR'S HEALTH.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"SEND the red wine round to-night;
For the blast is bitter cold.
Let us sing a song that's light:
Merry rhymes are good as gold.

"Here's unto our neighbour's health!
Oh, he plays the better part;
Doing good, but not by stealth:—
Is he not a noble heart?

"Should you bid me tell his name,—
Shew wherein his virtues dwell;
Faith, (I speak it to my shame,)
I should scarce know what to tell.

"Is he—?'—'Sir, he is a thing
Cast in common human clay;
'Tween a beggar and a king;
Fit to order or obey.'

"He is, then, a soldier have?'—
'No: he hath not kill'd his kin,
Pampering the luxurious grave
With the blood and bones of sin.'

"Or a judge?'—'He hath not sit,
Making hucksters' bargains plain;
Piercing cobwebs with his wit;
Cutting tangled knots in twain.'

"He is an abbot, then, at least?'—
'No, he's neither proud nor blithe;
Nor a stall-fed burly beast,
Gluttoning on the paupers' tithe.

"He is brave, but he is meek;
Not as judge or soldier seems;
Not like abbot, proud and sleek:
Yet his dreams are starry dreams,—

"Such as lit the world of old,
'Through the darkness of her way;
Such as might, if clearly told,
Guide blind Future into day.

"Never hath he sought to rise
On a friend's or neighbour's fall;
Never sturr'd a foe with lies;
Never shrank from Hunger's call.

"But from morning until eve,
And through Autumn unto Spring,
He hath kept his course, (believe,)
Courting neither slave nor king.

"He,—whatever be his name,
For I know it not aright—
He deserves a wider fame:—
Come! here's to his health to-night!"

There is some proof almost as good in this varied volume and nothing better of its class is likely to appear before or after Christmas, than "*The Secret*" (inapposingly named) of Miss Camilla Toulmin. Serious and sparkling by turns, it is animated and graceful everywhere. Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Irish Sketch* has the stamp of true character upon it; and excellent, as varieties, are the contributions of Leitch Ritchie; his "*Immoral Essays*" are right mirthful and satirical.

